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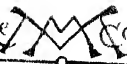
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SIXTH YEAR  
**LANGUAGE READER**

•The  Co. •

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From the painting by Bastien Lepage

# SIXTH YEAR

# LANGUAGE READER

BY

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## PREFACE

1. **THE *distinctive feature*** of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades a considerable part of the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments: (*a*) economy of time and money, and (*b*) efficiency in instruction. At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, it is imperatively necessary that certain lines of the work should be unified. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

Teachers agree as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers make the relationship close and vital, without killing the pupil's enjoyment of literature or rendering the work in expression pedantic.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language — both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and discrimination between synonyms — are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention; but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observation, and come to the knowledge of others by approximating steps. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best



guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This idea is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce—though timidly and incompletely—lessons in the study of language. The present series is an attempt to work out fully the idea toward which books of both classes have been tending in the past ten years.

2. Each Reader has some dominating interest in its subject-matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books deal with simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays, serving as an introduction to general literature.

Great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. The standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. The language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or impertinent in comment; and the division of these two phases of the work makes it possible to treat them separately, where separate treatment is necessary for the preservation of the purely literary interest.

3. In grading the reading and language work, the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

As has been stated, the reading material in this volume has been so selected as to serve as an introduction to general literature. We have drawn most largely upon literature which presents ideals of heroism — in prose fiction, history, biography, travels, and the ballad; but we have included also a large amount of nature poetry and material appropriate for the celebration of the various holidays. These selections have been carefully graded and grouped with reference to interests, in order to secure continuity of thought.

In the composition lessons the object has been to give pupils a very definite aim in each written exercise, proceeding logically from sentence to paragraph study, and then to the writing of whole compositions. We have also guarded against monotony by giving a great variety of exercises, both oral and written. The grammar lessons cover the maximum amount ordinarily to be expected from a Sixth Grade class.

THE AUTHORS.

NEW YORK CITY,  
July, 1905.



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# SIXTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

## 1

### THE GREAT STONE FACE

[In the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, there is a remarkable cliff, which at a distance closely resembles a human face, and which is known as the Profile or the Old Man of the Mountains. This fact probably suggested the following story. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, was born a hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts. Through a great part of his life he lived much to himself, dreaming over his fancies, and to this habit is due not only this charming tale, but many other stories and novels which have made him known as one of the greatest American writers. You have perhaps already read stories from his *Grandfather's Chair*, *A Wonder-Book*, and *Tanglewood Tales*, or, if you have not, you will wish, after knowing this story, to become familiar with them.]

ONE afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features. 5

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a moun-

tain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the Titantic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, 5 but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among 10 the tree tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. 15

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!" His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said 20 to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to 25 his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving



THE GREAT STONE FACE

heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy. sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. For the secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone. — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

**majestic**, grand; **Titan**, a giant; **prophecy**, something foretold; **veneration**, deep respect.

What picture do you get in paragraph 1? Answer the question which begins paragraph 2. Who carved the Great Stone Face? Notice how Hawthorne speaks of nature as a living being. Can you mention something that is one hundred feet high? Why should Hawthorne have thought it a happy lot for children to grow up in the presence of the Great Stone Face? What is the meaning of the word **earnest**? When you have completed the story you will see why Ernest was a very suitable name for the boy. What was the story which Ernest's mother told him? Describe Ernest's childhood. Who was his teacher? What did he learn from the teacher? How did he show that he had learned these lessons?

**Spelling.** — Majestic, enormous, countenance, prophecy, murmured, resemblance.

**Synonyms.** — Notice the way Hawthorne has used these words and be able to give sentences containing them. When you learn a new word, remember to use it whenever it is suitable in your conversation or writing. Notice that Hawthorne has used a great many names for one thing. See how many synonyms you can find in this lesson for the word **face**. It is not well to repeat a word too often. Try to remember this in your compositions. Remember also that synonyms have very seldom exactly the same meaning. Try to choose the word that most nearly expresses your meaning. Notice how carefully Hawthorne has chosen his words. Use two simple words in place of "Titanic visage." Is Hawthorne's expression better here? Can you find another case in which the author uses a less simple but more beautiful expression than you would have done? Notice that Hawthorne says that the story had been "murmured" by the mountain stream and "whispered" among the tree tops. What is the difference between murmuring and whispering? Would it have been better to have had the story "whispered" by the streams and "murmured" by the trees? Or, simply "told" by the streams and the trees?

**Composition.** — You have learned how to write quotations. Remember if you are writing a conversation to put what each person says in a separate paragraph, whether he says little or much.

In repeating another's words you may either use them exactly or give the substance of what he has said in your own words. The first is called a **direct quotation**; the second, an **indirect quotation**. Indirect quotations do not require quotation marks.

Do not use direct quotations too often. It would sound strange in ordinary conversation always, in repeating what another has said, to give his exact words. Try it and see if it would not. It is just as awkward in writing. In telling a story, however, you may often by direct quotation give life to the narrative. Read paragraphs 4, 5, and 6 as indirect quotations. Which do you like better?

In writing a conversation, try to give variety by using different words to introduce the quotation. Notice the following: **said he, answered his mother, eagerly inquired.** Here are some other words you might use in introducing quotations: **inquired, cried, replied, whispered, called, asked.** See if you can think of others. Write one paragraph, using direct quotation, in which Ernest's mother tells him the story of the Great Stone Face. Before handing in your paper, notice with care whether you have used quotation marks correctly.

## 2

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

ABOUT this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. 10

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native



valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

5 As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe  
10 that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the  
15 sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated  
20 wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be  
25 far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially,

made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way 5 beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished ; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture ; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was 10 expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a 15 thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the 20 people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling 25 of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed: —

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

In the old fable King Midas turned all he touched into gold. The tale is told in Hawthorne's *The Golden Touch*. portico, porch; variegated, of several colors; harbingers, those who go before to prepare the way; beneficence, good deeds; benignant, kindly, charitable; benign, kindly.

What great man is now introduced into the story? Why was he called Mr. Gathergold? Who was Midas? Describe Mr. Gathergold's palace. In the third paragraph we find still another synonym for face. What is it? Describe Mr. Gathergold's appearance. Can you tell a person's character by looking at his face? What action showed Mr. Gathergold's character? How was Ernest comforted in his disappointment? Can you see clearly in your mind the Great Stone Face as Hawthorne describes it in this paragraph?

**Spelling.** — Portico, innumerable, beseeching, shrewdness, architect.

Be prepared to write sentences containing these words. It is very important that you should know how to spell the words you use constantly. Write correctly in a blank book all the words you misspell in any written exercise. Study them frequently.

**Figurative Language.** — You have learned how authors sometimes help us to see things more clearly by making pictures with words, that is, by figurative language, instead of telling the thing in

exact or literal language. In what way does Hawthorne give us the idea that Mr. Gathergold has become wealthy through success in business (see paragraph 1)? Find other examples of figurative language in the lesson.

**Grammar.** — What is a sentence? Name the various kinds. Which expresses strong or sudden feeling? How should it be punctuated? Notice the frequent use of the exclamatory form in this lesson. What is the subject of a sentence? the predicate? Classify the following sentences. Name the subject word and predicate word of each.

1. Pray tell me all about it! 2. What prophecy do you mean? 3. His mother told him a story about the Great Stone Face. 4. Ernest gazed at it for hours. 5. I wish that it could speak! 6. Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold! 7. He is the very image of the Great Stone Face! 8. What did the benighted lips seem to say? 9. Here he comes! 10. Two little beggar children held out their hands.

## 3

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

THE years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the

sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease. Once

in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. The man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the

general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, and all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of green boughs and laurel surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general





THE WELCOME TO THE GENERAL

in reply ; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy. 15

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt." 20

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so ; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd,

from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapors that had swept between him and the object that he had gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him — "fear not, Ernest."

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

**meditate**, think deeply; **sentiment**, feeling; **counterpart**, person or thing that closely resembles another; **ignoble**, not noble; **cloud vesture**, cloud garments.

Ernest is now a young man. What do the other inhabitants of the valley think of him? Name all the words used in this paragraph to describe Ernest. Can you add another? Is there anything in this section to make you think Ernest will ever become great? What has become of Mr. Gathergold? What new character is now introduced? Is the name appropriate? Why did the guards "prick at any particularly quiet person in the throng"? Do you see any humor in this? Wherein was Old Blood-and-Thunder lacking? Which do you think the greater man, Mr. Gathergold or Old Blood-and-Thunder? Why? How was Ernest again comforted?

**Spelling.** — Sylvan, vista, illustrious, verdant, volunteer, veteran.

**Synonyms.** — A knowledge of synonyms is very important for two reasons: first, it enables you to avoid the repetition of one word; second, as it is a rare thing to find two words having exactly the same meaning, a wise choice will enable you to express your thought with more exactness.

Suppose Hawthorne had in paragraph 3 used the word **veteran** each time he referred to Old Blood-and-Thunder. See how you like the constant repetition. Again, notice that each word conveys a different idea. **Veteran**, which suggests age, is used at a point when the general's infirmity is to be shown; **renowned warrior**, where Hawthorne is about to speak of the honor shown him because of his valor. Would **renowned veteran** be as good here as **renowned warrior**?

**Composition.** — Read carefully the conversations given in paragraphs 5, 6, 7, 8. Notice the expressions **cried one man, responded another, was now the cry**. Imagine yourself standing amid a crowd waiting to get a glimpse of some great man. Write the words you

hear uttered by those around you, in direct form, varying your words of introduction so as to avoid repetition. Do not make more than four short paragraphs.

When you have finished, ask yourself the following questions:—

- 1 Have I punctuated correctly?
2. Are my sentences well made?
3. Have I repeated a word too often in introducing a quotation?

## 4

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

MORE years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure

and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearers had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his

tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success;— when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high,

when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus,



in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come." 20

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

tranquilly, quietly; imbibed, drank in; involuntarily, against his will; eminent, celebrated; acquired, obtained; phiz, an abbreviation of "physiognomy," face; cavalcade, troop; buoyantly, hopefully (buoyant means able to float; note the figurative use).

Describe Ernest in middle life. What beautiful figurative language is used in describing him? Do you feel that each time he is described he seems a more beautiful and noble character? Who

next returned to the valley? How does he compare with Mr. Gathergold and with Old Blood-and-Thunder? Does Hawthorne really mean that on his return to the valley he had "no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens"? For the first time you will notice that Ernest sees a resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Yet there is something lacking. What is it? Why was Ernest's disappointment deeper than at any time before? Where does he again turn for comfort?

**Spelling.** — 'Tranquilly, simplicity, eminent, magnificent, citizens, barouche.

**Word Study.** — Write the following sentence, substituting synonyms for the words in boldfaced type:—

But the **grandest** effect was when the far-off mountain precipice **flung** back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be **swelling** the **triumphant** chorus.

It will be interesting for you to know that many other languages have helped to form our language. The word "English" comes from "Angles," which was the name of a race of people who very early settled in Great Britain. The Saxons, a similar people, settled there at about the same time, so the words in English that these peoples used are spoken of as Anglo-Saxon. These include most of our commonest words, such as the household names **brother**, **sister**, **home**, and the names of common things, as **knife**, **book**, **boot**, **door**, **cow**, **tree**, etc. In fact, about four fifths of all our everyday words are Anglo-Saxon. Many of our less simple words have come to us from Latin and Greek.

The main part of the word is called the "stem." We may change slightly the meaning of a word by adding to it a prefix (before the stem) or a suffix (after the stem). For example, the stem **port**, from the Latin, means to "carry." What meaning do you get in the following words: **porter**, **portable**, **import**, **export**?

In *The Great Stone Face* you will find these words: **benign**, **beneficent**, **benignant**, **beneficence**. Do you notice any similarity in

their use? They are formed from a Latin word *bene*, meaning "good." Try to find other words formed from *bene*.

**Composition.**—You have learned that a sentence expresses a complete thought. In writing you must avoid using a great many short sentences to express only one complete thought.

1. One afternoon a mother sat at the door of her cottage.
2. Her little boy was with her.
3. The sun was going down.
4. They were talking about the Great Stone Face.

Turn to paragraph 1 of *The Great Stone Face* and see how Hawthorne has told all this in one sentence. Look at the next paragraph. How many short sentences might have been made instead of the long second sentence? Which is better?

Combine the short sentences in each of the following groups into one long sentence:—

1. There is a remarkable cliff. It is in New Hampshire. It is among the White Mountains. It resembles a face.
2. Hawthorne saw the stone face. He was in New Hampshire. He decided to write a story. The story was to be about the Great Stone Face.

Answer the following questions by writing one long sentence:—

What mountains have you seen (or heard about)? Where are they? When did you see them? Who was with you? Are they beautiful?

## 5

### THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Concluded*)

THE years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he

grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift

their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

5 "Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

10 The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made  
15 great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them.

Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living  
20 images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too.  
25 He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy."

20

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor



and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, 5 pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent 10 custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was 15 relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. 20 Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with 25 the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what

was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world. 15

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted : — 20

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself

would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the  
GREAT STONE FACE.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

What do you understand by the second sentence? What kind of language is this? After putting his thought in this figurative way, Hawthorne tells us plainly, in *literal* language, what he means. What progress has Ernest made toward greatness? Can you find in this paragraph any sentences that give you a hint as to who the man of the prophecy is? Who is now introduced? This description of the poet is very beautiful, and rich in figurative language. Point out the figure you like best in the paragraph. How did Hawthorne evidently regard poets? What did the poet think about Ernest? What did Ernest think about the poet? Select one sentence which explains wherein the poet failed. Read several times the last paragraph on page 32. Can you picture the beautiful scene? Note the color in the picture: the gray rocks, the rich verdure (green), the golden rays. Who was the first to recognize in Ernest the likeness of the Great Stone Face? What word did Hawthorne use to show the poet's power of recognizing truth? Who of all the characters in this story (not including Ernest) came nearest to being the man of the prophecy?

**Word Study.** — "It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles."

Study this sentence so that you can write it from dictation. Be able to give synonyms or definitions for words in boldfaced type.

You have learned that it is possible to express thought in different ways. You saw how Hawthorne varied his writing by different combinations of words, and by his knowledge of synonyms. Synonyms, as you know, are words of like meaning. It is also possible to secure variety in your use of words by a knowl-

edge of **antonyms**, that is, words of opposite meaning. Thus, the antonym of **good** is **bad**. Instead of saying, "Mr. Gathergold was **stingy**," you might say, "Mr. Gathergold was not in the least **generous**." This is called the **negative** method of expression. Can you find any examples of this in *The Great Stone Face*? Change the following positive expressions to negative, and make the negative expressions positive. —

Mr. Gathergold was by no means poor. Ernest was not a haughty man. He was a gentle, quiet boy. Blood-and-Thunder was by no means young. The wrinkled visage looked sordid.

Select ten words in your reading lesson for which you can give antonyms.

**Grammar.** — "A mother sat at the door of her cottage. Her little boy sat at the door of her cottage." You have learned that whenever the same assertion is made about more than one person, it would be well to connect the subjects and thus avoid a needless repetition of the predicate; thus, "A mother and her little boy **sat** at the door of her cottage."

Combine each of the following pairs of sentences to make one sentence:—

1. Ernest walked up the valley. The poet walked up the valley.

2. The poet cried, "Ernest is the likeness of the Great Stone Face." All the people cried, "Ernest is the likeness of the Great Stone Face."

Subjects connected in this way are said to be **compound**. When several things are asserted about one subject, the various assertions may be connected in the same way to form a compound predicate: thus, "Ernest thought deeply." "Ernest felt deeply." "Ernest thought and felt deeply."

Supply a compound predicate for each of the following subjects: **Mother, the poet, Mr. Gathergold, Old Blood-and-Thunder, Old Stony Phiz**. Supply compound subjects for each of the following predicates: **rested at evening, shouted, agreed, praised, believed**.

**Review.** — Read the whole story through rapidly. Notice that the story falls into six parts: —

1. The Prophecy and Ernest's childhood.
2. Old Gathergold, or Ernest's boyhood.
3. Blood-and-Thunder, or Ernest's young manhood.
4. Stony Phiz, or Ernest's middle age.
5. The Poet, or Ernest's old age.
6. The Fulfillment of the Prophecy.

Can you make a mental picture of the Great Stone Face? Notice how many times Hawthorne describes it. With the aid of the above outline tell the story briefly. Notice the different kinds of greatness. Notice that each man was greater than the one who preceded him. In what way was Ernest great? How did he become so great? Have you ever seen or heard of any person in real life who became great through striving to live up to a noble ideal? Who is the author of this story? From your reading of this story, do you think he was fond of nature? What kind of men did he admire? Why is his story interesting?

**Spelling.** — Study in review the words you have learned. Have you remembered to use any of them in your conversation? How many of them are nouns?

**Composition.** — I. Write one paragraph, using this opening sentence, "The thing I like best in the story of *The Great Stone Face* is — — —." Ask yourself the following questions: —

1. Have I made good, clear sentences?
2. Do they all relate to the opening sentence?
3. Have I punctuated correctly?
4. Is my spelling faultless?

II. Have you read any other story written by Nathaniel Hawthorne? If you have, be prepared to tell it briefly to the class.



## 6

## KATHLEEN

O NORAH, lay your basket down,  
And rest your weary hand,  
And come and hear me sing a song  
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,  
A mighty lord was he;  
And he did wed a second wife,  
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
And so, in evil spite,  
She baked the black bread for his kin,  
And fed her own with white.

6 She whipped the maids and starved the kern,  
And drove away the poor ;  
“ Ah, woe is me ! ” the old lord said,  
“ I rue my bargain sore ! ”

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
10 Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires,  
Of her the gleeman sung.

“ As sweet and good is young Kathleen  
As Eve before her fall ; ”  
15 So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

“ O come to me my daughter dear !  
Come sit upon my knee.  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
20 Your mother’s own I see ! ”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,  
He kissed her forehead fair ;  
“ It is my darling Mary’s brow,  
It is my darling’s hair ! ”

O, then spake up the angry dame,  
“Get up, get up,” quoth she,  
“I’ll sell ye over Ireland,  
I’ll sell ye o’er the sea!”

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

10

The lord he smote upon his breast,  
And tore his beard so gray ;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

15

Sure that same night the Banshee howled  
To fright the evil dame,  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.

20

She watched them glancing through the trees,  
And glimmering down the hill ;  
They crept before the dead-vault door,  
And there they all stood still !



"Get up, old man ! the wake-lights shine !"

"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,

"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care  
If they shine for you or me.

5 "O, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have !"

O, then spake up his handsome page,

"No gold nor land I crave !

10 "But give to me your daughter dear,  
Give sweet Kathleen to me,  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
15 But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me."

He sailèd east, he sailèd west,  
And far and long sailèd he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
20 Across the great salt sea.

"O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland?  
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand !"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know  
The maiden whom you mean ;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,  
Her hands are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite." 5

So up they walked through Boston town,  
And met a maiden fair, 10  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou  
This young man ever seen ?"  
They wept within each other's arms, 15  
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,  
And take my purse of gold."  
"Nay, not by me," her master said,  
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold. 20

"We loved her in the place of one  
The Lord hath early ta'en ;  
But, since her heart's in Ireland,  
We give her back again !"

Sure now they dwell in Ireland;  
As you go up Claremore  
You'll see their castle looking down  
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
And a happy man is he,  
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,  
With her darling on his knee.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

of low degree, the poorer people; **kin**, kindred or relatives; **kern**, a poor man; **rue**, regret; **shealing-fires**, fires in the huts; **gleemen** and **harpers** entertained the people by singing songs, often of their own composition; **hall**, the castle hall; **quoth**, said; **Banshee**, a fairy spirit that warns of death or misfortune; **wake-lights**, funeral torches; **requite**, pay back.

A poem of this kind, containing a story, and written as though it might be sung, is called a ballad. Each group of lines or verses is called a stanza. Which verses are rhymed?

You will notice how apt you are to read poetry in a sing-song way. If you study a few poems carefully, you will see the reason. The words or syllables that you accent strongly occur at regular intervals, and in this respect poetry resembles music. In *Kathleen* you accent every other syllable.

How many stanzas in *Kathleen*? How many verses in each stanza? How many strong accents in the first and in the third verse of each stanza? How many strong accents in the second and in the fourth verse of each stanza?

Who tells the story? Two persons are now introduced. Contrast them in two ways. Give the meaning of stanza 4 in your own words. To whom is Kathleen compared? In what way was the stepmother's anger aroused? What cruel thing did she do? How

did the fairies show their love for Kathleen? Substitute **shining** for **glancing** and **glowing** for **glimmering**. Do you get exactly the same picture? Which is better? Do you see any change in the old lord (stanza 15)? What has caused this? What means does he now take to recover Kathleen? Who comes to the rescue? What is a **page**? Describe his search. Synonym for **ancient** (stanza 21)? Could you use it here? How had Kathleen fared in her new home? Describe the meeting with the page (stanza 24). With what happy scene does the ballad close?

You will find that in this ballad Whittier has given us several pictures which an artist might paint. Try to picture them: the fair Kathleen on her father's knee; the cruel stepmother clipping Kathleen's glossy hair; the fairy folk with the glimmering funeral torches; the old father and the young page; the finding of Kathleen; the happy home scene.

Tell the whole story as briefly as you can.

**Spelling.** — Bargain, ancient, requite, kin, glimmering, glancing. Give synonyms for these words.

**Grammar.** — Make a list of the nouns in the ballad. How many of **them** are names of persons? How many are names of places? of **things**? Go over the various names applied to the daughter: child, maid, darling, lady, Kathleen. Which of these might refer to some other daughter? Which name belongs to the particular girl of the story? Go over the following names of places: town, Limerick, Boston, Galway, etc. Which of these names might refer to several places? Which to some particular place?

Such names as **lady**, **child**, **town**, belong in common to several persons or places, so that we call them **common nouns**.

Names that belong to particular ones of a class, as **Kathleen**, which names a particular girl, and **Limerick**, which names a particular town, are called **proper nouns**. You will notice that each proper noun begins with a capital letter. Make a rule for this.

Nouns, whether common or proper, are often composed of more than one word — as **Old Stony Phiz**, **lily of the valley**.

Classify all the nouns in *Kathleen* as **common** or **proper**.

Give a class name for several of the proper nouns. What kind of nouns will you then have?

**Composition.** — You have learned that it is not well in writing to make many short sentences which could as well be combined into one. Another danger you must avoid is trying to get too much into ~~your~~ sentence, so that you express more than one complete thought. You must learn, then, not only what to put into a sentence, but what to leave out. Learn to look well at each sentence you make. See if you have expressed one thought clearly. Be sure to begin with a capital and put the correct punctuation mark at the end. In the following, you will find that sentences have been combined that do not properly belong together. Write them over correctly. If there are any that can be put together in one sentence, write them so.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, and I enjoy reading his poems. He was a Quaker and wrote many anti-slavery poems. His parents were very poor while Whittier lived to be very old and he had to work very hard on the farm when he was young, so he lived to be beloved and known by all the nation. His antislavery poems helped to make people anxious to free the slaves and he suffered all his long life from ill health.

## 7

## TREASURE ISLAND

[This extract is from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, an exciting story of adventure. Jim Hawkins, who is supposed to tell the story, was the son of a woman who kept a little inn in an out-of-the-way part of Great Britain, many years ago. They had a strange lodger, an old sea-faring man, who seemed to be in hiding, and who died suddenly in their house. While Jim and his mother are searching the old sailor's chest to see if they can find the money that is due them, a band of violent men, who are apparently in pur-

suit of the old sailor, rush into the house, and the lad and his mother barely escape, the mother carrying with her the sum of money that covered her debt, the boy a little package he found in the old sea chest. Finding the sailor dead, the men begin to search his chest for the mysterious package which the boy has taken, but run away when a band of mounted police ride up. With the officer in charge, Mr. Dance, the boy goes to the squire of the village, or justice of the peace, to give an account of the matter.]

I HAD never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

Mr. Dance stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried, "Bravo!" Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got

up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

5 At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And this lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

10 "And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked at it all over, as if his fingers were  
15 itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale, he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house,  
20 and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in, and put on a side  
25 table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "Jim says he heard these mer say something about Flint. 5 You have heard of him, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I 10 was sometimes proud he was an Englishman."

"Well, I've heard of him myself," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? 15 What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but for money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this. 20 Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clew to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this. If we have the clew you talk about, I'll fit out 25 a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."



"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet." And he laid it before him on the table.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island*.

**bravo!** well done; **poll**, head; **buccaneer**, pirate; **Blackbeard**, a famous pirate of long ago; **clew**, trace; **condescending**, showing politeness to inferiors; **prodigiously**, wonderfully.

Notice carefully the little group of characters at the squire's house. From the description, try to imagine the squire's appearance. Who was Mr. Dance? What story did he tell the squire and Dr. Livesey? How did they show their interest? What does the fact that the doctor wore a wig tell you about the time at which this story happened? Why did not Dr. Livesey open the mysterious package at once? Use a word in place of **prodigiously**. What did the squire mean by saying he was sometimes proud that Flint was an Englishman? What word did the squire use in place of **bodies**? Which is the more effective word to use in speaking of the blood-thirsty rascals? Did the doctor speak truly in saying the squire was "hot-headed and exclamatory"? Why did they ask Jim's permission before opening the packet? Can you form any idea of what they hope to find?

**Spelling.** — Condescending, buccaneer, prodigiously, villains, proportion.

8

TREASURE ISLAND (*Concluded*)

THE bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things — a book and a sealed paper.



THE DOCTOR OPENS THE PACKET

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Off Caracas"; or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as  $62^{\circ} 17' 20''$ ,  $19^{\circ} 2' 40''$ .

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't made head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see, he added something clearer. 'Off Caracas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her — coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish money to a common value. 15

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say like a fat dragon standing up, and

had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center, marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink — two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest, and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words, — "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information : —

10 "Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet.

"The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it 15 by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

"The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N.

"J. F."

20 That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. 25 In three weeks' time — three weeks! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You'll

make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat — to roll in — to play ducks and drakes with ever after."

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island*.

**cache**, spot where something is buried; **trend**, general direction; **hummock**, little hill; **incomprehensible**, not to be understood; **appended**, added to.

What was in the bundle? What was in the book? Who first understood the mysterious entries? Explain the crosses, the sums. What does Dr. Livesey mean by **coral long ago**? Give a synonym for **thrifty**. What was in the paper? Describe the island. Meaning of **tottery characters**. Is the word **tottery** an excellent one here? Can you imagine this kind of writing? How did the squire and the doctor feel after reading the book and paper? What did they plan to do? Notice the squire's impatience. How is it expressed? See how quickly he plans and how vividly he imagines the whole thing until he almost feels as if the treasure were in his hands. Do you know what this game of "ducks and drakes" is?

You will enjoy reading all of the story. The voyage in search of the buried treasure is not the easy, rapid one pictured by Squire Trelawney, but a wild trip full of fearful adventures. Tell the whole story, now, as far as you have read it, in a few words.

**Spelling.** — Hummock, incomprehensible, appended, entry, medical, varying. Notice the use of these words in the story, and be able to use them in similar sentences.

**Word Study.** — Can you find any examples of figurative language in this story? Is **black-hearted hound** a figure? Figures are not always used for beauty, but sometimes to make a statement more

forcible. What is the meaning of the word **appended** on page 50? The stem **pend** means "hang." What is the meaning of **depend**, **suspend**, **pendent**, **impending**? Can you give any other word containing this same stem?

There are two verbs which you are apt to use incorrectly, **may** and **can**. **May** is used in asking for or granting permission. **May** is also used to show possibility. **Can** either asserts ability or inquires about it. You should say, "May I be excused early?" if your intention is to ask permission to go. If you say, "Can I go early?" it is as if you said, "Is it a possible thing for me to do?" Fill the blanks in the sentences below:—

If you — catch the train, you — leave now. You — not understand the hard words, so you — look in your dictionaries. You — have trouble in finding the house, for I — not give you the exact address.

Write five sentences using **may** or **can** in each.

**Composition.**— Write a note to your teacher from your father or mother, asking permission for you to leave school an hour earlier than usual, and giving some good reason for the request. Be careful to use **may** and **can** correctly. Which should be inserted in the blanks below?

21 BAY STREET, YONKERS, N.Y.,  
December 7, 1904.

MY DEAR MISS SMITH,

Will you kindly excuse Henry from his gymnasium work for a time? I — not tell now how long he will be unable to take violent exercise, but I — be able to tell you in a few days, after our physician has seen him again. — I also ask you to excuse his, poorly prepared lessons to-day, as he was not well enough to give them his usual attention?

Very truly yours,

JOHN F. CLARK.

## THE WRECK

[Charles Dickens is one of the best loved of English novelists because he put his *heart* in his work, and especially because he wrote with sympathy about the common people. In *David Copperfield*, from which this extract is taken, he is supposed to be telling, in large part, the story of his own life. Ham is a simple-hearted fisherman, who has known "Davy" from childhood. The man whom he dies trying to save, it turns out, is his worst enemy.]

THE thunder of the cannon, in my dream, was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion, and awoke. It was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging in place of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before us, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.



In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless attempts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman standing next me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us!

10 One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled, beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; 15 for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly saw her people at work with axes, especially one active figure, with long, curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the 20 shore at this moment: the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks,—heaps of such toys,—into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same 25 boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was part-

ing amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach: four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and, as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way, that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that, as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the

people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

10 Another cry arose from the shore, and, looking toward the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

15 Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is  
20 come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm agoing off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I  
25 confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I

don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined, but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body ; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope, which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam ; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone, as before.

25

And now he made for the wreck—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged

foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

5 At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, — when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

10 Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him,  
15 busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

—CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*.

**incessant**, without interruption, unceasing; **clamoring**, uttering loudly or repeatedly; **conspicuous**, easy to be seen; **desperate**, without hope, furious with fear or despair; **precaution**, means taken to prevent mischief or injury; **generous**, liberal.

The speaker is the hero of the story, David Copperfield. In these first lines he describes a dream. What was it? What noise does he really hear? What might you say for *in lieu of*? What dreadful thing had occurred while he slept? Picture the excited crowd all rushing down to the shore. Where did David at first look for the wreck? Where should he have looked? Describe the wreck as he saw it. What were the men seen by David trying to

do? Describe the sweeping away of the mast. Notice what word Dickens uses to describe the men and things washed overboard. Why does he call them **toys**? Picture the wreck now. To what figure is our attention directed each time the wreck is described? What sound now adds to the sadness of the scene? Describe the scene on shore. How did David act? What attempt had been previously made to save the shipwrecked sailors? Who now comes to the front? Why does David attempt to prevent him from going to the rescue? How many are left on the wreck when Ham attempts to reach it? What did Ham mean by his words to Davy? Describe Ham's first attempt and its failure; his second; his heroic death. Who was the man so frequently referred to whom Ham was trying to save (see Introduction)? Do you think he would have risked his life had he known?

**Spelling.** — Generous, incessant, clamoring, conspicuous, desperate, precaution.

**Synonyms.** — Substitute the word **calling** for its synonym **clamoring**. Do you get exactly the same idea? Which is better here?

Select synonyms from the words in the list below: —

Outstripping, stormy, clothed, outrunning, wild, vessel, excited, dressed, animated, saw, raging, schooner, roaring, boatman, shrieked, perceived, seaman, bare, quietly, sailor, unclothed, screams, brightly, calmly, cheerily, frightful, terrible, boat.

Select any five words (not synonyms) in the list, and construct sentences containing them. Then substitute a synonym found in the list for each one of the five, and tell how the sense has been changed.

**Composition.** — You have learned the difference between literal or plain, matter-of-fact language and **figurative** language, in which some resemblance between things otherwise unlike is so expressed that you can picture it. Sometimes a figure (which is really a picture in words) is expressed in a group of words, as "The ship rolled and dashed like a desperate creature driven mad"; sometimes in one word, as "the cruel sea." You will notice how much clearer your

*idea is than it would be if the author had said in literal language, "The ship rolled and dashed with great violence."*

Figurative language also makes the thing more forcible, that is, it affects us more strongly. You will see this also in the example above. Does it not make you fear the sea more to speak of it as **cruel**, as if it were a terrible living being, ready to destroy?

There is a third use for figures, and this you have noticed frequently. They make the thought seem more beautiful. Give some examples of figures which made the description more beautiful in *The Great Stone Face*.

In writing be careful, if you use figures, that they are suitable ones, and do not use them unless they make your thought clearer, more forcible, or more beautiful.

Write one paragraph describing some beautiful thing in nature which you have seen. Try to use one figure. Study the descriptive words used by Hawthorne, and, if possible, use some of the new words you have learned. Suppose this to be your first sentence. "Last summer I saw a beautiful waterfall." Describe the color of the water. Of what did it remind you? Did the water leap or dash or slide or jump? Like what? Describe the sound of the falls. Did they roar? Of what did the sound remind you? What did you notice about the rocks over which they fell?

When you have finished ask yourself the following questions: Have I used any figurative language? Does it make my picture clearer? more forcible? more beautiful? Have I used correctly any new words I have learned this term?

## 10

### MR. WINKLE TRIES TO SKATE

[This selection is from Chapter 30 of the *Pickwick Papers*, a very amusing novel in which Charles Dickens portrays a whimsical gentleman of much dignity and importance, together with a number of his friends. You will be interested in reading the remainder of the chap-

ter for the comical adventures of Mr. Pickwick himself when he attempts to slide on the ice. In Chapter 28 you will also find an account of the Fat Boy, who is one of Dickens's most humorous creations.]

ON Christmas morning Mr. Wardle invited Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and his other guests to go down to the pond.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye—s; oh! yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—I am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth<sup>15</sup> expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there<sup>15</sup> were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and<sup>20</sup> swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a skill which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of



eight, and performed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing feats, to the extreme satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic movements, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show them how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.



MR. WINKLE TRIES TO SKATE

"These — these — are very awkward skates, aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

5 "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

10 "Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You  
15 may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings  
20 this morning for Christmas, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're verry good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in  
25 the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half

doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the bank, "Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, gave a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on his face.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beck-

oned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

5 "Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

10 Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, "You're a humbug, sir."

15 "A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

— CHARLES DICKENS: *Pickwick Papers*.

**exquisite**, extreme; **mystic**, hard to be understood; **complicated**, tangled; **impetus**, push; **Pickwickian**, a member of Mr. Pickwick's little circle of constant friends; **spasmodic**, jerky; **ghastly**, horrible.

From the opening conversation, what opinion do you form of Mr. Winkle's ability to skate? What contrast is there between Mr. Winkle's speech and his looks? How much should a Hindoo know about skating? Mr. Sam Weller, servant to Mr. Pickwick, is one of Dickens's best humorous characters. Notice his peculiar

speech. His quiet, matter-of-fact answers make the dialogue very funny. In what way is **ghastly** generally used? Is it appropriate here? Dickens is fond of using words in this exaggerated way for purposes of humor. Notice the word **frantic**. Find other examples (see page 67). Can you picture the scene as Mr. Winkle made his sudden dash into the middle of the reel?

**Spelling.** — Slippery, ghastly, exquisite, mystic, affectionately, marvelous.

**Synonyms.** — Write six sentences, each containing one of the words in your spelling lesson. Exchange your paper for a class-mate's. Substitute a synonym for each of the given words. Notice whether the sentence has now exactly the same meaning.

**Punctuation.** — Look at paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4. Give a rule for the use of commas in paragraph 1. Why is the interrogation point used in paragraph 2? What kind of a sentence is this? In paragraph 3 you notice the mark which is called a "dash." It is sometimes used, as here, to indicate hesitation in speech. Find other examples of this use of the dash in this story. It is more often used to show a sudden break in a sentence. For illustrations of this, see *The Great Stone Face*, page 31.

**Rule.** — The dash is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly, or when there is a sudden change in the subject.

Be able to write from dictation paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4. Before handing this in, ask yourself the following questions: Have I properly indented my paragraphs? Have I left margins at both left and right of my exercise? Have I punctuated correctly?

**Grammar: Modifiers of Subject and Predicate.** — The word **modify** means to change or alter somewhat. In the sentence **Mr. Winkle fell**, we have only our subject noun and predicate verb. When we say, **The unfortunate Mr. Winkle fell heavily**, we have **modified** or **added** to their meaning. Words which modify the subject noun in this way are called **modifiers of the subject**. Words added to

the predicate to modify its meaning are called **modifiers of the predicate**.

"The jolly crowd of Christmas guests went to the big pond." In this sentence which is the subject noun? Name the modifiers of the subject. What is the predicate verb? Name the modifiers of the predicate.

Notice how even the word **the** modifies the meaning somewhat. Substitute **a** for **the**. You see then you might mean **any** group of Christmas guests, while **the** speaks of a definite group.

Notice that a modifier is sometimes a group of words; as, **to the big pond**. What noun in this group of words? What word modifies the noun?

Any word which modifies the meaning of another is called its modifier.

Select the **modifiers of the subject** and the **modifiers of the predicate** in the following: --

The generous sailor died bravely. The indignant Mr. Pickwick turned angrily away. The selfish Mr. Gathergold died miserably. The three adventurers sailed away in their ship. The absent-minded curate fell into the briers.

Supply modifiers for the following nouns: steed, boy, wreck, pirate, stepmother.

Supply modifiers for the following verbs, asking yourself the question: ran how? slid where? sailed when? died how?

ran, slid, sailed, died.

## 11

### THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare  
And merrily trotted along to the fair?  
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;  
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;

But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"  
She put forth her nettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,  
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,  
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,  
A mulberry tree in the hedge of wild brier;  
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,  
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;  
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit; 10  
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,  
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;  
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,  
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was a creature so rare, 15  
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;  
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,  
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;  
Yet how had it been if some traveler this way,  
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?" 20

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,  
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;  
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,  
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.



He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,  
 Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

— THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

**curate**, clergyman; **tractable**, easily managed; **mettle**, high spirit; **to boot**, in addition; **docile**, easily taught; **reverie**, deep, dreamy thought.

Read the poem through and be prepared to tell the story. How many lines in each stanza? Which lines rhyme? Collect all the names applied by the curate to his horse. Is **creature** a synonym for **courser**?

**Spelling.** — Curate, mettle, docile, saddle, reverie.

**Word Study.** — What is the stem in the word **discovered**? What is the meaning of the prefix **dis**? Can you explain the use of the word from this analysis?

**Grammar.** — In stanza 1 you will find the mare referred to several times without giving it a name; thus, **her**, **she**. The **curate** is referred to by use of the words **who**, **his**. You can readily see that these words are not **names**, but words used for **names**. We call them **pro-nouns** (**pro** meaning **for**).

See how many pronouns you can find in the remaining stanzas of this poem. If you substitute for the pronoun the noun for which it stands, you will readily see what a useful part of speech the pronoun is. The word for which a pronoun is used is called its **antecedent**.

Give pronouns which might be used in place of the following nouns: —

1. Your own name. 2. Your own name with another's. 3. The name of some one you are addressing. 4. Mary. 5. Mary's. 6. John's and Henry's. 7. A bird. 8. Mary and John.

Fill the blanks below with pronouns: —

"— am out of practice," said Mr. Winkle. "Come to —," called Mr. Pickwick. "— will all go together," said Mr. Wardle.

"Watch ——!" cried the boys. Another lady said —— thought —— swanlike. —— all enjoyed themselves. Mr. Winkle wished —— had not gone with ——. " —— are a humbug!" cried Mr. Pickwick. The mare trotted along with —— master. She threw —— into the bed of wild briars.

Name all the antecedents. Make a list of the pronouns you have used and learn them. Make a definition in answer to the question, "What is a pronoun?"

## 12

## THE STAGECOACH

[Tom is an English lad, leaving home for Rugby, a famous English school, in the times when railways were not yet introduced into England, and people traveled by stagecoach. The whole book, *Tom Brown's School-days*, is thoroughly worth reading, for it not only describes Tom's adventures in the great school, but shows how the schoolmaster made a man of him. Boys will like to see how the old game of "Rugby" was played.]

"Now, sir, time to get up, if you please. Tallyho coach for Leicester'll be round in half an hour, and don't wait for nobody." So spake the boots of the Peacock Inn, Islington, at half-past two o'clock on the morning of a day in the early part of November, 183—, giving Tom at the same time a shake by the shoulder, and then putting down a candle and carrying off his shoes to clean. Tom tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffeeroom in his

stockings, carrying his hatbox, coat, and comforter in his hand ; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

5 “ Now, then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this ; there’s nothing like starting warm, old fellow.”

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his greatcoat, well warmed through — a Petersham coat with velvet col-  
10 lar, made tight after the abominable fashion of those days.

And just as he was swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, “ Tallyho, sir ; ” and they hear the ring and the  
15 rattle of the four fast trotters, and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the “ Peacock.”

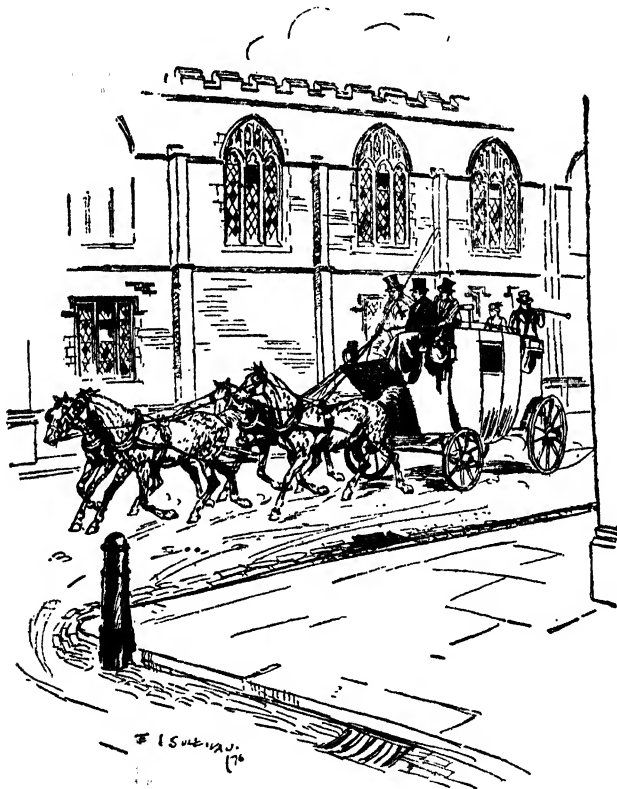
“ Anything for us, Bob ? ” says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

20 “ Young genl’m’n, Rugby ; three parcels, Leicester ; hamper o’ game, Rugby,” answers hostler.

“ Tell young gent to look alive,” says guard, opening the hind boot, and shooting in the parcels, after examining them by the lamps. “ Here, shove the portmanteau  
25 up atop—I’ll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind.”

“ Good-by, father — my love at home.” A last shake

of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the



hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness, a forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up.

I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate you're much more comfortable travelers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and most of you  
5 going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded, first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the tallyho, I can tell you, in a tight, Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without  
10 legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half hour. But it had its pleasures, — the old, dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman — of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was  
15 the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the streaming hoarfrost, over the leaders' ears, into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy gateman or the  
20 hostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight; and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes.

The tallyho is past St. Albans, and Tom is enjoying the ride, though half frozen. The guard, who is alone  
25 with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him

inward, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words, and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown, as he is, though a young one. Then he has been forward into the mysterious boy-future, speculating as to what sort of a place Rugby is, and what they do there, and calling up all the stories of public schools which he has heard from big boys in the holidays. He is chock full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the backboard, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend, the silent guard, might take it.

—THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School-days*.

**drag**, heavy carriage; **boot**, place for baggage; **portmanteau**, valise or small leather trunk; **speculating**, imagining; **addressed**, attended closely to; **burly**, stout, strong; **mysterious**, difficult or impossible to understand.

What is a tallyho coach? Boots is a name given in England to the hotel servant who cleans and blacks the boots and shoes. What is meant by **nursing a fire**? Have you ever noticed **addressed** used as it is in paragraph 3? What does it mean here? Notice the speech of the boots, the hostler, and the guard. Does it remind you of any character you have read about in a previous selection? What is meant by **boot** in paragraph 6? What is a **portmanteau**? What word would you probably use in place of this? Notice the contrast the author draws between old and new methods of travel in England. After reading this paragraph, which do you think the more enjoyable? Mention some of the pleasures of the "old, dark ride." Of what is Tom thinking as he rides through the darkness?

**Spelling.**—*Addressed, burly, mysterious, shoulder, dangling, hostler*

**Word Study: Prefixes.**—**Misunderstand, misstep, misguide, misconduct, miscalculate.** Substitute one of these words for the words in boldfaced type in the following sentences:—

The fairies desired to punish Kathleen's stepmother for her **wrong conduct**. Did the squire **wrongly understand** the mysterious writing? Did Mr. Winkle **calculate incorrectly** the distance across the pond? Sam Weller did not intend to **guide in the wrong direction** the unfortunate Mr. Winkle. The boy made a **wrong step** and fell as he tried to climb into the coach.

What meaning has the prefix **mis**? Can you think of other words using this prefix?

**Composition.**—You have learned how to put your sentences together in a paragraph. You must remember not to put in one paragraph sentences that are not closely related in thought. You will sometimes find in a paragraph a sentence which tells what the paragraph is about, although you must not expect to find this **topic sentence** in every paragraph. You will not be apt to find it in stories such as *Mr. Winkle tries to Skate*, but you are likely to find it in some descriptions, and very often in any kind of writing which is intended to explain.

In *The Great Stone Face*, Part 3, paragraph 1, we find this topic sentence: "The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy." You will see that the topic, then, is *Ernest's Boyhood*, and you will not find any sentence in the paragraph that does not relate to this topic. Again, in *Treasure Island*, paragraph 1, you find "I had never seen the squire so near at hand," and every other sentence in the paragraph relates to the squire. See if you can select the topic sentence in paragraph 1, page 76, of *The Stagecoach*.

It will help you to form your own paragraphs carefully if in writing, especially in the kind of writing that explains, you make first a topic sentence. The topic sentence **may** stand anywhere in the paragraph, but it generally is found at the beginning. Write

*one paragraph, taking for your topic sentence some one fact that you have learned this week in history, geography, or nature study. State it in a few words, and then make several good clear sentences to explain your topic, i.e. "Rivers are constantly wearing away the land over which they flow."*

After you have finished writing, look carefully to see whether you have brought into the paragraph anything not related to your topic sentence.

## 13

THE STAGECOACH (*Unconcluded*)

AND now they begin to see, and the early life of the countryside comes out; a market cart or two, men in smock-frocks going to their work, pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the color of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well-muffled-up sportsman, with his gun case and carpetbag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast. 15

"Twenty minutes here, gentleman," says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn door.



Have we not endured nobly this morning, and is not this a worthy reward for our endurance? There is the low, dark, wainscoted room hung with sporting prints, the hatstand (with a whip or two standing up in it belonging  
5 to bagmen who are still snug in bed) by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of meets for the week of the county hounds; the table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon  
10 pie, ham, a round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands: kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and  
15 muffins, coffee and tea, all smoking hot. The table never can hold it all; the cold meats are removed to the side-board, — they were only put on for show and to give us an appetite.

“Tea or coffee, sir?” says the head waiter, coming round  
20 to Tom.

“Coffee, please,” says Tom, with his mouth full of miffin and kidney; coffee is a treat to him — tea is not.

Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon pie, and imbibed coffee till his little skin is as tight as a drum, and then  
25 has the further pleasure of paying the head waiter out of his own purse, in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely

and in a highly finished manner, by the hostlers, as if they enjoyed not being hurried. Coachman comes out with his waybill, puffing a fat cigar which the sportsman has given him.

The pinks stand about the inn door lighting cigars and waiting to see us start, while their hacks are led up and down the market place on which the inn looks. They all know our sportsman, and we feel a reflected credit when we see him chatting and laughing with them.

"Now, sir, please," says the coachman; all the rest of 10 the passengers are up; the guard is locking the hind boot.

"A good run to you!" says the sportsman to the pinks, and is by the coachman's side in no time.

"Let 'em go, Dick!" The hostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from the horses' loins, and away we go 15 through the market place, and down the High Street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy citizens shaving thereat; while all the shopboys, who are cleaning the windows, and housemaids who are doing the steps, stop, and look pleased as we rattle past, as 20 if we were a part of their morning's amusement. We clear the town and are well out between hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight.

The sun shines almost warmly, and breakfast has oiled all springs and loosened all tongues. Tom is encouraged 24 by a remark or two of the guard's, and besides is getting tired of not talking. He is too full of his destination to

talk about anything else, and so he asks the guard if he knows Rugby.

"Goes through it every day of my life. Twenty minutes afore twelve down — ten o'clock up."

5 "What sort of a place is it, please?" says Tom.

The guard had just finished an account of a desperate fight which had happened at one of the fairs, between the drovers and the farmers with their whips and the boys with cricket bats, which arose out of the boys' playful but  
10 objectionable practice of going round to the public houses and taking the linchpins out of the wheels of the gigs, when they turned a corner and neared the milestone, the third from Rugby. By the stone two boys stood, their jackets buttoned tight, waiting for the coach.

15 "Look here, sir," said the guard, after giving a sharp toot-toot; "there's two on 'em, out and out runners they be. They comes out about twice or three times a week, and spirts a mile alongside of us."

And as they came up, sure enough, away went the two  
20 boys along the footpath, keeping up with the horses — the first a light, clean-made fellow, going on springs, the other stout and round-shouldered, laboring in his pace, but going as dogged as a bull-terrier.

Old Blowhard looked on admiringly. "See how beautiful that there un holds hissself together, and goes from  
25 his hips, sir," said he; "he's a 'mazin' fine runner. How many coachmen as drives a first-rate team'd put it on

and try and pass 'em. But Bob, sir, bless you, he's tender-hearted; he'd sooner pull in a bit if he see'd 'em a-gettin' beat. I do b'lieve, too, as that there un'd sooner break his heart than let us go by him afore next milestone."

5

At the second milestone the boys pulled up short, and waved their hats to the guard, who had his watch out, and shouted, "4.56," thereby indicating that the mile had been done in four seconds under the five minutes. They passed several more parties of boys, all of them objects of deepest interest to Tom, and came in sight of the town at ten minutes before twelve. Tom fetched a long breath, and thought he had never spent a pleasanter day. Before he went to bed he had quite settled that it must be the greatest day he should ever spend, and didn't alter his opinion for many a long year — if he has yet.

—THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School-days*.

**smock-frock**, a workman's blouse; **hack**, horse; **pink**, red coat; **mammoth**, enormous (the mammoth was a large elephant, whose bones are now sometimes found); **trencher**, platter; **viands**, articles of food; **imbibed**, drank; **destination**, place set for a journey's end.

In what way does the author let us know it is day without stating it plainly? Mention some of the signs of early morning. What beautiful comparison does he use in describing the mist? What is a **hunter's pack**? A **pink**? Picture the breakfast room. Picture the scene at the inn door. Describe the ride through the town. Give Tom's conversation with the guard. What pranks of the Rugby boys does the guard relate? Describe the two Rugby boys who now appear. Who is **Old Blowhard**? What does Tom feel about this day?

**Spelling.** — Mammoth, viands, dogged, imbibed, destination.

**Word Study.** — What use of figurative language in paragraph 11? Figurative language expresses or implies a comparison. Can you point out the comparison here? To what is breakfast compared? To what are the people compared? Is the figure forcible?

"Anything for us, Bob?" said the **burly** guard. Tom's feet were **dangling** six inches from the floor. The beef had been cut from a **mammoth** ox. Is not this a **worthy** reward for our endurance?

Rewrite, using synonyms for the words in boldfaced type.

**Composition.** — In writing a composition you have a **subject** which is indicated in your title. You must see how many different points you are going to write about under that one subject. Either write down the topic, or make a full topic sentence, for each point, and then you will know how many paragraphs you are to have. Suppose you are to write on *A Day in the Woods*; you might write down the following headings: (1) The ride to the woods; (2) What happened there; (3) The return. Under topic 1, decide how many things you want to tell about. Do the same thing for 2 and 3. Then you have all your material. The next thing to do is to arrange your facts in some sort of order, generally giving them in order of time.

In *The Stagecoach* notice the plan:— Paragraph 1. Tom gets up. Paragraph 2. You remember that in conversation a whole paragraph is given to each person's speech. Paragraph 3. Getting ready to start. Paragraphs 4, 5, 6. Conversation. Paragraph 7. The start. Paragraph 8. The author's remarks on the "old, dark ride." Paragraph 9. The dark ride. Could you exchange the places of any of these paragraphs? Why not?

Write down a topic (not necessarily a topic sentence, for you will not always find one) for each paragraph in Part 2 of *The Stagecoach*.

The following plan for a composition will serve you for a model: —

**Title.** — *Going to the Country.*

- Topics.** — 1. *The Start.* — (a) Time we reached the train; (b) Who were there to see us off; (c) Good-by — the train starts.  
2. *The Journey.* — (a) Scenery; (b) Comforts or discomforts.  
3. *The Arrival.* — (a) Time; (b) Tired or not; (c) Appearance of place; (d) Who were there to meet us.

Take for your title *The School Picnic*, or *Going Away to School*, or *Our Trolley Ride*, or *A Trip up the Hudson*, or any other similar title. Prepare an outline with three paragraph topics. Indicate your sentence topics as in model.

**Grammar.** — In Lesson 12, you learned that words which modify other words are called their **modifiers**. You supplied modifiers to a number of nouns, and may have noticed that in every case you used the part of speech which you know is an **adjective**. For what then is an adjective used? All adjectives modify nouns or the words which stand for nouns (what are they?), but **not all words that modify nouns are adjectives**. Thus, in "Tom's **dark** ride," two words limit or modify the meaning of ride. The adjective **dark** does not allow the noun **ride** to be applied to a **light** ride, and **Tom's** makes it refer to this ride taken by Tom. But **Tom**, as you know, is a boy's name, and, therefore, a noun. Again, in this sentence, "Tom is enjoying **his** ride," **his** takes the place of **Tom's**, and is a pronoun showing possession, and not an adjective, although it modifies the noun **ride**. Be careful not to classify as adjectives nouns or pronouns that modify nouns by denoting possession.

## 14

## WE ARE SEVEN

A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

5       She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ; —  
Her beauty made me glad.

10       “Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ?”  
“How many ! Seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

15       “And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

20       “Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be ?”

Then did the little maid reply,  
    "Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
    Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid ; 5  
    Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
    Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen," 10  
    The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
    And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
    My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit, 15  
    I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
    When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
    And eat my supper there. 20

"How many are you, then," said I,  
    "If the two are in heaven ?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply.  
    "O master ! we are seven."



"But they are dead ; those two are dead ;  
Their spirits are in heaven !"

'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will ;

5 And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

**porringer**, bowl for porridge ; **rustic**, country-like.

Meaning of **lightly** ? Would you expect a little child to know much about death ? Can you imagine the appearance of the little girl ? Note the rather unusual use of the word **wildly**. You generally think of it as meaning fiercely or violently. You know the difference between wild flowers and cultivated flowers. There is a like difference between this little woodland maid and the little city girl. Does she not remind you of a little wild flower ? Wordsworth was fond of writing about children who lived close to nature. Have you read *Lucy Gray* ?

Give the conversation between the poet and the little girl, as found in stanzas 4, 5, and 6. What did the poet try to explain to the little girl ? Did he succeed in convincing her ? What were her final words to him ? Who was right, the poet or the little maid ? Which lines do you like best ? Commit them to memory.

**Spelling.** — Kerchief, porringer, rustic.

**Composition.** — Study, so that you can write from dictation, stanzas 4, 5, and 6. Exchange your paper for a classmate's, and indicate his errors in the following way. Underline the mistake and on the same line, but in the margin, indicate whether the mistake was in spelling, capitalization, or punctuation. Use S for incorrect spelling ; C for a mistake in capitalization ; P for a mistake in punctuation.

When you receive your own paper, compare with the book to see if the markings are properly made. Then close books, and rewrite, correcting all mistakes.

## 15

## VOLCANOES

WHY is a volcano like a cone?

For the same cause for which a molehill is like a cone, though a very rough one; and that the little heaps which the burrowing beetles make are all something in the shape of a cone, with a hole like a crater in the middle. What <sup>5</sup> the beetle does on a very little scale, the steam inside the earth does on a great scale. When once it has forced its way into the outside air, it tears out the rocks underground, grinds them small against each other, often into the finest dust, and blasts them out of the hole which <sup>10</sup> it has made. Some of them fall back into the hole, and are shot out again; but most of them fall round the hole, most of them close to it, and fewer of them further off, till they are piled up in a ring round it, just as the sand is piled up round a beetle's burrow. For days, <sup>15</sup> and weeks, and months this goes on; even, it may be, for hundreds of years; till a great cone is formed round the steam vent, hundreds or thousands of feet in height, of dust and stones, and of cinders likewise. For recollect that when the steam has blown away the cold earth <sup>20</sup> and rock near the surface of the ground, it begins blowing out the hot rocks down below, red-hot, white-hot, and at last actually melted. But these, as they are hurled into the cool air above, become ashes, cinders,

and blocks of stone again, making the hill on which they fall bigger and bigger continually.

And why is the mouth of the chimney called a crater?

5 Crater is Greek for a cup. And the mouth of these chimneys, when they have become choked and have stopped working, are often just the shape of a cup. I have seen some of them as beautifully and exactly rounded as if a cunning engineer had planned them, and had them  
10 dug out with the spade. And often the worn-out craters are turned into beautiful lakes. And long did I puzzle to find out why the water stood in some craters, while others, within a mile of them perhaps, were perfectly dry. That I never found out for myself. But learned  
15 men tell me that the ashes which fall back into the crater, if the bottom of it be wet from rain, will sometimes "set" (as it is called) into a hard cement; and so make the bottom of the great bowl waterproof, as if it were made of earthenware.

20 But what gives the craters this cup-shape at first?

Think. While the steam and stones are being blown out, the crater is an open funnel, with more or less upright walls inside. As the steam grows weaker, fewer and fewer stones fall outside, and more and more fall  
25 back again inside. At last they quite choke up the bottom of the great round hole. Perhaps, too, the lava or melted rock underneath cools and grows hard, and

that chokes up the hole lower down. Then, down from the round edge of the crater the stones and cinders roll inward more and more. The rains wash them down; the wind blows them down. They roll to the middle, and meet each other, and stop. And so gradually the steep funnel becomes a round cup. You may prove for yourself that it must be so, if you will try. Do you not know that if you dig a round hole in the ground, and leave it to crumble in, it is sure to become cup-shaped at last, though at first its sides may have been quite upright, like those of a bucket? If you do not know, get a trowel and make your little experiment.

And now you ought to understand what "cone" and "crater" mean. And more, if you will think for yourself, you may guess what would come out of a volcano when it broke out "in an eruption," as it is usually called. First, clouds of steam and dust (what you would call smoke); then volleys of stones, some cool, some burning hot; and at the last, because it lies lowest of all, the melted rock itself, which is called "lava."

And where would that come out? At the top of the chimney? At the top of the cone?

No, the melted lava rises in the crater,—the funnel inside the cone,—but it never gets to the top. It is so enormously heavy that the sides of the cone cannot bear its weight, and give way low down. And then, through ashes and cinders, the melted lava burrows out, twisting

and twirling like an enormous, fiery earthworm, till it gets to the air outside, and runs off down the mountain in a stream of fire. And so you may see two eruptions at once, — one of burning stones above, and one of melted lava below.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Madam How and Lady Why*.

What is a volcano? a cone? Read carefully so that you can give an answer to the question which forms the first paragraph. After reading paragraph 2 explain how a volcano is built. What is the meaning of the word **crater**? Give a synonym for **cunning**. Why do some craters contain lakes? What makes them cup-shaped? What is a funnel? In a volcanic eruption, why do the stones come out before the lava? Where does this come out? What comparison does Kingsley make to help you to imagine how the streams of melted lava look?

**Spelling.** — Funnel, crater, volcano, eruption, lava, burrows.

**Composition.** — The kind of writing which is intended to explain something is called **exposition**. As in descriptive writing, the first thing is to be sure you understand the thing you intend to explain. Then outline your composition, selecting the main topics for your paragraphs.

In writing a story you had little trouble with the arrangement of your paragraphs, for they generally follow one another in order of time. You will find it somewhat harder in exposition. The best way to learn how to do this is to study the way some good author has done it.

Paragraph 1.\* Tells why a volcano is like a cone.

Paragraph 2. Tells why the opening in the cone is called a crater

Paragraph 3. Explains why the crater is cup-shaped.

Paragraph 4. Explains an eruption.

Paragraph 5. Explains the bursting through on the side.

\* In this numbering, we omit the two paragraphs of one sentence each.

Try reading paragraph 4 directly after paragraph 2, or change the position of any other paragraph. You will see at once that the author had a reason for his arrangement. He began with the cone. The crater is part of the cone, so that should come next. The shape of the crater of course should be explained before going on to a new subject, the eruption. The last paragraph completes the account of the eruption.

Take a short exposition from some text-book, — your geography, for instance. Read only three or four paragraphs, and see if you can make an outline, writing down the topic, or the topic sentence if there is one, for each paragraph.

## 10

## AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA

WE had not proceeded far before a new sign called my attention to the mountain. Not only was there a perceptible jar or vibration in the earth, but a dull, groaning sound, like the muttering of distant thunder, began to be heard. The smoke increased in amount, and, as we advanced further to the eastward, and much nearer to the great cone, I perceived that it consisted of two jets, issuing from different mouths. A broad stream of very dense, white smoke still flowed over the lip of the topmost crater and down the eastern side. As its breadth did not vary, and the edges were distinctly defined, it was no doubt the sulphurous vapor rising from a river of molten lava. Perhaps a thousand yards below, a much stronger column of mingled black and white smoke gushed up, in regular

beats or pants, from a depression in the mountain side, between two small cones. All this part of Etna was scarred with deep chasms, and in the bottom of those nearest the opening, I could see the red gleam of fire. The air was perfectly still, and as yet there was no cloud in the sky.

When we stopped to change horses, I felt the first violent trembling of the earth and the awful sternness of the sound. Groups of the villagers were gathered in the streets which looked upward to Etna, and discussing the chances of an eruption. "Ah," said an old peasant, "the Mountain knows how to make himself respected. When he talks, everybody listens." The sound was the most awful that ever met my ears. It was a hard, painful moan, now and then fluttering like a suppressed sob, and had, at the same time, an expression of threatening and of agony. It did not come from Etna alone. It was in the air, in the depths of the sea, in the earth under my feet—everywhere, in fact; and as it continued to increase in violence, I experienced a sensation of positive pain.

As we rode along, all the rattling of the coach over the rough road could not drown the awful noise. There was a strong smell of sulphur in the air, and the thick pants of smoke from the lower crater continued to increase in strength. The sun was fierce and hot, and the edges of the sulphurous clouds shone with a dazzling

whiteness. A mounted soldier overtook us, and rode beside the coach, talking with the postilion. He had been up to the mountain, and was taking his report to the governor of the district. The heat of the day and the continued trembling of the air lulled me into a sort of doze, when I was suddenly aroused by a cry from the soldier and the stopping of the coach. At the same time, there was a terrific peal of sound, followed by a jar which must have shaken the whole island.

We looked up to Etna, which was fortunately in full view before us. An immense mass of snow-white smoke had burst up from the crater and was rising perpendicularly into the air, its rounded clouds rapidly whirling one over the other, yet urged with such force that they only rolled outward after they had ascended to an immense height. It might have been one minute or five, — for I was so entranced by this wonderful spectacle that I had lost the sense of time, — but it seemed instantaneous (so rapid and violent were the effects of the explosion), when there stood in the air, based on the summit of the mountain, a mass of smoke four or five miles high, and shaped precisely like the Italian pine tree. ✓

Words cannot describe the grandeur of this mighty tree. Its trunk of columned smoke, one side of which was silvered by the sun, while the other, in shadow, was lurid with red flame, rose for more than a mile before it sent out its cloudy boughs. Then parting into a thou-



sand streams, each of which again threw out its branching tufts of smoke, rolling and waving in the air, it stood in intense relief against the dark blue of the sky. Its rounded masses of foliage were dazzling white on one side, while, in the shadowy depths of the branches, there was a constant play of brown, yellow, and crimson tints, revealing the central shaft of fire.

This outburst seemed to have relieved the mountain, though the terrible noise still droned in the air, and earth, and sea. And now, from the base of the tree, three white streams slowly crept into as many separate chasms, against the walls of which played the flickering glow of the burning lava. The column of smoke and flame was still hurled upward, and the tree, after standing about ten minutes — a new and awful revelation of the active forces of nature — gradually rose and spread, lost its form, and slowly moved by a light wind (the first that disturbed the dead calm of the day), bent over to the eastward.

We resumed our course. The vast belt of smoke at last arched over the strait, here about twenty miles wide, and sank toward the distant Calabrian shore. As we drove under it for some miles of our way, the sun was totally obscured, and the sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn between them. There was a hot, sulphurous vapor in the air, and showers of white ashes fell from time to time. We were distant about twelve miles, in a straight

line, from the crater; but the air was so clear, even under the shadow of the smoke, that I could distinctly trace the downward movement of the rivers of lava.

—BAYARD TAYLOR: *The Lands of the Saracen*.

**perceptible**, known through the senses; **vibration**, rapid motion back and forth; **postilion**, rider of one of the horses which drew the coach; **impetus**, force with which something is driven; **entranced**, as if in a dream or trance; **suppressed**, not uttered freely; **instantaneous**, in an instant; **revelation**, a making known, showing forth something before hidden; **lurid**, giving a ghastly, dull-red light.

Charles Kingsley has explained to you the action of volcanoes. In this selection Bayard Taylor describes an eruption which he once saw.

Where is Mount Etna? What two things called Bayard Taylor's attention to the mountain? What other thing had he evidently noticed before the vibration and the sound? Describe the two jets of smoke. How does he explain their presence? Meaning of **extinct**? Picture the group of people. Describe the awful sound.

Try to imagine it all: the noise, the strong smell of sulphur, and the appearance of the mountain. Describe the final explosion and the appearance of the mountain after the shock. What did the column of smoke resemble?

What is the topic sentence of paragraph 4? Can you imagine this beautiful sight? Picture the tree, and after reading the paragraph carefully two or three times try to describe it. Can you explain why the tremors were now less violent? What were the three white streams? What became of the wonderful tree of smoke? The strait referred to here is the Strait of Messina, which separates the island of Sicily from the province of Calabria in the southern part of Italy. Describe the singular appearance of the sky. Do you remember to what Kingsley compared the streams of lava?

You have in these two selections about volcanoes examples of two kinds of writing. Kingsley's writing was to **explain**, to help

you to understand. Such writing is called **exposition**. Bayard Taylor's purpose was to enable you to see the volcano as he saw it. Such writing is called **description**.

**Spelling.** — Lurid, suppressed, revelation, instantaneous, sulphur.

**Word Study.** — You will be interested in the word **spectacle** in the sentence, "The sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn between them." The Latin **spect** means "seen." Try to find other words containing **spic** or **spect**, and notice their meaning.

Keep in a blank book a list of stems, as you learn them, with their meanings; a list of prefixes with their meanings; a list of suffixes with their meanings.

**Composition.** — In writing of any kind, the most important thing is to make yourself understood. You have learned that figurative language often helps us to express our ideas clearly, by comparing things. All comparisons, however, are not figurative. On page 364 you will find the author trying to give you an idea of the enormous distance between the earth and the sun by telling you how long it would take a railroad train to travel from one to the other. If you wanted to give some one an idea of the height of the Great Stone Face, you might compare it with the height of some building you had seen. This method of expression is very common, and if you look for it, you will find many examples in our ordinary speech, as "busy as a bee," "brown as a berry," "fair as a lily," "clear as a bell," "black as night," etc.

Write a letter describing something which is peculiar to your part of the country. Address some one living in an entirely different place. Try to make your description clear by comparing it with something you know he has seen. If you live in the south, you might describe a cotton field or an orange grove to some one living north. Or, if things are reversed, describe a snowstorm or a sleigh.

**Grammar.** — To analyze anything is to separate it into its parts. You analyze a word when you tell its stem, its prefix, and its suffix.

You analyze a sentence when you separate it into its subject and predicate, and name the modifiers of the different parts. Always begin your analysis of a sentence by telling the **kind** of sentence.

## MODEL FOR ANALYSIS

The little cottage girl looked at me.

**Kind**, a declarative sentence, because it states or declares

**Entire subject**, the little cottage girl.

**Entire predicate**, looked at me.

**Subject noun**, girl.

**Verb**, looked.

**Modifiers of the subject noun**, the, little, cottage.

**Modifier of the verb**, at me.

In like manner analyze the following sentences: —

1. The bright sun shines warmly. 2. The green field sleeps in the sun. 3. The small birds twitter cheerfully. 4. My sisters and brothers are sleeping in the churchyard (In this sentence, when you name the subject nouns, tell what kind of subject it is.) 5. The melted lava rises rapidly in the crater.

## 17

## THE SONG OF THE CAMP

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,  
“ We storm the forts to-morrow ;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

5 They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon :  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;  
10 Forgot was Britain's glory :  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang “ Annie Laurie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
15 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek,  
20 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.



A SONG IN CAMP

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dumb and gory ;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing :  
The bravest are the tenderest, —  
The loving are the daring.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

**Redan** and **Malakoff**, Russian forts; **bombarding**, attacking with cannon balls or shells; **belched**, thrown out violently; **tawny**, brownish yellow; **mortars**, cannon.

How many accents in the first verse of each stanza ? in the third ? in the second ? in the fourth ? What verses rhyme ?

The incident narrated is supposed to have occurred in the Crimea, a peninsula in the Black Sea, in Southern Russia, when the English and their allies, the French, were fighting against the Russians. You have read about another incident in the same war in Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

In the first stanza we have a picture of the allied armies surrounding the forts which they have been bombarding. It is night, and the firing has ceased. Why did Redan seem to scoff ? What is proposed by a soldier ? Severn, Clyde, and Shannon are rivers

in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Put the last lines of stanza 4 into your own words without mentioning the rivers.

What was the theme of their song? What old familiar song did they sing? Of what was each soldier thinking? What figure in stanza 8? Can you express this in literal language? Do you think the word **bloody** a good one to use here? Why? Was it unmanly for these soldiers to shed tears as they thought of home and loved ones? How are we given to understand that it did not make them less courageous? What are we told indirectly in stanza 10? What direct answer does Bayard Taylor give to the question?

**Spelling.**—Trenches, bombarding, belched, tawny, mortars, belching.

**Word Study.**—The stem **fort** means “strong.” Notice its use in the following words: **fortress, fort, fortissimo, fortify, fortitude.**

**Composition.**—Complete the following letter, first making an outline for the additional paragraphs.

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,  
June 30, 1904.

DEAR GEORGE,

Here we are, quite at home in this quiet New England village, —but I promised to tell you everything about our journey here, so I must go back to the beginning.

Early on Saturday morning we left home, and after a chilly, disagreeable ride in the open car, reached the Grand Central Depot. We had no sooner entered the waiting room than I spied Uncle Frank and Cousin Will, who had dropped in on their way down town to see us off. We had only time to shake hands and say “good-by,” for it was about time for the train to start. We rushed through the gate and climbed up the steps in hot haste, and none too soon; for we were barely seated when the steam whistle gave a shrill scream, the cars gave a jerk, and off we started.

**Punctuation: Quotations.**—In either divided or undivided, direct or indirect quotations, as you have written them thus far, you have in some way indicated the author of the words quoted.



Sometimes, however, a few words of some one else just express what you want to say, when you use them with quotation marks, but do not name the author, and go on as if it were your own remark. Thus:—

As we rode along we saw the cattle grazing and counted “forty feeding as one.”

She was a sweet little maiden, with “a rustic, woodland air” that attracted me.

These partial quotations should not begin with capital letters.

Write five sentences containing partial quotations, not naming the author. Exchange your paper for a classmate's. Ask the following questions, and write answers on the blank side of the paper: 1. Are the partial quotations included in quotation marks? (Write “correct” or “incorrect.”) 2. Are they begun, as they should be, with small letters? 3. Is each sentence begun with a capital letter? 4. Is the proper punctuation mark at the end of each sentence?

## 18

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

[Sir John Moore, a brave English general, was killed in Spain, where the English were fighting against the armies of Napoleon, and was buried by night on the battleground.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

5

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow, 10  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on 15  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing. 20

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

**corse**, corpse, body; **rampart**, embankment surrounding a fort; **reck**, care; **random**, without aim, scattering.

Who is represented as speaking in this poem? What account is he giving? Read the whole poem, trying to picture the scene. It is said that Sir John Moore had often declared that if he were killed in battle he wished to be buried where he had fallen. What opinion of Sir John Moore would you form from this poem? What word might you use to describe this midnight scene? Is "struggling" used literally? What beautiful and appropriate comparison is made here (stanza 3)? What thought added to the grief of his companions (stanzas 4-6)? How was the burial interrupted? What is meant by "retiring"? Did he need a monument? Is not this poem a beautiful monument to his memory? How many strongly accented syllables are there in the first lines of each stanza? in the third? in the second? in the fourth? Which lines do you think the best? Learn them.

**Spelling.** — Rampart, bayonet, random, funeral.

**Synonyms.** — Substitute synonyms for **dimly** (stanza 2); **warrior** (stanza 3); **upbraid** (stanza 6). Do you like these as well as the poet's words?

**Grammar.** — What are pronouns? Name all the pronouns in the poem. Substitute their antecedents for the pronouns. Which of these pronouns show possession?

**Rule.** — Pronouns used in place of possessive nouns are called possessive pronouns.

Substitute possessive pronouns for the possessive nouns in the following sentences: —

The maiden's beauty made me glad. Before the children's deaths they "were seven." Tom's feet were dangling six inches from the floor. The last words were the maid's.

Fill the blanks in the following: —

The gun had ceased — firing. We waved — flags in honor of the passing veterans. This book is not —; it is —. Will you lend me — book to help me in preparing — lesson?

Give the possessives for he, she, me, you, I, we, our, it.

Possessive nouns always require an apostrophe to distinguish them from nouns which do not denote possession. Thus, **boys, boy's, boys'**, all sound alike, and the only way to indicate the difference in use is to put the apostrophe in its correct place. Possessive pronouns are not used in any other way than to denote possession. You must never write a possessive pronoun with an apostrophe. The apostrophe is used with a pronoun in a contraction, and this is probably why people sometimes put it in the possessive pronoun. Thus, "It's time to give the bird its dinner." The contraction **you're** (you are) is spelled differently from the possessive pronoun **your**, yet pupils sometimes confuse them.

Write sentences containing **it's, its, your, you're**.

## 19

## TWO FEARLESS LADS

[The novel, *The Crossing*, from which this incident is taken, deals with American history at about the time of the Revolution, when settlers from the east were beginning to cross the mountains and make themselves homes in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky. The incident here told, however, takes place on a plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, where David Ritchie, a Kentucky lad, is living with his cousin, Nick Temple. The Temples upheld the king of England and thus spoke of our own soldiers as "rebels."]

How many slaves there were at Temple Bow I know not, but we used to see them coming home at night in droves, the overseers riding beside them with whips and guns. One day a huge Congo chief, not long from Africa, nearly killed an overseer, and escaped to the swamp. As 5

the day fell, we heard the baying of the bloodhounds hot upon his trail. More ominous still, a sound like a rising wind came from the direction of the quarters. Into our little dining room burst Mrs. Temple herself, slamming the door behind her. Mr. Mason, who was sitting with us, rose to calm her.

"The Rebels!" she cried, "the Rebels have taught them this, with their accursed notions of liberty and equality. We shall all be murdered by the blacks because of the Rebels. Have the house barred, and a watch set to-night. What shall we do?"

"I pray you compose yourself, Madame," said the clergyman. "We can send for the militia."

"The militia!" she shrieked; "the Rebel militia!"

15 "They are respectable men," answered Mr. Mason, "and were at Fanning Hall to-day."

"I would rather be killed by whites than blacks," said the lady. "But who is to go for the militia?"

"I will ride for them," said Mr. Mason. "It was a 20 dark, lowering night, and spitting rain."

"And leave me defenseless!" she cried. "You do not stir, sir."

"I will go," said Nick; "I can get through the woods to Fanning Hall—"

25 "And I will go with him," I said.

"Let them go," she said, and cut short Mr. Mason's objections. She drew Nick to her and kissed him. He

wriggled away, and without more ado we climbed out of the dining-room windows into the night. Running across the lawn, we left the lights of the great house twinkling behind us in the rain. We had to pass the long line of cabins at the quarters. Three overseers with lanterns stood guard there; the cabins were dark, the wretches within silent and cowed. Then we felt with our feet for the path across the fields, stumbled over a stile, and took our way through the black woods. I was at home here, and Nick was not to be frightened. At intervals the mournful bay of a bloodhound came to us from a distance.

"Suppose we should meet the Congo chief," said Nick, suddenly.

The idea had occurred to me.

15

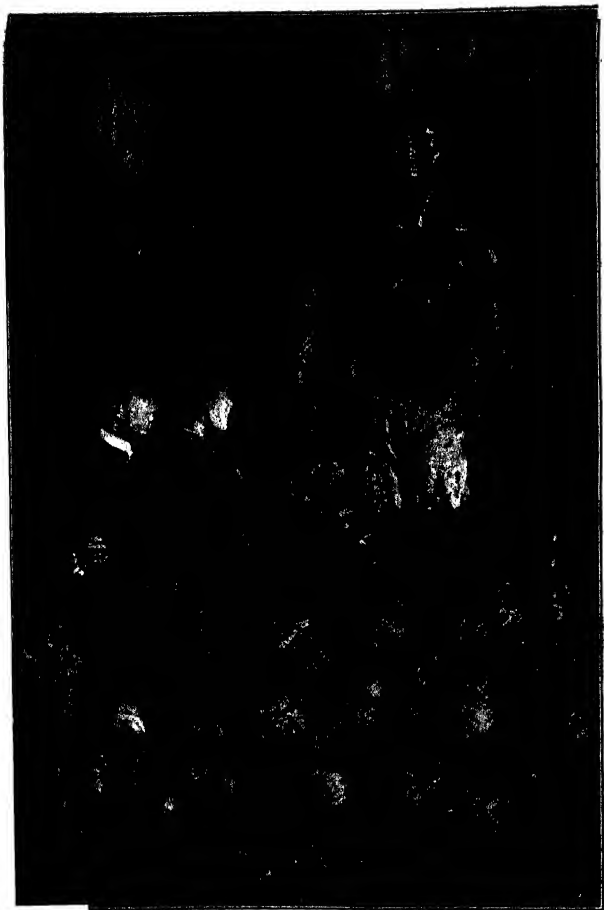
"She needn't have been so frightened," said he, in scornful remembrance of his mother's actions.

We pressed on. Nick knew the path as only a boy can. Half an hour passed. It grew brighter. The rain ceased, and a new moon shot out between the leaves. I seized his arm.

"What's that?" I whispered.

"A deer."

But I, cradled in woodcraft, had heard plainly a man creeping through the underbrush beside us. Fear of the Congo chief and pity for the wretch tore at my heart. Suddenly there loomed in front of us, on the path, a



NEUK AND DAVY MEET THE CONGO CHIEF

great, naked man. We stood with useless limbs, staring at him.

Then from the trees over our heads came a chittering and a chattering such as I had never heard. The big man before us dropped to the earth, his head bowed, muttering. As for me, my fright increased. The chattering stopped, and Nick stepped forward, and laid his hand on the negro's bare shoulder.

"We needn't be afraid of him now, Davy," he said. "I learned that trick from a Portuguese overseer we had last year."

"You did it!" I exclaimed, my astonishment overcoming my fear.

"It's the way the monkeys chatter in the Canaries," he said. "Manuel had a tame one, and I heard it talk. Once before I tried it on the chief, and he fell down. He thinks I'm a god."

It must have been a weird scene to see the great negro following two boys in the moonlight. Indeed, he came after us like a dog. At length we were in sight of the lights of Fanning Hall. The militia was there. We were challenged by the guard, and caused sufficient amazement when we appeared in the hall before the master, who was a bachelor of fifty.

"Nick Temple!" he cried, "what are you doing here with that big Congo for a dog? The sight of him frightens me."



The negro, indeed, was a sight to frighten one. The black mud of the swamps was caked on him, and his flesh was torn by brambles.

"He ran away," said Nick, "and I'm taking him home."

"You — you are taking him home!" sputtered Mr. Fanning.

"Do you want to see him act?" said Nick. And without waiting for a reply he filled the hall with a dozen monkeys. Mr. Fanning leaped back into a doorway, but the chief prostrated himself on the floor. "Now do you believe I can take him home?" said Nick.

"You beat the devil, Nicholas Temple," said Mr. Fanning, when he had his breath. "The next time you come to call I pray you leave your traveling show at home."

"Mamma sent me for the militia," said Nick.

"She did!" said Mr. Fanning, looking grim. "An insurrection is a bad thing, but there was no danger for two lads in the woods, I suppose."

"There's no danger anyway," said Nick.

Mr. Fanning burst out into a loud laugh, stopped suddenly, sat down, and took Nick on his knee.

"I must go home," said Nick; "she will be worried."

"*She* will be worried!" cried Mr. Fanning, in a burst of anger. Then he said: "You shall have the militia. You shall have the militia." He rang a bell and sent his

steward for the captain, a gawky, country farmer, who gave a gasp when he came upon the scene in the hall.

"And mind," said Nick to the captain, "you are to keep your men away from him, or he will kill one of them."

The captain grinned at him curiously.

"I reckon I shan't have to tell them to keep away," said he.

Mr. Fanning started us for the walk with pockets filled with sweetmeats, which we nibbled on the way back. We made a queer procession, Nick and I striding ahead to show the path, followed by the now servile chief, and after him the captain and his twenty men in single file. It was midnight when we saw the lights of Temple Bow through the trees. One of the tired overseers met us near the kitchen. When he perceived the Congo, his face lighted up with rage, and he instinctively reached for his whip. But the chief stood before him, immovable, with arms folded, and a look on his face that meant danger.

"He will kill you, Emory," said Nick; "he will kill you if you touch him."

Emory dropped his hand limply.

"He will go to work in the morning," said Nick; "but mind you, not a lash."

"Very good, Master Nick," said the man; "but who's to get him in his cabin?"

"I will," said Nick. He beckoned to the Congo, who

followed him over to quarters and went in at his door without a protest.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL: *The Crossing*.

**ominous**, foretelling danger; **defenseless**, without means of protection; **weird**, strange; **insurrection**, a rising up against authority; **servile**, slavish; **instinctively**, without thought.

Who is telling the story? What was the condition of affairs at the beginning of the story? What danger threatened? Tell the story of the capture of the Congo chief. Give an account of the happenings at Fanning Hall. Tell about the return. What opinion do you form of Mrs. Temple? Name the passages on which you base your opinion. Who would you select as the hero of the story? There is a word in the title which describes him. What could you add to this from his remarks to Mr. Fanning? To the overseer respecting the Congo chief? At about what time in history is this story supposed to have occurred? Who are meant by "the Rebels"?

**Spelling.**—Ominous, defenseless, weird, insurrection, instinctively.

**Word Study.**—Analyze the word **midnight**. What is the stem? Meaning of the prefix **mid** in **midland**, **midship**, **midwinter**? Add to this list.

On page 108 what words could you substitute for the word **defenseless**? Analyze **homeless**, **childless**, **penniless**. What is the meaning of the suffix **less**? Give other words containing this suffix.

**Punctuation.**—You remember that the semicolon is used to separate the parts of a very long sentence, especially when there is no connecting word between the two, as in the following: "Three overseers with lanterns stood guard there; the cabins were dark, the wretches within silent and cowed." Try to find other examples of this use of the semicolon.

20 \*

## THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

[Oliver Wendell Holmes was a wise and witty physician in Boston, the friend of Lowell and Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier. His essays and his novel will be familiar to you some years hence; but now you will enjoy the poems of his which are to be found in this volume.]



I WROTE some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die ;  
Albeit, in a general way  
A sober man am I.

5 I called my servant, and he came ;  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb !

10 "These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest)  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within ;  
15 At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon a grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear ;  
He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
20 I now began to hear.

The fourth, he burst into a roar ;  
The fifth, his waistband split ;  
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The printer's office boy used often to be called the printer's **devil**.

Who is speaking here? Put stanzas 2 and 3 in your own words. Give the various stages through which the servant passed, from the first grin to the final fit. How many strong accents in the first line of each stanza? in the third? in the second? in the fourth? Do you know of any other humorous poems written by Holmes? Have you read *Aunt Tabitha*?

**Grammar.** — You have learned that a modifier of the predicate may be either one word or a group of words. Name all the predicate modifiers in the following sentences. You can find them if you will put **how**, **when**, **where**, or **how much** after each predicate and then answer the questions you have made; thus, (1) trembled **how**?

1. The Congo chief trembled violently. 2. Mrs. Temple screamed loudly. 3. Sir John Moore died bravely. 4. They started early. 5. We led the chief homeward. 6. He walked there quietly. 7. Columbus sailed westward. 8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down. 9. We buried him darkly at dead of night. 10. His corse to the rampart we hurried. 11. You must work more and talk less.

All single words that modify the predicate in this way are called **adverbs**. All predicate modifiers, whether single words or groups of words, are called **adverbial modifiers**. You will see that adverbs are added to verbs to make the meaning more definite, much as adjectives are added to nouns and pronouns.

Fill each blank with an adverb that will tell **how**, **when**, **where**, or **how much**: —

1. He traveled **how**? 2. They went home **when**? 3. The curate fell **how**? 4. The negro feared **how much**? 5. The man

lives **where**? 6. I never can go **where**? **when**? 7. I saw him peep **where**?

Supply adverbs for the following verbs: **ran** (how, when, where, how much), **talked**, **slid**, **learned**, **leave**.

What is the use of the adverb?

## 21

## THE OLD MAN DREAMS

On, for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign a gray-beard king.

5 Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down.

10 One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame.

15 My listening angel heard the prayer  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“ But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back,  
To find the wished-for day ? ”

“ Ah, truest soul of womankind ! 5  
Without thee what were life !  
One bliss I cannot leave behind :  
I'll take — my — precious — wife.”

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew, 10  
“ The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too !

“ And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears ?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled 15  
With those dissolving years.”

“ Why, yes ; ” for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys ;  
“ I could not bear to leave them all —  
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.” 20

The smiling angel dropped his pen —  
“ Why, this will never do ;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too.”



And so I laughed — my laughter woke  
The household with its noise —  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

How many accents in the lines of this poem? What lines rhyme? Is it built on the same plan as the preceding?

Give the meaning of this poem, stanza by stanza, in your own words. Throughout the author is continually speaking figuratively, instead of literally, and sometimes you may be puzzled to see just what he means. A little hard thinking will solve the puzzle for you in every case, though you will be helped by knowing that **spoils of age** (stanza 2) means whatever precious things he has won during a long life. **Spoils** means things captured in battle. In stanza 4 **sped** means "has proved successful," as if the wish were an arrow that had flown toward the mark and reached it. The **gray-haired boys** are the companions of his youth, now as old as he.

**Composition.** — In writing a description you wish to give your reader a clear picture of what you are describing. In order to do this, you must have this clear picture in your own mind; so that the first rule to follow in descriptive writing is to learn all that you can about the thing you wish to describe. **The first and generally the best way to do this is by observing it carefully; if this is impossible read or inquire about it until you have learned all you possibly can.** After you have done this, make up your mind which things will give the best idea of the object to one who has not seen it. Make a good descriptive sentence about each of these. Read them over carefully and see if you could make them any clearer by contrasting or comparing with something else.

Read the following descriptions of persons. Do they make you see the person described? Has the author made use of comparisons? of figurative language? Which description seems to you the best?

The two Rugby boys, page 82; the little cottage girl, page 86; Ernest, page 33; Mr. Gathergold, page 10; the squire, page 45.

Notice that a good description is one that describes especially the features that make that person or thing different from others. Note the description of the squire's eyebrows (page 45).

Write a letter to a friend who lives at a distance, describing some one you actually know and admire. Before writing, ask yourself these questions: What things make this person I am going to describe different from other people? How many things shall I describe? Can I make my picture any clearer by using contrast or comparison?

## 22

### OUR FRONTIER MARKSMEN

[Audubon was a Swiss who traveled widely in America after the Revolution, at a time when the country west of the Alleghanies was scarcely settled at all, studying the birds, of which he made the most accurate and beautiful paintings that had ever been produced. The latter part of his life was spent on the shores of the Hudson, at a spot now known as Audubon Park, in the upper part of New York City. His great love for birds, his wonderful sketches of them, and the intimate knowledge of them which he acquired through long years of study in the forests and fields, have associated his name forever with the birds of North America. Daniel Boone was a famous Kentucky hunter in the days when that state was still a wilderness.]

BARKING off squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort. The performer

was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the  
5 nuts were plentiful that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had  
10 proved faithful in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, for he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were  
15 so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead*  
20 (that being the name given by the Kentuckian to the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whiplike report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived  
25 that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and

sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many minutes had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The snuffing of a candle with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were practicing, for the purpose of enabling them to shoot by night at the reflected eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should

the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were greeted with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were rewarded for  
5 their skill by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

— JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *The Birds of America*.

**gamboling**, playing; **concussion**, violent shock; **magazine**, storehouse; **distinguishable**, clearly to be seen; **expert**, skillful.

Read the introduction. Who was Audubon? Who was Boone? What sport is described here? Describe the place selected for the shooting. Describe Daniel Boone. What preparation did he make before shooting? What word describes the sound of the gun? Describe the killing of the squirrel. Do you see why the sport was called "barking off" squirrels? Describe the sport called "snuffing of a candle."

**Spelling.** — Concussion, magazine, distinguishable, expert.

**Word Study.** — What is meant by **resounded**? What is the principal part of the word? What is the meaning of **re**? Give its meaning in **return**, **repay**, **regain**. Do you remember the meaning of the word **report**? Do you see how it expresses the carrying back of the sound?

The word **reflected** (page 123) is an interesting one. The stem **flect** or **flex** means "bent." What, then, is the actual meaning of the word **reflected**? Trace the meaning of the stem in **flexible**, **reflector**.

Use the prefix **re** before each of the following: **claim**, **cover**, **laid**,

**pass, state, plant, present, print.** Explain the meaning of the words you have formed.

**Composition.** — A careful study of adjectives will help you in descriptive writing. In your study of *The Great Stone Face* you noticed how many descriptive words Hawthorne used. Make a list of adjectives that would be suitable to use in describing, (1) a person's figure; (2) his walk; (3) his eyes; (4) his expression; (5) his manner; (6) his temper; (7) his character. Consult your reader if you wish.

Write a description of some classmate, not mentioning his name. When the papers are read aloud, the pupils are to guess for whom the description is intended. Be ready, after this, to express an opinion as to which description is the best, and **why**. How many adjectives did you use in your description? Some other day you might write descriptions of historical characters about whom you have studied, or about characters in stories that you have read, omitting, as in the description of your classmate, to mention the name of the person described, and guessing who is intended in each description.

## 23

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land:  
O, tell us what its name may be!  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's fair abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;  
The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
5 Till, lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
10 One mingling flood of braided light, —  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty !

15 Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round ;  
Where'er it springs is holy ground ;  
From tower and dome its glories spread ;  
20 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea !

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

25 Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,

To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew ;  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**Stanza 1.** — What is meant by the **Flower of Liberty**? **Freshly** here means **newly**. How old is our flag? Meaning of **kindles**? Why the **sunset land**? **Stanza 2.** — Where was the seed of “the flower of liberty” sowed by our fathers? Put this question in literal form and answer it. What is meant by the storm winds? What caused its opening leaves to be streaked with blood? **Stanza 3.** — This gives a description of the flag. What does the uniting of the rays suggest? What is meant by **fires**? by **azure**? Notice that everything in this stanza emphasizes the thought of union. **Stanza 4.** — Explain verse 1. Mention some of the places where it floats. Explain stanza 5.

How many accented syllables do you find in each verse? How are the verses rhymed? How many verses in each stanza form a refrain, something like the chorus in a song?

**Word Study.** — Analyze **spotless**, **heavenly**, explaining the suffixes.

**Grammar.** — You learned that there are adverbs which answer the question “how much,” as, “You must work more.” Adverbs of this kind are very seldom added to the verb, but generally modify the meaning of an adjective, as in the following: —

None ever heard of creature **more** tractable. Her face was **very** fair. The earthquake day was **extremely** hot. It was a **most** wonderful spectacle. We heard a **still more** ominous sound.

In this last sentence, **ominous** modifies the noun **sound**, so it is an adjective. **More** modifies **ominous**, and as you have just learned, it is therefore an adverb. **Still** modifies **more**, and is also an adverb.



What three parts of speech may be modified by an adverb? For what, then, is an adverb used?

(1) He spoke very kindly. (2) He would go also. (3) He walked out. (4) He wore a very heavy coat. (5) It stormed too violently.

Name all the adverbs in the foregoing sentences. Tell in each case whether the adverb modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. See if you can find in your reading lesson to-day **five** adverbs.

Make three sentences, one containing an adverb modifying a verb, one an adverb modifying an adjective, and one in which the adverb modifies another adverb. **Too, very, much, quite, almost, nearly, so, more,** are often used to modify adjectives or other adverbs.

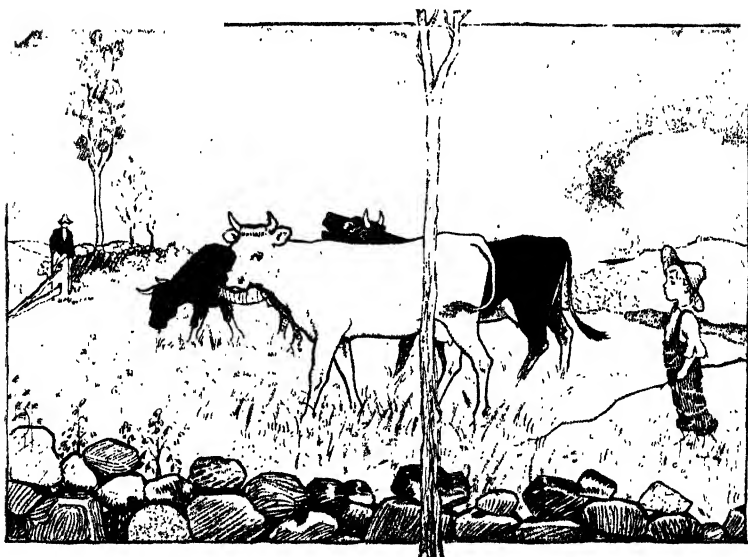
You will see **why** adverbs are used in three ways; because **verbs, adverbs,** and **adjectives** all need the same kind of modification; that is, words that limit or modify by showing how, when, where, how much, etc.

## 24

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,  
That are yellow with ripening grain.  
They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,  
They gather the earliest snowdrops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow ;  
They gather the elder-bloom white ;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.



They gather the delicate seaweeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand ;  
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops  
Where the Oriole's hammock-nest swings;  
And at night-time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

- 5 Those who toil bravely are strongest ;  
The humble and poor become great ;  
And so from these brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.  
The pen of the author and statesman, —  
10 The noble and wise of the land, —  
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— M. H. KROUT.

**chisel**, tool used by sculptors in carving ; **palette**, tablet on which artists lay their colors.

Can you mention any brown-handed children who have become rulers ? authors ? soldiers ? painters ? sculptors ? If you were going to paint a picture from this poem, which lines would you select ?

**Synonyms.** — Arrange the following synonyms in pairs. If there is any difference in meaning, state what it is.

Scarlet, earliest, rocks, crimson, first, floated, tinted, dusky, dark, swings, pasture, collect, drifted, colored, gather, meadow.

**Composition.** — In making sentences and paragraphs you found it very necessary to know what to put in and what to leave out. It is just as important for you to know this in writing a whole composition.

Suppose your title is, *Lincoln the Liberator of the Slave*. You must not fill your composition with a great number of facts which

you may know about Lincoln, but which have nothing to do with the slavery question. If your title is, *Lincoln the Railsplitter*, you must confine yourself to telling about that one period of his life. It is generally better to take one side of a big subject. You would probably write a better composition on either of the above topics than on *Abraham Lincoln*.

Select some great man who was one of the "brown-handed children" referred to in *Little Brown Hands*. Take some one period in his life that may seem interesting to you. Select your material very carefully, rejecting anything, no matter how interesting, that does not relate to the subject. Prepare an outline of four or five topics. Write your composition. Before handing it in, ask yourself these questions: (1) Have I told any facts not relating to the subject of my composition? (2) Do my paragraphs follow one another in proper order? (3) Have I placed my composition correctly on my paper?

## 25

## THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in  
the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring  
ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of  
the forest.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*.

**primeval** forests, those in which the first growth of trees has never been cut down; **Druids**, priests of the early Britons; **eld**, old, an old-fashioned form of the word; **hoar**, white with age; **disconsolate**, unhappy, not to be comforted.

To what is the long moss compared? Why is it twilight in the "forest primeval"? What are these ancient trees said to be like? Near what is this forest located? Read the last two verses aloud several times. Does the sound of the words make you think of the sound that they describe? Is nature here full of gladness? Commit these lines to memory.

How many accented syllables in each verse? Have you met with any verse of this kind before? The stories from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* which you read last year were originally written in this kind of verse. Look at the last word in each verse. Do you miss something that you generally find in poetry? Do you think, as you read it aloud, that this verse is musical?

**Spelling.** — Disconsolate, hoar, primeval, indistinct, hemlocks.

**Word Study.** — Analyze **indistinct**, **harper**, **disconsolate**, explaining the prefixes and suffixes. The word **primeval** is formed from **primus**, which means "first" or "original." Trace the meaning in **primer**, **prime**, **primary**, **primitive**.

## 26

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

5

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*.

This is another poem of the wood. What are the sports of the greenwood? What are the only enemies in the forest? Give the meaning of the second stanza in your own words. Does this poem make you feel at all as the preceding one did? Point out the difference. Which poem could you sing?

**Grammar.**— You may have noticed a resemblance between adverbs and adjectives. **Kind**, an adjective, describes an action; **kindly**, an adverb, tells how the action is performed. A great many adjectives can be changed into adverbs by adding **ly**. Change the following adjectives to adverbs in this way: **bad, faint, sweet, extreme, beautiful, wrong, swift, rapid, angry**.

The fact that an adjective sometimes comes directly after a verb leads to a very common error, that of using adverbs for adjectives. The way to avoid this error is to stop and think whether you wish to tell how some action is performed, or simply to describe an appearance or condition. The verbs **feel, taste, smell, look, appear** are those most likely to be followed by adjectives. In **Roses smell sweet**, the adjective describes a quality of the roses. **Roses smell sweetly** would be nonsense, since roses have no sense of smell. **The bird sang sweetly** is correct, since it tells how the bird sang.

Fill the blanks with adjectives or adverbs and explain your choice: —

Oranges taste —— (sweet or sweetly). I feel —— (bad or badly).<sup>1</sup>  
You look —— (ill or illy). Violets smell —— (sweet or sweetly).  
The stars appeared —— (bright or brightly). He acts —— (kind or kindly).  
The woman looked —— at the child (kind or kindly). He  
felt very —— in that strange place (uncomfortable or uncomfortably).

## 27

## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

- COME, let us plant the apple tree !  
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
5 Sift the dark mold with kindly care,  
And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet ;  
So plant we the apple tree.
- 10 What plant we in this apple tree ?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;  
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
- 15 We plant upon the sunny lea  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple tree.

<sup>1</sup> It has become common, however, to say, "I feel badly," or "he looks badly," perhaps because "bad" might mean "wicked" instead of "ill."

What plant we in this apple tree ?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
To load the May wind's restless wings,  
When from the orchard row he pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors.

5

A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom  
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,  
And drop when gentle airs come by  
That fan the blue September sky,

10

While children come, with cries of glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
At the foot of the apple tree.

15

And when above this apple tree  
The winter stars are quivering bright,  
And winds go howling through the night,  
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth  
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth ;

20

And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine  
And golden orange of the line,  
The fruit of the apple tree.

25



The fruitage of this apple tree  
Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
Where men shall wonder at the view  
5 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;  
And sojourners beyond the sea  
Shall think of childhood's careless day  
And long, long hours of summer play  
In the shade of the apple tree.

10 And time shall waste this apple tree.  
Oh ! when its aged branches throw  
Their shadows on the world below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still ?  
15 What shall the task of mercy be  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this apple tree ?

“ Who planted this old apple tree ? ”  
20 The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say ;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them :  
“ A poet of the land was he,  
25 Born in the rude but good old times ;  
’Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes  
On planting the apple tree.”

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

**greensward**, turf grown with grass; **haunt**, to visit often; **lea**, grassy field or plain; **Cintra**, in Portugal; **line**, equator; **sojourners**, those who stay only a little while.

What other poem by Bryant have you read? Stanza 1. Describe the planting of the tree. What comparison is made in the last verses of stanza 1? Stanza 2. What are some of the things planted in the apple tree? Stanza 3. What figure in verses 2 and 5? Notice the progress of the seasons. Stanza 5. How does the apple contribute to the enjoyment of the winter? Point out a use of figurative language in this stanza. Stanza 6. Notice that the enjoyment from the apple tree not only extends over all seasons, but to far distant countries. Stanza 7. What serious thought comes to the poet here? Stanza 8. Who is meant by "the poet of the land"?

How many accents in each verse here? How many verses go to make each stanza? Do you notice anything unusual about the rhymes?

**Spelling.** — Greensward, haunt, lea.

**Word Study.** — Analyze **restless**, **careless**.

## 28

## A NARROW ESCAPE

[The scene of this tale is the forests of Germany, four hundred years ago. Gerard, a Dutch lad, is on his way to Italy, and has fallen in with Denys, a soldier. As they journey together, it chances that one morning they shoot a bear cub with a crossbow, and then proceed along the path, Gerard carrying the crossbow, and Denys the dead cub.]

GERARD'S ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned

round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first; but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

5 "Denys!" he cried. "O God! Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

10 The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper: —

"*The cub!*"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it  
15 all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark — the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it. Death.*

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them.

Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her  
20 long hair bristling with rage); she raised her head, big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

25 "Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot useless.

"Shoot, man! shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!" and

he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and, as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or the other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all around, and found, — how, her Creator only knows, — that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature; and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover from the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.



▲ NARROW ESCAPE

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and, clenching his teeth, prepared to jab the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

5

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blind rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and, running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take that! take that!"

"Get away, idiot!" Denys screamed down at him.

He was right; the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the

25

bear came rearing and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed and climbed, and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long, massive branch before him shooting upward at a slight angle; he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

10 The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either  
15 heard him, or found by scent she was wrong; she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron.  
20 Instinct taught the creature this; it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled.  
25 The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death

fell on the doomed man ; he saw the open jaws and blood-shot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang ; he glanced down ; Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang ; but crawled on. 5 Again the crossbow twanged ; and the bear snarled and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged ; and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws 10 like a grave ; and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling ; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood ; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to 15 the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot breath. Then the huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. 20 The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough ; then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump.

— CHARLES READE : *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

**colossal**, very large, immense. This word was formed from the word **Colossus**, the name of a gigantic statue, one hundred feet high. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, and was located at Rhodes ; **concentrated**, made intense, including much ; **vulnerable**, that may be wounded ; **irresolutely**, in a hesitating manner ; **aloof**, at a distance.



Notice how quickly the story is told. In an exciting tale of this kind you would not want to stop for any long descriptions; yet *there are some excellent short descriptions, which are needed to show you the horrible peril of the two men and their terrible fright.* Select any descriptions that seem to you to be good.

Tell the story, using the following outline:--

1. The walk through the woods. 2. The coming of the mother bear. 3. Denys's peril; how he is saved. 4. Gerard's peril; how he is saved.

Which of these two men seems to you the braver?

**Spelling.** — Colossal, aloof, vulnerable, concentrated, irresolutely.

**Word Study.** — Analyze inhuman, pursuer, blindest.

**Composition.** — You have learned that direct quotation gives a narrative more life. You will see this in *A Narrow Escape*. Which of the following is the more effective?

1. "Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

2. Denys screamed to Gerard, telling him to shoot, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

Write from memory one incident from the story, — for instance, *How Gerard saved his Friend*, or *The Bear's Pursuit of Gerard*. Use direct quotations.

## 29

### THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
 By a streamside on the grass;  
 And the trees are showering down  
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow  
 On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by ;  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow ;  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands, all sleek and dripping, 5  
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
And the smile she softly useth  
Fills the silence like a speech ;  
While she thinks what shall be done, 10  
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth  
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooseth, " I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds : 15  
He shall love me without guile ;  
And to *him* I will discover  
The swan's nest among the reeds.

" And the steed shall be red roan,  
And the lover shall be noble, 20  
With an eye that takes the breath,  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

“And the steed it shall be shod  
*All in silver, housed in azure,*  
And the mane shall swim the wind;  
And the hoofs along the sod  
5 Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

“He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover,  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;  
10 And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,  
15 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,  
And went homeward round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
20 Winding by the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads,  
Past the boughs, she stoops and — stops:  
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
 If she found the lover ever,  
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
 Sooth I know not! but I know  
 She could never show him — never,  
 That swan's nest among the reeds.

5

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

**housed**, having an ornamental saddle-cloth; **guile**, deceit; **donned**, put on; **copse**, wood of small trees; **osier**, willow; **sooth**, truth.

A **romance** means an imaginative story. Stanzas 1-3. What pretty picture do you get here? How does Ellie show that her day-dream is pleasant? Stanzas 4-7. What does Ellie choose in her day-dream? Does she say it aloud? Describe her noble lover. What pleasant surprise will she keep for him? What does she mean by a **steed of steeds**? Note the use of the word **discover**. What do you generally mean by it? What does it mean here? Stanzas 8-10. Her dream is over. Describe her journey home. What disappointment awaits her? What do you notice about the rhymes in this poem? How many accents in each verse?

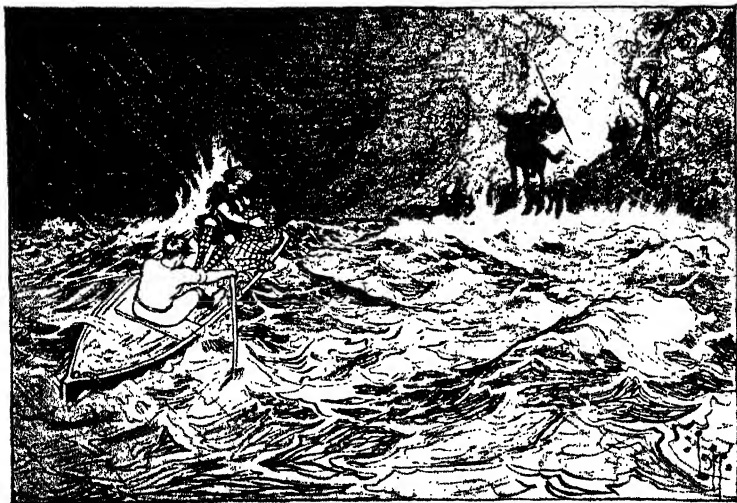
**Spelling.** — Copse, sleek, guile, osier, deserted.

**Word Study.** — What words could you use in place of **homeward**? (p. 146.) Explain the suffix **ward** in **forward**, **backward**, **windward**. Give other words with this suffix. Explain the suffix **est** in **sweetest**. Add the suffix to **bright**, **kind**, **clear**, **blue**, **gray**, **slow**, **quick**, **gentle**, **fond**. Notice that when a word ends in **e**, the final **e** is dropped before adding the suffix **est**.

## 30

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."



6

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men  
Three days we’ve fled together ;  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride :  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover ?” 6

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight :  
“I’ll go, my chief : I m ready.  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady ; 10

“And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.” 15

By this the storm grew loud apace ;  
The water wraith was shrieking ;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking. 20

But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men ;  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee, haste,” the lady cries,  
“Though tempests round us gather;  
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father.”

5 The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When, oh, too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
10 Of waters fast prevailing.  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore :  
His wrath was changed to wailing ;

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover :  
15 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,  
“Across this stormy water ;  
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,  
20 My daughter ! oh, my daughter !”

’Twas vain. The loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :  
The waters wild went o’er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

**wight**, person, man; **winsome**, lovely, lovable; **wraith**, spirit, ghost.

Read through the entire poem, trying to get the story. What is the scene of this story? In which stanza do you find it described? Do you find any long description at the beginning, or does the story open at once? Compare this with *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*. Notice the number of stanzas taken there to give the scene. Which of these poems has the more life, movement, or action? In which lines of *Lord Ullin's Daughter* do we get the first idea of hurried movement? How many characters in this poem? Name them. Tell the story. What pictures might an artist paint to illustrate this poem?

Quote lines that express the following thoughts indirectly:—

If her father overtakes us he will kill me.

The storm made it so dark that they were hardly able to see each other's faces.

His child was drowned.

Collect the examples of figurative language, and point out the resemblances in the things compared.

How many verses in each stanza? How many accented syllables in each verse? In stanza 8 the word **armed** is pronounced in two syllables. Why?

Practice reading this poem aloud. Try to speak as the various characters would speak.

**Spelling.** — Heather, winsome, lamenting, sorrowing.

**Word Study.** — Substitute synonyms for the words in boldfaced type. Notice whether the meaning remains exactly the same.

1. The chieftain cried, "Boatman, do not **tarry**!"
2. Then who will **cheer** my bonny bride  
When they have **slain** her lover?

**Composition.** — Suppose the boat in which Lord Ullin's daughter and her Highland chief were crossing Lochgyle was capsized, but neither of the two was drowned. Imagine an ending. Tell how



they were rescued and finally forgiven by Lord Ullin. Give life to your narrative by introducing some direct quotations. Plan your story before you begin, deciding how many paragraphs you will use and what is to be included in each.

**Grammar.** — Combine, making a compound subject:—

The Highland chief wished to cross Lochgyle. Lord Ullin's daughter wished to cross Lochgyle.

Combine, making compound predicates:—

Lord Ullin stood on the shore. Lord Ullin called to his daughter.

He shrank from the thorns. He longed for the fruit.

He arrested his courser's keen speed. He stood up erect on the back of his steed.

Combine these two sentences by using a connecting word:—

Boatman, do not tarry! I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry.

In the following sentences find the connecting words:—

We must cross Lochgyle, though it is a dark and stormy night.\*

We must cross Lochgyle, for Lord Ullin is close behind us.

We must cross Lochgyle, because Lord Ullin would kill me if he should overtake us.

He is close behind; therefore we must not tarry.

He is a man of great strength and of wonderful bravery.

Words which connect words, sentences, or parts of sentences in this way are called conjunctions.

## 31

### RIP VAN WINKLE

[One of the first American writers was Washington Irving, and there is no one in whose works young people will find more entertaining reading. This was one of his earliest stories, and it has become so famous that everybody knows about Rip Van Winkle.

This is partly due to the fact that a remarkable actor, Joseph Jefferson, played the part of Rip for many years in an interesting play, based on this story, which has been seen by hundreds of thousands of people now living, old and young.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lord-  
ing it over the surrounding country. Every change of 5  
season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the traveler 10  
may have seen the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great age, having been founded by some of the Dutch 15  
colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, 20  
having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses,

there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, hen-pecked husband.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was a strong dislike of all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a lance, and fish all day

without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather. 20

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his

idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever enduring and all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and

his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

**barometer**, instrument for foretelling the weather; **henpecked**, ruled by his wife; **adherent**, one devoted or attached to; **precipitation**, haste; **latticed**, with strips or bars crossing or interlacing; **clambering**, climbing over; **reciprocated**, returned.

Perhaps you have read the story of the *Sleeping Beauty*. Stories of a long sleep have been told many times, but never better than in this tale by Irving.

In what place did the events of this story take place? What is a barometer? In what way do the Catskill Mountains act as a barometer? What word is applied to the hues and shapes of the mountains? Notice that they are also called **fairy**. What kind of things might happen among **fairy mountains**? From what point of view is this village described? Can you picture it as you would see it from the Hudson? What was the history of the little village? Describe an old Dutch house. Have you ever seen a latticed window? a gable front? a weathercock? What might you say is the topic of all you have read thus far? In paragraph 3 we get the time (when was it?) and the principal character. Give the

words used by the author to describe Rip Van Winkle. Paragraph 4. How was he regarded by the good wives of the village? Why did the children love him? How did the dogs feel toward him? You have here been shown Rip's character in one way. Now we are to learn about him in another way,—by an account of his actions. Paragraph 5. What is the topic sentence of this paragraph? State it simply. Prove its truth by the facts given in the paragraph. Paragraph 6. Describe young Rip Van Winkle. Meaning of **ado**? Paragraph 7. Describe the quarrels between Rip and Dame Van Winkle. Had she any grounds for her continual fault-finding? What is a **well-oiled** disposition? Is this a good word? Explain the figure. What is meant by a **torrent** of household eloquence? Explain the figure. Find in this paragraph another figure for the scolding of Rip's wife. Paragraph 8. Meaning of **domestic adherent**? Describe poor Wolf's fear of Dame Van Winkle. Do you see any humor in Rip's speech to Wolf?

All of this first part of the story may be called an **introduction**, giving the place and introducing characters. You will see later how this helps us to understand the story.

**Spelling.**—Antiquity, latticed, gable, surmounted, clambering.

**Word Study.**—What is the meaning of **colonist**? What is the suffix? Add it to **harp**, **psalm**. What other suffixes have you had with this meaning?

Fill the blanks with single words:—

The one who presides is called a ——. One who studies is called a ——. One who superintends is called a ——.

You have, then, two new suffixes which mean **one who**.

**Composition.**—In writing a description you wish to show to your reader the thing you are describing **just as you see it**. People often make a mistake here, and describe not what they really see, but what they know is there. Thus, if you are describing a river which you see flowing through a valley many miles in extent, as you stand on a high hill, you must not describe the flowers along

its banks or the gentle lapping of the water on the shore ; for those are things you could not possibly see and hear at that long distance. Describing only the things you can actually see from the point at which you view them is called **keeping your point of view**.

Write a letter to a friend, describing something in which you know he will be interested, as your room at home, or your school-room, or the gymnasium, or the new city park, or perhaps a new dress or new ornament you may have. Select something that you can see as you write, and describe only what you actually see. Remember also to practice what you have previously learned about writing descriptions: (1) to try to make your picture clear, if necessary using comparisons, contrasts, or figurative language; (2) to notice especially the things that make the object or scene you are describing different from others. Have you used any of the descriptive adjectives that you have learned this year?

## 32

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

IN a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. 5 Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance 10 the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its



silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

5 On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild and lonely, the bottom filled with fragments from the overhanging cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually  
10 advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

15 As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to  
20 descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the  
25 same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of



THE MEETING IN THE MOUNTAINS

something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

5 On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, and  
10 several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new  
15 acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue  
20 out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through  
25 the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which trees shot their branches, so that you only

caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something 5 strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. 10 They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and 15 small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old 20 gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of 25 Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of 5 pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they 10 suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to 15 him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste 20 the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes 25 swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

**apprehension**, alarm, anxiety; **jerkin**, short jacket; **alacrity**, promptness; **transient**, passing; **amphitheater**, a space like a half circle; **quaffed**, drank.

Where do we find Rip in this first paragraph? We have here one of the most beautiful bits of description in the whole story. Try to picture the scene. What beautiful colors do you see in the landscape? What word describes the Hudson River? Is it appropriate? Would you use it in describing a little brook? What other word of similar meaning describes the course of the river? Paragraph 2. How would you feel in the presence of such a landscape? What words used by Irving give you this feeling? Compare it with the peaceful scene in paragraph 1. Does this lonely scene prepare you for the strange story? Paragraph 3. In this the happenings of the story begin. What is the first unusual thing to happen? Imagine your name called by some one unseen on a lonely mountain at close of day. How would you feel? Notice the effect on Wolf. Does not this add to the feeling of strangeness? What now appears? Paragraph 4. Describe the appearance of the stranger. Describe the climb with the keg of liquor. Paragraph 5-6. What is an amphitheater? Picture the scene. Describe these strange creatures. Can you form an idea of who they were? Paragraph 7. Meaning of **uncouth**. Rip was frightened. Quote lines that tell us this indirectly. Which is the more forcible way to put it?

We have now reached a most important point in the story. What is it? Describe the falling asleep. What figurative use of language here? Does it express well the feeling in one's eyes when overpowered with drowsiness?

**Spelling.** — Vague, apprehension, outlandish, uncouth, flagons, melancholy.

**Word Study.** — Name the stem of each of the following words: *dislike, distaste, disagreeable, displease, displace, disjoint*. In what way is the meaning of each stem changed by the use of the prefix **dis**? What then is the meaning of this prefix?

**Nonsense, non-attention, non-resident, non-arrival.**—What is the meaning of the prefix **non**?

**Involuntary, incorrect, incapable, injudicious, insufficient.**—What is the meaning of the prefix **in** as used here? Can you think of words where the prefix **in** has a different meaning? What other prefix have you learned that means **not**?

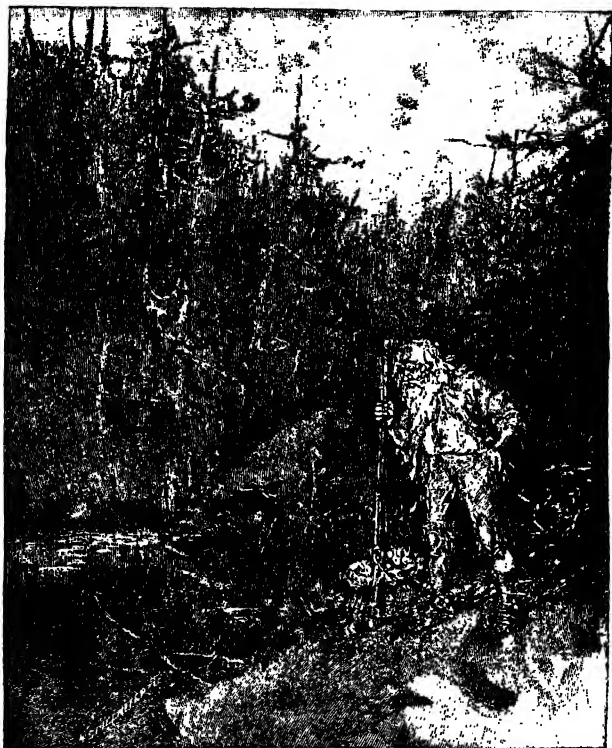
Give as many instances as you can of words with any of these four prefixes that mean **not**.

## 33

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

ON waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—  
10—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip,—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by  
15 him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave revelers of the mountain had put a trick upon him



THE AWAKENING



and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity.

"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, im-

penetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. 15

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! 20

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A

troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now mis-  
10 gave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale  
15 precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

**occurrences**, happenings; **firelock**, an old-fashioned gun, or flint-lock (can you guess how such a gun was discharged?); **bewitched**, charmed as if by witchcraft; **perplexed**, puzzled; **induced**, persuaded; **scramble**, rough or difficult climbing; **impenetrable**, not to be entered or penetrated.

Paragraph 1. Describe the waking. Notice how all the events of the story thus far are reviewed in a few words. What was Rip's worst fear? Paragraph 2. Notice the word **well-oiled**. Do you recall a previous use of the word? How did Rip explain to himself the change in his gun and the absence of Wolf? Meaning of **revelers**? Paragraph 3. How did he account for the stiffness of

his joints? What thing seemed to worry him most? Picture the scene. Read again paragraph 5 in the preceding lesson. What changes had taken place? What figurative language is used to describe a mountain stream? Paragraph 4. Is **feathery** a good name to use in describing the foam of the torrent? Why? Have you ever heard the cawing of crows? Can you imagine why Rip felt that they were mocking him? Paragraph 5. What next change did he notice? How did he discover the change in his own appearance? Paragraph 6. Describe the conduct of the children and the dogs? Why would this seem particularly strange to Rip? What changes did he see in the village? What still remained unaltered? Does he yet realize the lapse of time?

**Spelling.** — Occurrences, bewitched, perplexed, induced, scramble, precisely.

**Word Study.** — Here is a group of synonyms. Fill blanks below with the proper words. Use each word but once: —

Large, colossal, mammoth, enormous, prodigious, great, big, huge.

The burly guard was a — man. The statue was of — size. The Great Stone Face is carved from a rock of — size. The largest animal at the cattle fair was a — ox. From his position on the mountain Rip Van Winkle could see for a — distance. “I’m afraid the bundle is too — to go in the boat,” said the guard. Gerard and Denys were attacked by a — bear. It was really a most — creature.

## 34

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the



THE RETURN

roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed. The red coat was changed for one of

blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

5 There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his  
10 broad face, double chin, and long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently  
15 about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard,  
20 his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside,  
25 inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in

his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

**bustling**, moving with noise or confusion; **jargon**, confused speech, not to be understood; **akimbo**, with hands on hips and elbows pointing outward; **austere**, severe, grave, stern; **riot**, disturbance caused by a mob; **vehemently**, with violence.

Paragraphs 1 and 2. Imagine his feelings as he approached the house. Picture the desolation. Paragraph 3. What great historical event had occurred during Rip's absence? Paragraph 4. Imagine his bewilderment now. What is meant by **haranguing vehemently**? by **jargon**? Paragraph 5. Why did Rip not understand the questions put to him? What important day was it? Picture the knowing old gentleman in the cocked hat. What answer did Rip make to the self-important man's question?

**Spelling.** — Bustling, jargon, akimbo, austere, riot, vehemently.



RIP VAN WINKLE (*Concluded*)

HERE a general shout burst from the bystanders — “A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking! The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

10 “Well — who are they? — name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! 15 why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the 20 war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know; he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of 5 such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — congress — Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, 10 to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely 15 confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not 20 myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!" 25

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she "hush, you little fool ; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman ?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name ?"

15 "Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him ; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then 20 but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask ; but he put it with a faltering voice : —

"Where's your mother ?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since ; she 25 broke a bloodvessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelli-

gence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

b

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

20

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He

recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but showed an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

**tory**, one who sided with England at the time of the Revolution; **austerity**, sternness; **hereditary**, coming down from an ancestor,

or passing from parent to child; **culprit**, one at fault; **peering**, gazing with an effort to see more clearly; **faltering**, in a hesitating way; **corroborated**, made more sure by additional proof; **vigil**, watch.

What was meant by these cries? How was Rip made aware of the flight of time? What added the final touch to his bewilderment? The mystery is now to be explained. How? What question does Rip reserve until the last? Why? Describe the recognition scene. How did Peter Vanderdonk explain the strange beings and their presence in the Catskills? Explain an **hereditary disposition**. What is the happy ending?

As you were told in the introduction, the part of Rip Van Winkle has been played by a great actor. Give in order the scenes you imagine are in the play. What places has Irving described very beautifully? Shall you not always think of the Catskills as **fairy** mountains? Select the bit of description that seems to you the most beautiful. Do you admire Rip Van Winkle? Do you like him? Why? Do you enjoy Irving's way of telling a story?

**Spelling.**—Culprit, peering, hereditary, faltering, corroborated, vigil.

**Grammar.**—The following words may be used as conjunctions: **and, but, for, also, besides, because, therefore, however, as, nor, or, yet.** Add to this list as you find other conjunctions. How many conjunctions do you find in *Lord Ullin's Daughter*? For what is a conjunction used?

Fill the following blanks with conjunctions:—

(1) Rip Van Winkle did not know he had slept so long — his beard was a foot long. (2) The mountains were the same — the village had changed. (3) Dame Van Winkle was dead — Rip could not feel very sad. (4) Wolf fled when Dame Winkle approached — he had found that she always treated him unkindly. (5) Rip and Wolf started off for a tramp — — they did not return.

**Grammar.**—1. Lord Ullin was a brave man. 2. He was a man of bravery. 3. Wolf was a courageous dog. 4. He was a dog of

courage. 5. They followed rapidly. 6. They followed with rapidity. 7. Rip Van Winkle started homeward. 8. He started toward home.

What words in the second sentence give the same idea that is given by the word **brave** in the first? What part of speech is the word **brave**? Why? **Of bravery** is used, then, as what part of speech? What kind of modifier is it?

What word in sentence 3 means the same as **of courage** in sentence 4? In what way are they both used?

In sentence 6 what group of words have the same use as **rapidly** in sentence 5? What part of speech is **rapidly**? Why? What kind of modifier is **with rapidly**?

What word in sentence 7 and what group of words in sentence 8 are both adverbial modifiers? Is there any difference in their meaning?

**Kind** acts = acts of kindness; **daily** work = work of the day; **country** people = people from the country. Notice that the adjective **kind** has been changed to a **group of words** composed of a noun (**kindness**) and an introducing word (**of**). The adjective **daily** has been changed to a group of words consisting of **day** with its modifier **the** and an introducing word (**of**). Why is **country** an adjective in the expression **country people** and a noun in the group of words **from the country**?

In similar manner explain the changing of the adjectives in boldfaced type: **city** people = people **from the city**; **picture** book = book **with pictures**; **village** smithy = smithy **of the village**.

**kindly** = with kindness; **truthfully** = with truth; **painfully** = in a **painful manner**; **dully** = with dullness; **jokingly** = in a **joking way**. Explain the changes made here as you did with the adjectives.

He walked **with me**. Did he go **with you**? We have heard **about them**. The men **behind the guns** won the battle **for us**. You **with the tickets** may pass **through the gates**. They **on the upper deck** were saved **with us**.

Notice that in the group of words **with me** the principal word is not a noun. What is it? What is the introducing word? Name the principal word, telling whether it is a noun or a pronoun, and the

introducing word of each of the other groups. If the principal word has a modifier, name it. Thus: **with the tickets**. The principal word is the noun **tickets**, which is modified by the adjective **the** and introduced by **with**.

Groups of words formed in this way of a noun or a pronoun with an introducing word like **of**, **to**, **with**, etc., are called **phrases**. A phrase used as an adjective is called an adjective phrase. A phrase used as an adverb is called an adverbial phrase.

Classify the following phrases according to their use, as adverbial or adjective. Also, separate each phrase into its parts, principal word (noun or pronoun), modifiers of principal word, and introducing word.

*A Narrow Escape* was written **by Charles Reade**. The nest **of the swan** was seen by Ellie. Ichabod Crane was driven away **by the Headless Horseman**. I stood **in the forest primeval**. The little brown hands **of the children** gathered berries **for us**.

## 36

## THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

[This is a part of another of Irving's charming stories of old Dutch times. Ichabod was a long, lean, and odd-looking Yankee schoolmaster, who had been courting a pretty Dutch girl in Tarrytown, just above New York on the Hudson, and this is how one of his rivals manages to get rid of him. You will like to read the whole story.]

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had crossed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far 6





ICHABOD CRANE

below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; 5 but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed. 15

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely 20 and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of land-25 mark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down

almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. 5 The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to 10 whistle: he thought his whistle was answered,—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree,—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more nar- 15 rowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about 20 by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A 25 few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted

thick with wild grapevines, threw a deep gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured. It has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

**crestfallen**, with the head (or crest) down, discouraged; **fantastic**, odd, strange; **tragical**, terrible, having to do with death or great sorrow; **perverse**, obstinate, disposed to do wrong; **melancholy**, gloomy, sad; **accidentally**, without intent, by accident; **scathed**, damaged; **ill-starred**, unfortunate,—an interesting word to study. At one time it was thought that a child would be fortunate or unfortunate according to the position of the stars at the time of his birth. If he had much trouble, he was said to have been born under an evil star; thus the word **ill-starred** came to mean “unfortunate”; **plashy**, having the sound of walking in water.

What hour of the night is meant in this first sentence? Do you know why the word **witching** is applied to it? What kind of a story does this lead you to expect? We have two very interesting words applied to Ichabod Crane. Explain the figures in them. They have become so common now that the people who use them rarely think of them as figurative.

To explain Ichabod's dismal feelings, it is necessary for you to know that the pretty Katrina Van Tassel, at whose house he had been visiting, had just refused to marry him.

Notice the way in which Irving has made you feel the quiet of the hour, by mentioning several things that suggest the deep hush of midnight. What are these things? Notice how the feeling of loneliness is heightened. What interesting figure explains the deepening of the darkness? The time is just right for a ghost story; now we must have the appropriate place. Describe Major André's tree. Do you know what historical event caused it to become noticed? Describe Ichabod's terror as he passed the tree. Was there as yet any ground for his fears? What spot, still more fearful, must he pass? In what indirect way are we told that Ichabod was frightened? Describe his efforts to get old Gunpowder across the bridge.

**Spelling.**—doleful, melancholy, perverse, tragical, scathed, accidentally.

**Word Study.**—What is the meaning of **doleful**? Notice the use of the suffix in **sorrowful**, **dreadful**, **fearful**. Notice that in making **full** a suffix, one **l** is dropped. Give other words with this suffix.

## 37

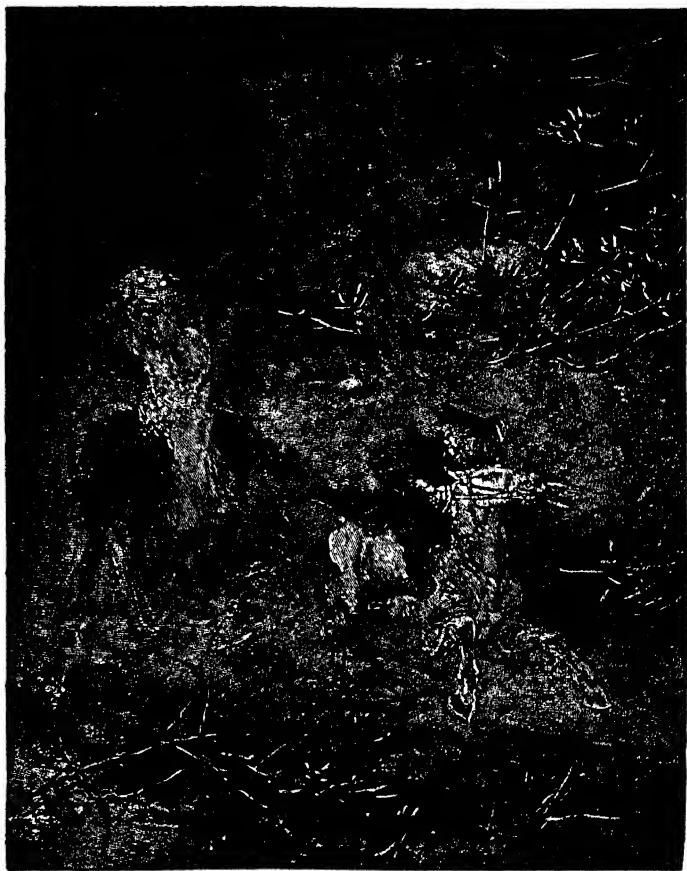
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN (*Concluded*)

THE hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such he was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — “Who are you?” He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the stubborn Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse

to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind ; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him ; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a note. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless ! But his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation ; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, — but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin ; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow ; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE



about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasp-  
10 Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. The goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and  
15 sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering  
20 reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing  
25 close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over

the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.



The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast;—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs

deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

— WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

**molestation**, disturbance or hindrance; **cranium**, skull; **pommel**, highest part of the curved front of a saddle; **convulsive**, spasmodic, jerky; **involuntary**, without intent, not controlled by will.

Describe the conduct of Ichabod. Describe the ghostly horseman. Ichabod's terror increases. How are we told this? What fearful discovery does he now make? Describe the wild ride. For a moment we have hope that he will escape. What grounds have we for this? As in all ghost stories, the most horrible thing comes last. What is it here? After reading the last paragraph, explain the ghost story. What do you think had become of poor Ichabod?

**Spelling.** — Pursuer, uneasiness, cleave, pommel.

**Composition.** — You have noticed how Irving made you know the loneliness of the hour and place and made you feel that something ghostly was about to happen. Perhaps you have tried to make up ghost stories to amuse your companions. Did you end by giving an amusing explanation? Write a story, using the following outline for a guide: —

1. *Place.* A deserted but partly furnished house on a lonely road, where you have taken refuge, having lost your way.
2. *Time.* Midnight, during a fearful storm.
3. Sound of wailing from an adjoining room, which you knew to be empty, having passed through on your way in; the wails followed by broken music, heard in lulls of the storm.
4. Your terrible fright.

5. In the morning you find there a cat. It had followed you in and become closed in the room, which contained an old piano, opened.

Try to let us know it is midnight without simply stating the hour. See how Irving did it. Let us know how frightened you were by telling what effect your fright had on you. Make only five paragraphs. The most interesting story may be read to the class. If you prefer to do so, you may write an entirely different ghost story, making your own outline, similar to the one given above.

## 38

## THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;  
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !  
I never thought to ask, I never knew ;

5

10

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**solitudes**, lonely places; **desert**, uninhabited places; **array**, clothing or covering; **sages**, wise men.

Why did Emerson write this poem? Have you ever seen the Rhodora in bloom? The flowers appear before the leaves. Read the first eight verses. What picture do you get here? What figure in verse 1? What is the meaning of the word **desert** here? Explain verse 8? The last eight verses give the thoughts that come to the poet on seeing such a beautiful flower blooming in an out-of-the-way place, and on hearing the question which he places before the poem. What two questions are asked or implied in this second half of the poem? Give the poet's answer to each. Notice the arrangement of rhymes. Commit to memory lines 9-12.

**Spelling.** — Sages, solitudes, desert, array.

**Grammar.** — You have learned that a **phrase** is a group of words consisting of a principal word, which is either a noun or a pronoun, and an introducing word. The first and introducing word of such phrases (**of, in, though, for, etc.**) is called a preposition, a word which means **placed before**.

"The father of the maid did not overtake her." You will see that the preposition **of** shows the relation between the principal word of the phrase (**maid**) and the word modified by the phrase (**father**). This is the use of all prepositions: (1) To introduce a phrase modifier; (2) to show the relation in sense of the principal word of the phrase to the word modified by it. A phrase introduced by a preposition, no matter what it modifies, is called a **prepositional phrase**.

Fill the blanks with suitable prepositions:—

The horseman — a head rode — a wild gallop. Emerson found the Rhodora — the woods. We sang merrily — the

greenwood tree. Ellie found the nest — the swan — the reeds. Boone was one — the earliest settlers — Kentucky. The two lads who went — the woods — night were — fear.

Use ten of the following prepositions in sentences: —

**On, of, below, under, from, into, in, against, for, over, toward, about, up, down, through, at, across, against, beneath.**

Analyze each phrase you make according to this model: —

We walked through the forest. **Through the forest** is an adverbial phrase because it modifies the verb **walked**. The principal word is the noun **forest**, which is modified by the adjective **the**. The introducing word is the preposition **through**, which shows the relation in sense between **forest** and **walked**.

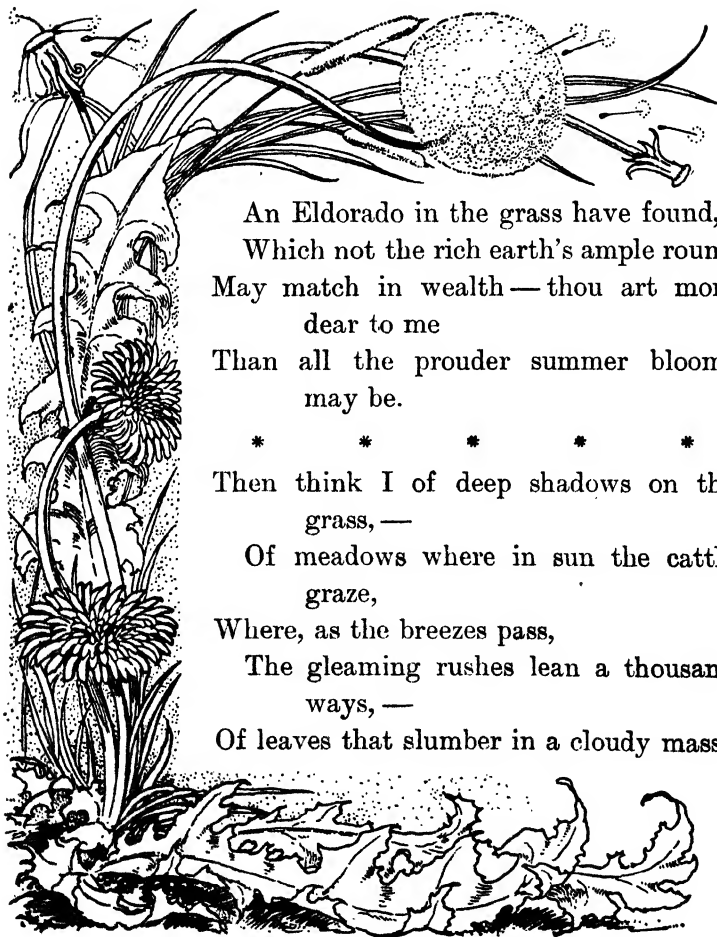
What is a preposition? (Answer by telling its use.)

## 39

## TO THE DANDELION

[James Russell Lowell, one of our great poets and essayists, was a friend and neighbor of Longfellow, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lived in Elmwood, a house quite as beautiful and nearly as old and historic as that of Longfellow. He was for a time United States minister, as it is called, in Spain and England, — that is, he had the great honor of being chosen by the President to represent the United States in these countries, taking charge of all official business which we transacted there.]

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they



An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth—thou art more  
dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer blooms  
may be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then think I of deep shadows on the  
grass,—  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle  
graze,  
Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand  
ways,—  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind, — of waters blue  
That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ; 5  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing 10  
With news from Heaven, which he did bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

\* \* \* \* \*

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,  
When thou, for all the gold, so common art ! 15  
Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe, 20  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.



**pledge**, promise; **blithesome**, cheerful, gay; **Eldorado**, a name given by Spaniards in the sixteenth century to a country abounding in gold, which was said to exist somewhere in the New World; **piety**, love for God, religious feeling; **untainted**, not spoiled, pure, not knowing evil; **peers**, equals; **prodigal**, a wasteful person, a spendthrift; **deem**, think; **sacredly**, with respect or reverence.

Stanza 1. Whom does the poet address? Notice the great number of figures. Why does the poet use the word **harmless** in verse 2? What word might you substitute for **pledge** in verse 3? To whom are the children compared? Explain the comparison. Express in common language "the rich earth's ample round."

Stanza 2. The dandelion brings to his recollection other things in nature in a succession of beautiful pictures. What words give color to the scenes? Which descriptions have words suggesting movement? Which use of figurative language in this stanza seems to you the most beautiful? Stanza 3. What other reasons has he for loving the dandelion? What beautiful thought about childhood do we get here? Stanza 4. Explain the figures in verses 1-2. In the remaining verses we get the main thought of the poem. Do some people despise common flowers? Do some people despise poor, common men and women? What reasons did the poet find for loving the dandelion? What reasons for loving all human beings?

In stanza 1 who are shown as seeing the beauty in the common flower? In stanza 3 who heard in the robin's song an **angel's message**? What is meant by "living pages of God's book"? What kind of wisdom must one have to learn the wondrous secrets that these living pages might show? You see how the thought of the **child's undoubting wisdom**, which leads him to see beauty everywhere and hear God's voice in nature, runs through all the verses, and is used by the poet in stanza 4 to teach him how to regard all human beings.

Notice the arrangement of the rhymed lines.

**Spelling.** — Blithesome, piety, untainted, prodigal, pledge, **sacredly**.

**Word Study.**—In this lesson select any words containing prefixes or suffixes whose meaning you have learned. In the last stanza what word do you see whose stem meaning you have learned?

**Composition.**—In writing you must always keep in mind for whom the writing is intended. If you are writing to your teacher, you might use words or expressions that would not be understood by your little brother or sister. Remember the most important thing in any writing is to make your meaning **clear**. Suppose that you wish to explain to some other boy or girl a certain game. First think of the person who is to read the explanation. Consider his age, or his previous experience in playing games of this kind. Then suit your explanation to the reader. Explain carefully, making your meaning clear by comparisons, or often by a little drawing.

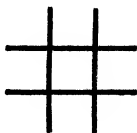
Suppose you are to explain the game tit-tat-to. You might do so in some such way as this:—

In playing tit-tat-to there are two opponents: let us call one *A* and the other *B*.

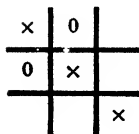
The game is played in spaces made by two pairs of parallel lines, crossing each other at right angles, like this:

*A* uses a cross like this, ×; *B* uses a cipher, 0.

*A* tries to fill three adjoining spaces in the diagram with his mark. *B* tries to prevent him by putting his cipher in between the crosses, while at the same time trying to get three ciphers in adjoining spaces. Each fills a space in turn.



The winner is he who first succeeds in filling three adjoining spaces with his mark. In this case *A* is the winner:



You would probably understand this explanation. But suppose it was intended for a child of seven years old, who would not know the meaning of **opponents** or **parallel lines**, or **lines at right angles**? Then paragraph 1 might be simplified by saying: "Two persons can play the game." Paragraph 2 might be simplified by saying: "It is played with lines crossing like this," and so on.

Write directions for playing some game. Make your directions so simple that a boy or a girl of your age could understand them. If possible, make your meaning clearer by drawing a diagram. Plan your directions before you begin. Decide how many paragraphs you will need. If you can find some boy who has not played this game, read your directions to him, and see if he understands you. Do not attempt to explain a very difficult game, like baseball. Take something simple, such as cross tag, or leapfrog, or marbles, or hide and seek.

## 40

## LOCHINVAR

- O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
6 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
- He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
10 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
- So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
15 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”



“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ; —  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

5 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

20 stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
10 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;  
And the bridemaids whisper'd, “ ’Twere better by far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near :  
15 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Loch-  
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;  
20 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

— WALTER SCOTT : *Marmion*.

**border**, part of Scotland bordering on England; **brake**, thicket of bushes; **laggard**, a loiterer; **dastard**, coward; **craven**, a coward; **measure**, a dance; **dauntless**, without fear. A Scottish **clan** consists of families related to each other.

Read this poem through to get the story. Where is the scene of the story? Who is the hero? Quote lines that describe him. Compare him with the bridegroom. If the bridegroom was a "laggard in love," how did he manage to secure the fair Ellen? Describe Lochinvar's entrance into the hall. Describe the feelings of the father, the mother, the bridegroom, the bridesmaids. Tell the story of the flight of Lochinvar with fair Ellen.

Notice that the poem begins with two verses describing young Lochinvar, followed by verses describing the ride. In the last stanza we have another wild ride, and the poem closes with two more verses in praise of Lochinvar. As you read them aloud, do you notice the galloping movement of the verses? Have you read *How They brought the Good News from Ghent*? A poem describing rapid action should move rapidly; does this? Of what other poem does it remind you? (1) in theme, (2) in scene (Scottish Highlands), (3) in rapidity of action.

You will enjoy committing this poem to memory.

**Spelling.** — Dauntless, dastard, craven, broadsword, bridegroom, laggard.

**Synonyms.** — Notice that in poetry unusual words often sound better than common words. In *Lochinvar* find the words for which the following are synonyms. Notice which are the more suitable for the purpose: **horse**, **fearless**, **thicket**, **loiterer**, **coward**, **wedding**, **drank**, **forbid**, **swift**.

**Grammar.** — Do not use two negative words when you wish to make a denial; for then your meaning is just the opposite of what you intend it to be. Children sometimes say, "I have not got no time," instead of "I have no time." What would the first sentence really mean?

Incorrect : I can't find no pencil.

Correct : { I can't find a pencil, *or*  
              { I can find no pencil..

Correct the following errors : —

Little Ellie could not find no swan's nest. Ichabod couldn't see no head on the goblin. He hadn't no chance to escape. The old man wouldn't give up nothing. Lord Ullin cried, "You shan't have no daughter of mine."

Notice this mistake whenever you hear it made. Be very careful not to make it yourself.

## 41

### BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

[Robert Bruce was one of the most famous kings of Scotland. When he came to the throne, he found his kingdom rent asunder by discord and civil war and under the dominion of England, but after fighting bravely against many discouragements, he lived to make Scotland free, happy, peaceful, and prosperous.]

It was about the time when Bruce's fortunes were lowest that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition, is made probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens.

While he was doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing 5 itself from one beam in the roof to another for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times and been as often unable to do 10 so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," 15 thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the 20 spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam, 25 which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own



fortune ; and though he had never before gained a victory, he never afterward had any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Tales of a Grandfather*.

**tradition**, information which is not written down as history, but depends upon the memory, being told by father to son ; **deliberating**, carefully thinking over ; **transport**, carry across ; **exertion**, strong effort ; **decisive**, positive, not to be altered.

Who is the hero of this tale ? What is meant by “rests only on tradition” ? Tell the story of Bruce and the spider. How is it regarded by members of that family ?

**Spelling.** — Deliberating, transport, tradition, exertion, decisive.

**Word Study.** — In the word **transport**, what is the stem ? Do you remember any related words ?

**Composition.** — You notice how closely Bruce observed the making of the spider’s web. Have you ever watched closely an animal in order to discover for yourself any of its habits ?

Perhaps you have a pet cat, dog, horse, bird, or turtle. Some children even make pets of toads. Have you ever watched a pollywog change into a frog ? Or kept a cocoon until the moth or butterfly came out ? If you have not already done so, before you write your next composition, see if you can find an opportunity to watch some animal.

Write a composition telling something you have observed about some animal. Make an outline before you begin. Write a topic for each paragraph and be sure to arrange your paragraphs in proper order, thus : —

## The Life of a Butterfly.

- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| 1. Caterpillar. | } You would not arrange these paragraphs in the order 1, 3, 2. Why not ? |
| 2. Cocoon.      |  |
| 3. Butterfly.   |  |

Have you read any of the books written by John Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, or Ernest Thompson Seton? They have all written very interesting accounts of animal life.

## 42

## LADY CLARE

[Alfred Tennyson, who died only a few years ago, was long the Poet Laureate of England, that is, the person appointed by the king or queen, according to a strange old custom, to celebrate in verse the important happenings of the royal house. But he was more than the official poet of a court: he was the most beloved poet of the English nation.]

It was the time when lilies blow,  
 And clouds are highest up in air,  
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;  
 Lovers long betrothed were they;  
 They two will wed the morrow morn —  
 God's blessing on the day!

“He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

5 "O, God be thanked," said Alice the nurse,  
"That all comes round so just and fair!  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."



10 "Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"  
Said Lady Clare, "That ye speak so wild?"  
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
"I speak the truth: you are my child."  
"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast:  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!  
15 I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "it this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse, 5  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie. 10  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said, "Not so; but I will know 15  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;  
"The man will cleave unto his right."  
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
"Tho' I should die to-night." 20

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!  
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee!"  
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me."

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

5 She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare ;  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
10 Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,  
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :  
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !  
15 Why come you dressed like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth !”

“If I come dressed like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are ;  
I am a beggar born,” she said,  
20 “And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
“For I am yours in word and in deed.  
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O, and proudly stood she up !  
Her heart within her did not fail ;  
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn : 5  
He turned and kissed her where she stood ;  
“ If you are not the heiress born,  
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood —

“ If you are not the heiress born,  
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir, 10  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

**tr**ow, an old-fashioned word, believe; **cleave**, cling to; **russet**, homespun; **betrothed**, promised for marriage.

Do you remember what we called a poem of this kind, containing a story? Read the poem through. Name all the characters. Tell the story. What pretty pictures do you get? Quote the lines which contain the one you like best.

In reading any selection try to discover its best things. The main interest in some pieces is the exciting, well-told story, as in *Treasure Island*; the beautiful descriptions of nature, in *Rhodora*; the humor, in *The Height of the Ridiculous*; the lofty patriotism, in *The Flower of Liberty*; or the presenting of noble character, as in *The Wreck*. What do you consider the best thing in this poem?

After you have read a number of pieces by one author you begin to see what sort of people and things he liked. Judging from this poem, can you tell one quality in character that Tennyson admired?

Use all the words you can to describe Lady Clare ; to describe Lord Ronald.

**Spelling.** — Russet, riddle, brooch, betrothed, cleave.

**Grammar.** — Use care in your choice of prepositions. Can you explain the difference in the meanings of the following ?

We walked in the forest. We walked into the forest. He led his horse into the stream. He led his horse in the stream.

Is there any difference between jumping in the water and jumping into the water ?

Fill the following spaces with **in** or **into**: The dandelions grew — the field. I jumped from the float — the water. The boy plunged — the stream. Little Giffen was taken — the house. The flower grew — the crannied wall.

Do not use **off of** when you mean **from**. I must get permission **from** (not **off of**) my teacher. I will borrow ten cents **from** (not **off of**) my friend.

Fill the blanks with correct words : —

May I get my pencil — John ? Will you borrow the book — Mary ? I hope to receive a letter — my father. Get permission — your mother.

Use **between** when speaking of two persons or things. Use **among** when speaking of more than two.

Fill the blanks with **between** or **among** : —

Divide the fruit — the two boys. He stepped — the two men. He rushed — the stragglers. He walked — the people. He divided his fortune equally — his two children.

## 43

### SWORD AND SCIMITER

[The great English writer of historical novels is Sir Walter Scott, who lived in Scotland a century ago and who was made a noble by the king because throughout the realm old and young, rich

and poor, were charmed by these delightful and beautiful stories of his. Two of them, *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, you are now old enough to read or to have read to you. Both are tales of the time of that brave English prince, Richard the Lion-Hearted. *Ivanhoe* is the story of his adventures in his own country when his brother tried to take away the throne from him. *The Talisman* is the story of his adventures in the Holy Land, where he had gone with an army to capture Jerusalem from the Saracens or Arabs. The king, or Soldan, of the Saracens was Saladin, who was as brave and noble as Richard. This extract shows what they thought of each other, when, after the armies had long been fighting, the two leaders met to discuss terms of peace.]

SALADIN led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength 5 and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, — a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length 10 of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see you strike one 15 blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and



looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English — "For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt! Your full strength is not as yet returned; give no triumph to the infidel."

10 "Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around; "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it in his own, so lank and thin.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux, in English; "it will



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be long ere your fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "by Our Lady, he understands or guesses their meaning."

5 The Soldan, indeed, presently said — "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to you." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk  
10 and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the king, "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which  
15 opposes no resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone and muscle. He un-  
20 sheathed his scimiter, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding  
25 this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced

himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimiter across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence. 5

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid 10 the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of the saber, extended the weapon edgewise in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the 15 tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and 20 right perilous were it to meet thee!"

—SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Talisman*.

**symmetry**, perfection of form; **unwieldy**, not easily managed or carried; **mace**, heavy club of metal; **infidel**, heathen; **scimiter**, sword with curved blade; **meandering**, winding, having many turns; **welded**, hammered out.

A strong contrast is made between the two rulers. What contrast in this first paragraph between the persons of the two

men? their dress? Describe Richard's feat of strength. Describe Saladin's great skill. With what feelings did each regard the other? Who do you think would make the more dangerous foe, Saladin or Richard? Note De Vaux's jealousy. Was it for its own honor? Notice each ruler's generous praise of the other.

**Spelling.** — Unwieldy; inferior, severed, welded, asunder.

**Word Study.** — Notice the use of the prefix **ex** in **exit**, **exterior**, **export**, **extinguish**. Give other words where **ex** means "out." "Richard's sword **extended** well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer." The stem **tend** means "stretch." What does **extend** mean?

**Composition.** — You **compare** things that are very much alike. You **contrast** things that are very unlike. You **compare** two shades of one color, to see which is darker or lighter. You **contrast** black with white. If you want to make a tall man look taller, put him beside a short man. If you surround him with other tall men, your attention is not drawn to him especially.

In this story we have a contrast. What qualities in King Richard are more clearly shown by contrast with Saladin? What things in Saladin seem greater by contrast with Richard?

It will be interesting for you to notice other stories where contrast is used to make a thing more important. In *Kathleen* the violence of the stepmother and the gentleness of Kathleen both seem greater by contrast.

In *Lochinvar* point out a strong contrast in characters. State in what qualities the two characters are utterly different. Point out any other character contrasts you have found in this reader.

Contrast two characters about whom you have studied in history, *e.g.*, Benedict Arnold and George Washington. Make up your mind how many qualities you are going to compare. Do not write more than four paragraphs.

Ask yourself the following questions: Have I placed my work properly on the paper? Have I spelled correctly? Have I used any good descriptive adjectives to make my picture clearer?

## 44

## THE DAY IS DONE

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and spent most of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, living in one of the most charming old houses in America, which George Washington had used as his headquarters when the American troops were besieging Boston. Of all the American poets he was the most beloved by children, and very many of his poems can be understood and enjoyed by children of your age.]

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain, 10  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling, 15  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

5 For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
10 Whose songs gushed from his heart.  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
15 Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
20 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

**wafted**, borne gently ; **bards**, poets ; **corridors**, galleries or passages ; **infest**, to trouble greatly.

Stanza 1. Have you noticed how the general feeling of a poem is often given in the opening stanza? Do you remember *Lochinvar*? *Lord Ullin's Daughter*? *Old Ironsides*? What feeling do you get from the figure here? In what way is night represented? Stanzas 2-3. Is there anything in these stanzas or in stanza 1 to explain the feeling of sadness? Stanza 4. How is his restless feeling to be soothed? Is the word **soothed** a good one to use here? Stanza 5. Can you mention any **grand old master** or **bard sublime**? In what way are their footsteps distant? Stanza 6. Explain his reason for not wishing to hear their poems at this time. Stanza 7. What figures here? Stanza 8. Have you noticed any resemblance between **poetry** and **music**? Stanza 9. Point out the two figures in this stanza. Stanza 10. Is poetry more beautiful when read aloud well? Stanza 11. Another very beautiful figure. Point out the resemblances. Which stanzas seem to you the most beautiful? Commit them to memory.

**Spelling.**—**Wafted**, **bards**, **corridors**, **melodies**, **benediction**, **infest**.

**Word Study.**—Select the words that you think would not be used in ordinary speech. Give synonyms for these poetic words.

**Grammar.**—When you ask a question, **will** should not be used before **I** or **we**. Say, **Shall I go**? not **Will I go**? Say, **Shall we go**? not **Will we go**?

Fill the blanks:—



Where — we go now? — we go home? When I reach there, what — I do? — we be ready to return soon? — we go together? — I go alone?

In declarative sentences **shall** used with **I** or **we** simply shows future time, and **will** with **I** or **we** shows purpose or determination.

Fill the blanks:—

I — be home soon; then I — help you. We — certainly go. I fear we — be late. I think I — not be there to-morrow — we help you now? We — do so gladly.

Write five sentences using **shall** or **will** with **I** or **we**.

## 45

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[In reading this extract from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth*, you should bear in mind that the scene is London three hundred years ago, and that the persons are Elizabeth, — the brilliant queen under whom England defeated Spain, and became the mistress of the seas, — and Walter Raleigh, who became a royal favorite. The incident related is founded on an old and probably true tradition. This was the Sir Walter Raleigh who made the first settlements in America, calling the land Virginia, after the virgin (unmarried) queen. After Elizabeth's death he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. He was then released, only to be sent on a wild expedition to Guinea to find gold. Unluckily he came back without any. The old charge of treason was revived, and he was beheaded.

To appreciate the selection, you should understand that Blount and Raleigh were both young men in the service of the Earl of Sussex, one of the queen's chief officers, and were sent to her with an important message from him. They reached London just as the queen was about to embark on the Thames.]

"It seems to me," said Blount, "as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge

lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeants told them that they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the

best advantage his well-proportioned person — unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, allowed him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to beauty of form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accomplished this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.



**RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK BEFORE THE QUEEN**

"Come along, sir coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

5 "And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

—WALTER SCOTT: *Kenilworth*.

**regal**, royal; **sovereign**, ruler; **cavalier**, soldier of good birth; **warders**, guards; **imprudence**, lack of prudence, rashness; **well-proportioned**, all parts formed to look well with the other parts; **unbonneting**, removing his cap or bonnet; **ardent**, eager; **resentment**, anger against one who has offended; **gallant** (noun) a gay, fashionable man of great politeness; **reverence**, inclination of body to show respect (what other use of this word do you know?); **coxcomb**, dandy.

Give the conversation between Blount and Walter. Describe the royal procession. Describe Walter's appearance. Give the story of Walter's coat. What opinion have you formed thus far as to the character of Walter? Quote the lines that reveal something of the disposition of Queen Elizabeth. What did Walter mean by saying his cloak should never be brushed?

**Spelling.** — Regal, flanked, sovereign, cavalier, imprudence, resentment.

## 46

### QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH (Concluded)

THEIR discourse was here interrupted by one of the queen's officers.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy

one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with astonishment. 10

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the officer, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries, which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river. 15

The two rowers used their oars with such speed that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which 20 the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, 25 which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence,

the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty with some embarrassment. The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

10 "In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a  
15 mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word  
20 of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

25 "Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me?" said the queen, interrupting him. "Fy, young man! I am ashamed that, in our capital, giving gold to youth is

giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of folly. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not displeasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen — the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."



"Raleigh!" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection, "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the queen, graciously, "and I have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

—WALTER SCOTT: *Kenilworth*.

**wherry**, small boat; **agility**, ease, activity; **embarrassment**, confusion; **liegeman**, subject, one owing obedience; **Devonshire**, county in England.

Is there not something amusing in Blount's amazement? Can you picture the scene when Walter is taken to the queen's boat? Notice how all his speech and actions add to the favor with which the queen already regards him. Give as briefly as possible the conversation between Walter and the queen. What qualities does he show (1) by his pretty speeches to the queen, (2) by his replies to her questions touching his services as a soldier?

The things which seem strange to you in dress, manners, and speech are due to the time in which this story is laid. You will have to imagine yourself living three hundred years ago. Perhaps you have seen some pictures of Elizabethan days which will help you to imagine the scenes.

**Spelling.** — Reverence, agility, gallant, warders, coxcomb, embarrassment.

**Composition.** — Read very carefully the conversation between Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth on pages 231-233. Imagine that Raleigh has returned to his friend Blount, and is telling him what occurred at the interview. Use direct quotations, and, in writing Blount's share in the conversation, think, from what you have learned of him in the earlier part of the story, what remarks he would be likely to make. Do not try to repeat every remark. You may have your books open to consult as you write.

## 47

## LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
Out of the hospital walls as dire,  
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,  
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)  
Specter such as we seldom see,  
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

"Take him — and welcome!" the surgeons said;

"Little the doctor can help the dead!"

So we took him; and brought him where

The balm was sweet in the summer air;

5 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with the bated breath,

Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.

Months of torture, how many such!

10 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!

And still a glint in the steel-blue eye

Spoke of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite

The crippled skeleton learned to write!

15 "Dear mother," at first, of course; and then

"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.

Captain's answer — "Of eighty and five,

Giffen and I are left alive!"

Words of gloom from the war one day;

20 "Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"

Little Giffen was up and away.

A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,

Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;

"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,

25 But none of Giffen. He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that, were I king  
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,  
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,  
And the tender legend that trembles here,  
I'd give the best, on his bended knee,  
The whitest soul of my chivalry,  
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

— FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

**focal**, concentrated; **dire**, terrible; **gangrene**, dangerous diseased condition of the flesh, resulting from a wound; **Lazarus**, beggar covered with sores — spoken of in the Bible — [Luke xvi. 20; **bated**, weakened; **despite**, defiance; **knights of the Golden Ring**, an imaginary body of brave men, each of whom had vowed to perform some deed of bravery or chivalry; **legend**, old story.

What idea do you get of **Little Giffen** in the first line? Quote another line in stanza 1 that gives you the same idea. Who is telling this story? What is the condition of the boy at the beginning of the poem? What does the surgeon think of him? What was the main thing that enabled the boy to live? Quote lines that show this. What news made him hurry to the field again? In what indirect way are we told of his death on the battlefield? Go through the poem and collect all the lines that help you to form an opinion of the young Confederate soldier. What do you think of him? What does the teller of the story think of him? Whom does he compare him with in the last stanza? Tell the story of Little Giffen. What do you consider the best thing in the poem? What use of figurative language do you see? Notice the short, quick way in which the story is told. Is it less pathetic on this account? Notice the accents in each line, and the arrangement of rhymes.

**Spelling.** — Hospital, torture, legend, despite, skeleton, dire

**Word Study.** — Can you discover in **specter** the meaning that you learned in the word **spectacle**? From what was it derived?

**Composition: for the boys.** — Write the letter referred to in stanza 4 as you imagine Little Giffen wrote it to his mother at home in Tennessee. Try to imagine what kind of a letter such a boy would write. Do you suppose he told how brave he had been or how terribly he had suffered? About whom did he think most? About what was he most anxious? How did he speak of the kind friends who had nursed him?

**For the girls.** — Write to Little Giffen's mother a letter such as you imagine might have been written by the kind southern lady at whose house the boy had been cared for. What things do you think she would be likely to tell the mother about her boy? How would she try to comfort her? It is probable that Little Giffen was too ill at first to tell where his mother lived, so the letter was not written until he was recovering.

## 48

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

FEBRUARY 22, 23, 1847

[This poem was written to commemorate the bringing home of the bodies of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista, and their burial at Frankfort at the cost of the state. Among the dead was the son of Henry Clay.]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo ;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.

On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance 5  
Now swells upon the wind ;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind ;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms ; 10  
No braying horn, nor screaming fife,  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust, 15  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now. 20

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past ;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

5        Like a fierce northern hurricane  
          That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
          Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
10        Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
          Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
          O'er all that stricken plain,  
15        For never fiercer fight had waged  
          The vengeful blood of Spain;  
And still the storm of battle blew,  
          Still swelled the gory tide;  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
20        Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
          Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his belovèd land,  
          The nation's flag to save.

By rivers of their fathers' gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has wept 5  
O'er Angostura's plain —  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above the moldering slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay, 10  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound 15  
Along the heedless air ;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave ;  
She claims from war his richest spoil —  
The ashes of her brave. 20

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield ;



The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

5 Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
10 While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,  
In deathless song shall tell,  
15 When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
20 That gilds your deathless tomb.

—THEODORE O'HARA.

**bivouac**, an encampment of soldiers at night without tents and with arms in readiness for action; **tattoo**, the drum-beat to summon soldiers to rest; **serried**, in close and even lines; **old chieftain**, General Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States; **first laurels**, General Taylor had won distinction in the War of 1812.

**Grammar.** — Classify the words in boldfaced type: —

The **oldest** and **youngest** are at work with the **strongest**. I think of **deep shadows** in the grass. He sailed on the **bounding deep**. The **deep sea** will foam and roar. The roar was terrifying. Young Lochinvar has come out of the west. The **west wind** roared loudly. Alas! the waters **wild went** o'er his child; and he was left lamenting. **Little the doctor** can help the dead! She claims from war his richest spoil. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead.

## 49

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A BOY

[Benjamin Franklin was one of the greatest Americans. Though a poor boy, by his industry and originality he gained wealth, made many useful inventions, held important public offices, and during the Revolution, while minister to France, succeeded in getting that great nation to send troops and ships to our aid. He is famous for having first discovered the true nature of electricity by flying a kite in a thunderstorm, and thus bringing the electricity from the upper air down by the kite wire. His autobiography, or life written by himself, has been read by millions of boys and girls, to whom it presents a vivid picture of the success which can be attained by clear-headedness and perseverance. You will also be interested in the proverbs given at the end of the selections. These he inserted in an almanac which he published as a young man under the name of Poor Richard.]

## I

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me to the service of the church. My early readiness in learning to read, and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make

a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My Uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one  
5 year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and further was removed into the next class above it in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year.

But my father altered his first intention, took me from  
10 the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it.

15 At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a candle-maker and soap-boiler. I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learned  
20 early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty. Upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will  
25 mention one instance, as it shows early public spirit.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to

fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many ants, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful that was not honest.

## II

[Benjamin was apprenticed to his brother James to learn the printer's trade, but the two not agreeing very well, Benjamin ran away from home, and after a long journey, reached Philadelphia.]

I shall tell in detail of my first entrance into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul

nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest. I was very hungry ; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing ; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

10 Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in  
15 Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told that they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth  
20 of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth  
25 Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father. She, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appear-

ance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This, was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

### III

A word to the wise is enough.

20

God helps them that help themselves.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

25

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy,  
5 wealthy, and wise.

Now that I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids  
me good morrow.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

If you would have your business done, go; if not,  
10 send.

He that by the plow would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of  
a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was  
15 lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being  
overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little  
care about a horseshoe nail.

Many a little makes a mickle.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

20 If you would know the value of money, go and try to  
borrow some: for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sor-  
rowing.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in  
fuel.

25 Rather go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in  
no other.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

**apprentice**, one put in care of a master to learn a trade; **quagmire**, marshy land; **inclination**, liking for.

After reading the first selection, can you point out any qualities in Franklin which helped to make him the great man he afterward became? Tell the interesting story of his entrance into Philadelphia. What example can you point out of Franklin's fondness for drawing lessons from all the happenings of his life, and putting the lessons into short sayings or proverbs?

**Spelling.** — Apprentice, fatigued, awkward, quagmire, inclination, profession.

**Word Study.** — "Benjamin Franklin as a Boy." Change this title, using one word instead of *as a boy*. What word would you use to express **state of being a man, state of being a girl, state of being a woman**.

Fill the blanks in the following: —

Queen Elizabeth thought Walter Raleigh worthy of knight—. In *We are Seven*, Wordsworth has given us a beautiful picture of child—. The little cottage girl had lived near the churchyard from her baby—.

What suffix have you learned here? What is its meaning?

**Composition.** — I. Should you write a full account of your own life, this would be called your autobiography. Franklin's autobiography is an excellent model, for he wrote very clearly and forcibly. Select some incident in your own life and write about it. Before you begin, make an outline. Decide how many paragraphs you will require. You may be able to give your sketch in one paragraph.

Ask yourself the following questions: (1) Have I made a suitable title? (2) Do my paragraphs follow each other in proper order? (3) Have I made the sketch interesting?



II. Do you remember the story of Ben Franklin's whistle? From this came the familiar saying, "Never pay too dear for your whistle." The story explains the meaning of the proverb. Have you ever in your own life, or in the life of some one you know very well, known any incident that shows the truth of any well-known proverb? Select one of Poor Richard's sayings—the one you understand best. Tell in plain language what it means, then give some incident that shows how true it is. Write one paragraph for your explanation and another for your illustration. You may read your illustration aloud. The other pupils should try to guess the proverb which it is intended to illustrate.

## 50

## FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but *if* I could understand  
5 What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

**crannies**, crevices, cracks. What poem by Tennyson have you previously read? He has plucked the little flower and is wondering about it. What question do you think he was about to ask when he suddenly stops? What answer does he give to his own unspoken question? Can you recall another poet who found in a common flower a very wonderful lesson?

## 51

## THE EAGLE

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

6

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

What do you know about the home of the eagle? What is meant by **close to the sun**? Can you picture his figure outlined against the sky? If so, you will see how the blue sky makes a **ring of azure** about him. From the far leight, as he looks down, how does the sea appear? For what is he watching? Notice the force of the comparison in verse 6. In verse 1 notice the three words beginning with the sound of *k*. Notice also the pleasing repetition of the same sound in **lonely lands**.

## 52

## THE BEGGAR MAID

HER arms across her breast she laid;  
She was more fair than words can say:  
Bare-footed came the beggar maid  
Before the King Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the king stept down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
“It is no wonder,” said the lords,  
“She is more beautiful than day.”

10



As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen :  
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
5 So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been :  
Cophetua swore a royal oath :  
“ This beggar maid shall be my queen ! ”

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

**mien**, bearing, appearance. Tell the story. Can you picture the beggar maid? What beautiful figure in stanza 2, lines 1 and 2? Is there anything in the character of the king that reminds you of Lord Ronald in *Lady Clare*?

**Word Study.** — I. Use a synonym for **fair** in verse 2. Notice the use of **sweet**. Can you see that this use was at one time **figurative**? It is now commonly used as in this poem.

II. **prey**, plunder, to take by force; **pray**, to beseech.

**creak**, a sharp sound; **creek**, a little river or brook.

**ware**, article of clothing or merchandise; **wear**, to have on as clothing.

**pane**, a plate of glass; **pain**, suffering.

**alter**, to change; **altar**, a place for sacrifice.

Fill the blanks from this list of homonyms (words having different meanings, though pronounced in the same way): —

Elsie bathed her feet in the —. The weight of Gerard made the bough —, so that the bear discovered him. Gerard felt that he was to be the bear's —, but was too frightened even to —. Nothing could — the priest's determination to offer a sacrifice upon the —. The Indians exchanged their — for blankets or ornaments that they could —. He was suffering great —, having been cut by the broken — of glass.

## 53

## THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN

IMAGINE yourself, on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of waterfowl on whistling wings from the countries of the north to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of

*the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.*

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller waterfowl are seen passing rapidly toward the south; but the eagle heeds them not — they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpetlike sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timid bird, which now, in

agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. 5 She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath, when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. 10

Then it is that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race. He presses down his strong feet, and drives his claws deeper and deeper into the heart of the dying swan. He screams with delight as he watches the last feeble struggles of his 15 prey.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made, and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite enough for the deed. She now sails 20 to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

— JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *The Birds of North America*.

**sojourn**, reside for a time; **talons**, claws.

What other selection from Audubon's writing have you had? Do you remember for what the author was noted? From the little

poem you have read and from this you get an idea of the way the eagle hunts his prey. Describe the watching. Describe the descent. Tennyson compared it to a thunderbolt. To what did Audubon compare it? What qualities of the bird are shown in this sketch? What senses must be very acute? Describe its cry.

**Spelling.** — Sojourn, talons.

**Grammar.** — You notice that words are regularly classified according to their use in the sentence. As words are not always used in the same way, it follows that a word may in one sentence be one part of speech, and a different part of speech in another.

1. The **village** clock struck the hour. 2. He lived in a quiet little **village**.

What part of speech is **village** in (1)? in (2)?

1. None but the **brave** deserves the **fair**. 2. Only **brave** men deserve **fair** women.

Which of the boldface words are adjectives? Why? Which are nouns? Why?

Explain the use of the boldface words in the following. Which are nouns and which are verbs?

He will **walk** to the village. We took a long **walk**. I will **pen** you a letter. My **pen** is broken. He will **joke** and laugh the hours away. He told a good **joke**.

Which are adverbs and which are adjectives?

We traveled on a **fast** train. He walks **fast**. He tries **hard** to improve. He has a **hard** task. We started **early** on the **early** train.

Which are adverbs and which are prepositions?

He climbed **above** the clouds. We looked **above**. We climbed **down** the side of the hill. He looked **down**.

Give sentences containing words which are repeated as different parts of speech. Explain the use of all words used in two or more different ways.

## 54

## THE SHELL

SEE what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairily well 5  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design !  
What is it ? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name. 10  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore. 15  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?  
Did he push, when he was uncurled,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Through his dim water-world ? 20

Slight, to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand !



Small, but a work divine !  
Frail, but of force to withstand  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand !

— ALFRED TENNYSON: *Maud*.

**whorl**, turns in a shell ; **forlorn**, lonely, miserable ; **cataract**, rushing with great force as a waterfall ; **athwart**, across ; **strand**, shore.

Notice the accurate and beautiful description of the shell. In verse 4 does not the thought remind you of another very short poem by Tennyson ? Is the word **fairly** a good one here ? What does it make you think of ? Have you ever heard any **clumsy** names applied to little shells or flowers ? In what way are the names **clumsy** ? What use of the word is this ? In stanza 2 notice the figures used to describe the little inhabitant of the shell. Can you picture it ? Do you see how closely Tennyson must have observed nature to be able to describe it in this way ? Notice the word **fairy**. This carries out a thought given in stanza 1. Stanza 3. What qualities of the shell does the poet dwell upon ? What contrast does he make ? Explain the **three-decker's oaken spine**.

**Spelling.** — Whorl, forlorn, cataract, athwart, strand.

**Composition.** — Does Tennyson make a picture of the shell so that you can see it ? Notice his use of comparisons ; also notice all the descriptive words used in giving you an idea of its delicacy and fine workmanship.

You are to describe some small object — a fern, a seaweed, a little flower, a crystal, or any other thing you may be able to observe. What thing seems to you the most remarkable about the object ?

How many descriptive words do you know that would be suitable to use in describing it? Can you think of any comparison that will help us to see this object?

Read your description aloud, without naming the object described. The other pupils must guess what object you have described. Who has made the clearest picture?

## 55

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

5

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**vaulted**, with an arched roof. This is the last stanza of a poem called *The Chambered Nautilus*. The soul of man is here compared to the little creature which year after year builds its spiral shell, and as each new part is completed moves into it, leaving its previous home unoccupied. What resemblance can you discover in this figure? Can you state the thought simply? What is meant by **thine outgrown shell**? Commit this stanza to memory.

**Word Study.**—What is meant by **outgrown**? Put this prefix before **live**, **look**, **shine**, **sparkle**, **did**. Give the meanings of the words you form. From your dictionary find other words with the prefix **out**.

## 56

## THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

- COME, dear children, let us away;  
Down and away below!  
Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow,  
8 Now the salt tides seaward flow;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away!  
This way, this way!
- 10 Call her once before you go —  
Call once yet!  
In a voice that she will know:  
“Margaret! Margaret!”  
Children’s voices should be dear  
15 (Call once more) to a mother’s ear;  
Children’s voices, wild with pain —  
Surely she will come again!  
Call her once and come away;  
This way, this way!
- 20 “Mother dear, we cannot stay!  
The wild white horses foam and fret.”  
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down ;  
Call no more !  
One last look at the white-wall'd town,  
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;      5  
Then come down !  
She will not come though you call all day ;  
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?      10  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;      15  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;  
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,      20  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world forever and aye ?  
When did music come this way ?      25  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red-gold throne in the heart of the sea,

5 And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea ;

She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray

10 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves !"

15 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;

20 Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say ;

Come !" I said ; and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town ;

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.

25 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:

"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone; 5

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!

Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more! 10

Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!

Down to the depths of the sea!

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully. 15

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy!

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun!" 20

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand, 25

And over the sand at the sea;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
5 And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh ;  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,  
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children ;  
10 Come children, come down !  
The hoarse wind blows colder ;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door ;  
15 She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
20 A pavement of pearl.  
Singing: " Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she !  
And alone dwell forever  
The kings of the sea."

25 But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,

When clear falls the moonlight,  
When springtides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starr'd with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly 5  
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie,  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb tide leaves dry. 10  
We will gaze, from the sand hills,  
At the white, sleeping town ;  
At the church on the hillside —  
And then come back down.  
Singing : " There dwells a loved one, 15  
But cruel is she !  
She left lonely forever  
The kings of the sea."

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**spent lights**, the rays of the sun, becoming "spent," or less brilliant; **leaded**, set in lead; **spindle**, in a spinning wheel the slender rod by which the thread is twisted; **amber**, clear yellow; **heaths**, waste land covered with coarse grass.

This is the story of a merman whose wife, Margaret, was a human being. She has left her husband and little ones to go back to earth, and in this poem the poor forsaken merman is talking to his children, whom he had brought up to the land, hoping their mother's love would induce her to return with them once more to the old home beneath the sea.



At what place are the merman and his children when the poem opens? What have they been doing? Where are they going? Why? What strong feeling is expressed in stanza 2? What final effort does the merman make to get his wife to come to him? With what result? What feeling does he show in stanza 3? What picture do you get here? In stanzas 4 and 5 we have a picture of the sea home. What lines show you the mother's love? What sound called her away? Why did she feel that she must go? What do you notice in this stanza which shows how hard it is for the merman to give up hope that Margaret will come back to him? Stanza 6 describes the husband and children wearying for Margaret. How did they try to bring her back to them? What description is repeated here? Think of the children's joy as they saw their mother. Imagine their feelings when she did not answer the father's call. Why did she not? *Sealed* here is used figuratively. What is its literal sense? Explain the figure. Stanza 7. How does the mother feel in her land home? What things make her happy? What makes her homesick? Stanza 8. What contrast do we get here? What word could you use to describe the feeling in the merman's song? Stanza 9. What beautiful, quiet picture do we get here? Mention some of the things that make it seem calm and peaceful. In this final stanza, what do we find to show us that the merman and children will continue to love Margaret? What feeling do you find throughout this whole poem? Quote lines that make what seems to you the most beautiful picture in the poem. Can you give any single words that contain figures? What do you notice about the arrangement of verses in stanzas?

**Spelling.** — Spindle, whizzing, amber, heath<sup>s</sup>, ceiling.

**Grammar:** *Gender.* — The merman, his wife, and children were very happy in their home under the sea.

In the above sentence which noun names a male? Which names a female? Which might name either males or females? Which names a thing that is neither male nor female?

The distinction in form of nouns to show whether they refer to

males or females is called gender. Nouns that name males are said to be of the **masculine gender**. Nouns that name females are said to be of the **feminine gender**. Nouns that may be used either for males or females are said to be of **common gender**. Nouns that name things of neither sex are said to be of **neuter gender** (**neuter** means "neither").

The gender of nouns is denoted in three ways:—

- (1) By using entirely different words, as,

MASCULINE	FEMININE
man	woman
boy	
uncle	
nephew	
gander	
king	

Fill the blanks under **feminine**.

- (2) By putting a noun which denotes masculine or feminine gender before one of common gender; as,

MASCULINE.	FEMININE.
man-servant	maid-servant
he-goat	
cock-sparrow	

Fill blanks under **feminine**.

- (3) By different endings, as,

MASCULINE	FEMININE
author	authoress
	lioness
	actress
	countess

Fill blanks under **masculine**.

In reading you have frequently noticed things spoken of as if they were persons. In such cases, the nouns are said to be **mascu-**

line or feminine by **personification**. In the following, how would you speak of the gender of the noun ?

“Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.”

Collect twenty-five nouns in *The Forsaken Merman* and arrange in four columns according to gender:—

I	II	III	IV
MASCULINE	FEMININE	COMMON	NEUTER

**Grammar:** *Transitive and Intransitive Verbs, Objects.* — You have learned that every complete sentence has a subject and a predicate; that the principal word of the subject is a **noun** or a **pronoun**, and of the predicate is a **verb**.

Some verbs do not express any action, but merely assert a state or condition. In the following sentences, which verbs express action and which merely assert state or condition ?

The lights quiver and gleam  
Margaret sleeps quietly.  
The salt weeds sway in the stream.  
The gusts shake the door.  
The girls dressed Moses for the fair.  
They tied his hair.  
He carried a box.  
The merman sings.  
Margaret sits at her wheel.

Sometimes a verb expresses action that affects some person or thing, as in this sentence: “Ichabod struck his horse.”

Another verb may express action that affects only the actor, as in this: “Ichabod fell from his horse.”

A verb that expresses action which affects some person or thing is called a **transitive verb**. (The word **transitive** means **passing over**.)

The action passes from the actor to the person or thing affected by the action.)

The name of the person or thing affected by the action is called the **object**.

A verb expressing action that does not affect any person or thing, or that merely asserts a state or condition, is called an **intransitive verb**.

In the sentences given above, which verbs are transitive, and therefore have **objects**?

Which verbs are intransitive (1) because expressing only state or condition? (2) because expressing action that does not affect any person or thing besides the actor?

Analyze the above sentences in the manner of the following model:—

**The wild winds shake violently the door of the cottage.**

1. A declarative sentence, because it makes a statement.
2. Entire subject: **the wild winds**.
3. Entire predicate: **shake violently the door of the cottage**.
4. Subject noun: **winds**.
5. Subject modifiers: adjectives, **the** and **wild**.
6. Verb: **shake**.
7. Predicate modifier: adverb, **violently**.
8. Object: **the door of the cottage**.
9. Object noun: **door**.
10. Object modifiers: adjective, **the**, and prepositional phrase, **of the cottage**.

Write a sentence containing a transitive verb. Name the object.

Write a sentence containing an intransitive verb. Does it express action, or only state or condition?

## 57

## MOSES AT THE FAIR

[In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith tells the story of an old-fashioned, simple-hearted English clergyman, too honest and too modest to get on well in the world. His wife and daughter want to rise in the social world, but come sadly to grief. The story is a famous one.]



As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse

that would carry single or double upon an occasion and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain." 10

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of



that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. ✓

As it grew near night, I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

— "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look and resting the box on the dresser. — "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five



shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have 5



laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases."✓

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and 10



brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will  
15 sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims. They are not worth sixpence,  
10 for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only a gross of green spectacles with cop-  
15 per rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "The idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I  
20 would throw them into the fire." — "There again, you are wrong, my dear," said I, "for though they be copper we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived.  
25 He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper who had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception.

He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying 5 that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. And so at last I was persuaded to buy them."✓

10

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH: *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

**discreet**, wise, prudent; **prudence**, wisdom; **higgle**, bargain shrewdly with many words; **cocking**, turning up the brim; **deal**, pine; **paltry**, worthless; **shagreen**, a kind of leather.

Tell the story, using the following as topics: why Moses was to go to the fair; dressing for the fair, and the departure; the mother's opinion of Moses; the return; the conversation between the vicar and his wife; Moses' account of the way he was cheated. Which character has the most to say? Which character shows most wisdom? What do you find the most amusing thing in this story?

**Spelling.** — Discreet, prudence, paltry, spectacles, cautioned, undeceived.

**Word Study.** — From what word is **spectacles** derived? What closely related words have you studied?

**Composition.** — Have you ever noticed how a dialogue or a play is printed? If not, turn to page 465 and notice how *Julius Caesar* is arranged. The names of the characters are put at the left of the page, and the speeches are given without introductory words by the author. Arrange in this way the conversation of the vicar, his wife, and Moses, upon Moses' return from the fair.

*Mother.* Welcome, welcome, Moses. Well, my boy, what have you brought us home from the fair?

*Moses.* I have brought myself. (*Puts box on the dresser.*)

*Mother.* Ah, Moses, that we know. But where is the horse? Finish in this manner.

After writing this dialogue, three pupils might be selected to represent the three characters, and the little scene might be acted.

**Grammar: Personal Pronouns.** — **I, you, he, she, it.** You have learned to call these words **pronouns**. What is a pronoun?

Which of the words above name the person who is speaking? Which name the person or persons spoken to? Which denote the persons or things spoken about?

Since these pronouns show by their form whether they indicate the person who is speaking, the person who is spoken to, or the person or thing spoken of, they are called **personal pronouns**. The pronouns denoting the speaker,

I	my	mine	me
we	our	ours	us

are said to be in the **first person**.

The pronouns which denote the person or persons **spoken to** are said to be in the **second person**.

	you	your	yours	
(old form)	thou	thy	thine	thee

The pronouns which denote the persons or things **spoken about** are said to be in the **third person**.

he	his	him
she	her, hers	
it	its	
they	their, theirs	them

Make a list of all the **personal pronouns** you find in *Moses at the Fair*. Place them in three columns, showing whether they denote the speaker, the person or persons spoken to, or the person or thing spoken about, thus: —

I  
FIRST PERSON

II  
SECOND PERSON

III  
THIRD PERSON

## THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells —

Silver bells !

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night !

5

While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

10

To the tintinabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells —

15

Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

20

They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
    Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
    With a desperate desire,

5   And a resolute endeavor  
    Now — now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

    Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
    What a tale their terror tells

10           Of Despair!  
    How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
    What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
    Yet the ear it fully knows,

15    By the twanging,  
    And the clanging,  
    How the danger ebbs and flows;  
    Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
    In the jangling

20    And the wrangling,  
    How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells.  
    Of the bells —

    Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
25           Bells, bells, bells —  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

**crystalline**, pure; **tintinabulation**, tinkling sound; **wells**, flows from; **turbulency**, noisy, disturbed tumult; **expostulation**, reasoning against; **palpitating**, throbbing, beating strongly, as the heart; **clamorous**, calling loudly and repeatedly; **clangor**, sharp, harsh, ringing sound; **appealing**, making earnest request; **affright**, fear.

In this poem, only a part of which is given here, the author was trying to reproduce in verse the music made by various kinds of bells. The meaning of his verses is thus of much less importance than the sound. Do you think the poet has been successful with the sleigh bells and the fire bells? Which is the more effective?

The poet's success in producing the sound of the bells was due in part to his skill in the use of appropriate figurative language, in part to the movement of the verse, and very largely to his **choice of words**.

Which words seem to you to give the sound they describe?

**Spelling.** — Musically, clamorous, endeavor, clangor, appealing, affright.

**Grammar: Number and Gender of Personal Pronouns.** — You have learned that nouns may denote one thing or more than one thing; that they may be **singular** or **plural**. You have probably, in making your list of personal pronouns, noticed the same thing. Some pronouns are singular, while others are plural; thus, the plural form of **I** is **we**.

Consult the list of personal pronouns given on page 274. Arrange them in two columns, one for the singular and one for the plural? Which pronouns have the same form in the plural? Which personal pronoun has the same form in the singular and in the plural?

You will notice that the personal pronouns in the first and second person do not show their gender. You will only be able to tell this by knowing their antecedents. Since they may name either males or females, of what gender are they?

In the third person this is not the case. Which pronoun of the third person is masculine? which feminine? which neuter?

Look at the list of personal pronouns which you made from *Moses at the Fair* (page 274). Which of these are singular? which are plural? which are masculine? which ~~feminine~~ feminine? which neuter?

## 59

## THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

[The Normans, as their name indicates, had come from Norway. They were rough and brave sea-fighters, who took what they wanted wherever they could find it, and they had settled for a while in the northern part of France, which is still called Normandy. Soon they looked with envy on England, then inhabited by the Saxons and ruled over by their own kings. They crossed the channel, and at **Hastings** fought the most famous battle in the history of the race, for the old Saxon kingdom was overthrown in a day. The story is thus beautifully told by Charles Dickens in his *Child's History of England*.]

IN the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called  
5 Senelac, now called Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill. A wood lay behind them, and in their midst was the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones.

10 Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand the dreaded English  
15 battle-ax.





On an opposite hill, in three lines, — archers, foot soldiers, and horsemen, — was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, “God’s Rood! Holy Rood!” The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight’s hand. Another English knight rode out, and he also fell; but then a third rode out and killed the Norman.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again 5 and fell upon them with great slaughter.

“Still,” said Duke William, “there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces.” 10

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. 15

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights now dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold 25 fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without,

sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead — and Harold's banner, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood — and the duke's flag, with three Norman Lions upon it, kept watch  
5 over the field.

— CHARLES DICKENS: *Child's History of England*.

rood, cross; Duke William, leader of the Normans; rallied, recovered their position; adorned, ornamented.

Try to picture the two armies facing each other at dawn before the battle. Perhaps you can draw a simple diagram, showing the position of the two armies. Describe the first coming together of the foes. Tell the story of the tall Norman knight. Which army at first seemed to have the advantage? What stratagem did Duke William employ to gain an advantage? Describe the death of Harold. In what way had he shown his bravery? In what way had Duke William shown his? What contrast do you get in the last paragraph?

**Spelling.** — Rallied, adorned, representing, pursuing, eager.

### Composition

#### *The Battle of Hastings*

- I. Time and place.
- II. Position of armies (a diagram of the battlefield would help to make this clear).
- III. The battle: opening of the fight — the Norman knight — Duke William's stratagem — death of Harold.
- IV. End of the battle: death of Harold — time of day — closing scene.

Study the above outline. Make a similar outline for "The Battle of Bunker Hill," after carefully reading an account of that battle in some good history. If possible, make a small map or draw.

ing, showing the place of battle and position of the armies. You will find that an arrangement of this kind will often assist in your study of history or geography.

## 60

## THE PHOENIX

[This strange tale is inserted that you may catch a glimpse of the wonderful things men believed hundreds of years ago in Europe, when travelers were few and all the marvels they told of distant lands readily accepted.]

In Egypt is the city of Heliopolis, — that is to say, the city of the Sun. In that city there is a temple, made round after the shape of the Temple of Jerusalem. The priests of that temple date all their writings from the birth of the bird that is called Phoenix; and there is none but one in all the world. And he cometh to burn himself upon the altar of that temple at the end of each five hundred years, for so long he liveth. And at the five hundred years' end, the priests prepare their altar for him, and put thereupon spices and sulphur and other things that will burn lightly; and then the bird Phoenix cometh and burneth himself to ashes. And the first day next after, men find in the ashes a worm; and the second day next after, men find a bird live and perfect; and the third day next after, he flieth his way. And there are no more birds of that kind in all the world but it alone, and truly that is a great miracle of God. This bird men see often-

time flying in those countries ; and he is not greater than an eagle. And he hath a crest of feathers upon his head more great than the peacock hath ; and his neck is yellow ; and his beak is colored blue ; and his wings are of a purple color, and his tail is barred with green and yellow and red. And he is a full fair bird to look upon against the sun, for he shineth full gloriously and nobly.

— JOHN MANDEVILLE: *Voyage and Travel*.

Tell the story of the Phœnix. Describe the appearance of this wonderful bird. Have you ever heard the word used ? In what connection ?

**Word Study.** — Study the homonyms given below, and be able to write them in sentences : —

**lade**, to load ; **laid**, put or placed.

**might**, power ; **mite**, anything very small.

**pail**, an open vessel ; **pale**, white.

**throne**, a royal seat ; **thrown**, cast or flung.

**pair**, two things of a kind ; **pare**, to shave off ; **pear**, fruit.

**Grammar: Case.** — You have learned that a noun may be used in different ways in the sentence. Sometimes it is the subject, and then you call it the **subject noun** ; sometimes it is the object of a transitive verb ; then you call it the **object noun**. At other times it denotes possession. Again, it may be used after a preposition, as the principal word in a prepositional phrase ; and there are still other uses which you have not yet learned.

In many languages the different relations which the noun bears to other words in the sentence are indicated by changes in the ending of the word ; thus, a word used as subject of a sentence would have one ending ; when used as an object noun it would have a different ending, and so on. The forms which a noun has to show its relation to other words in the sentence are called its **cases**.

Our language formerly changed the endings of its nouns in this way to show case, but the only change we now make for this purpose is when we wish to make the noun denote possession. As you know, **bell**, to show possession, should be written **bell's**. We still, however, use the word **case** in referring to the different relations of the noun to other parts of the sentence.

A noun denoting possession is said to be in the **possessive case**; used as the subject of the sentence, it is in the **nominative case**; used as the object of a transitive verb, or the principal word in a prepositional phrase, it is in the **objective case**.

In the following sentences, state whether the nouns in heavier type are in the **nominative**, **possessive**, or **objective case**.

The city of **Heliopolis** is in **Egypt**.

The **priests** of the temple sacrificed **animals**.

The **bird's name** is **Phoenix**.

The **priest's sacrifice** is laid on the altar.

They prepare the **altar** for the **Phoenix**.

Write three sentences, one containing a noun in the nominative case, one a noun in the possessive case, and the third a noun in the objective case.

## 61

## PUMPKIN PIE

Ah! On Thanksgiving Day when from east and from  
west

From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his  
board

The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more, **s**  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,

What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: *The Pumpkin*.

**Composition.** — You have spent Thanksgiving with your grandparents at the old homestead in a New England village. Write a letter to a friend who has never kept Thanksgiving in the good old-fashioned way referred to by Whittier. Plan your letter carefully. Who was there? Tell about going to church. Describe the dinner, not forgetting the pumpkin pie.

## 62

## AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

[John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807, in a house which is still standing there, and which was built by his great-great-grandfather, who came to this country in 1638. He spent almost all of his long life in the country, and of all the American poets, he was the one who sang most sweetly about old New England days and about country life. You should read his most famous poem, *Snow-Bound*, and his *Barefoot Boy*.]

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
5 Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
10 Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new !

O gifts with rain and sunshine sent !

The bounty overruns our due.

The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;

We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;

We choose the shadow, but the sun

That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil

The power to make it Eden-fair,

And richer fruits to crown our toil

Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?

Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?

Or sighs for dainties far away,

Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm

Can change a rocky soil to gold, —

That brave and generous lives can warm

A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars wreathed with flowers

And piled with fruits awake again

Thanksgiving for the golden hours,

The early and the latter rain !



**Eden-fair**, fair as paradise; **garnered**, gathered; **bounteous**, plentiful.

What figure in stanza 1? What are the "richer stores"? Why is the word **bloodless** used here? Stanza 2. Who is **our common mother**? To whom is she compared? Ruth was a young woman in Bible history, whose beautiful friendship for her mother-in-law, Naomi, led her after the death of her husband to give up her own country to follow Naomi to hers. She gleaned in the fields of a rich kinsman of Naomi, named Boaz, whom she afterward married. The picture of Ruth gleaning in the harvest field has been a great favorite with poets.

What is the subject of this poem? It is given in the last stanza. From this poem, what one thing have you learned about the poet Whittier? How many accents in each verse here?

**Spelling.** — Garnered, bounteous, altars.

**Word Study.** — Analyze discontent, bloodless, awake, overruns.

## 63

### A PILGRIM'S LETTER

[Edward Winslow was one of the most prominent men in the little band of "Pilgrims" who landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts in 1620, and founded the colony which they called Plymouth. In the following year, he wrote this letter of advice to a friend who was intending to join the colony. The entire letter, of which only a part is given here, will be found, together with many other interesting documents, in Young's *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay*.]

LOVING AND OLD FRIEND:—

You shall understand that, in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-



*Donington*

**PILGRIM EXILES**

houses and four houses for the use of the plantation, and have made preparation for several others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and pease. Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our pease not worth the gathering, for we fear they were too late sown. They came up very well, and blossomed; but the sun parched them in the blossom.

Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men a-fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain and others. And although food is not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty.

We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenant of peace with us, very loving, and ready to pleasure

us. We often go to them and they come to us. We entertain them familiarly in our houses, and they as friendly bestowing their venison on us. They are a people without any religion or knowledge of any God, yet very trusty, quick of understanding, and just. 5

For the temper of the air here, it agreeth well with that in England; and if there be any difference at all, this is somewhat hotter in summer. Some think it to be colder in winter; but I cannot out of experience so say. The air is very clear, and not foggy, as hath been reported. 10 I never in my life remember a more seasonable year than we have here enjoyed; and if we can have kine, horses, and sheep, I make no question but men might live as contented here as in any part of the world. For fish and fowl, we have great abundance. The country wanteth 15 only industrious men to employ; for it would grieve your hearts if, as I, you had seen so many miles together by goodly rivers uninhabited; and consider those parts of the world wherein you live to be even greatly burthened with abundance of people. These things I thought good 20 to let you understand, being the truth of things as near as I could take knowledge of, and that you might on our behalf give God thanks, who hath dealt so favorably with us.

When it pleaseth God that we are settled and fitted for 25 the fishing business and other trading, I doubt not but, by the blessing of God, the gain will give content to all. In

the meantime, that which we have gotten we have sent by this ship; and though it be not much, yet it will witness for us that we have not been idle, considering the smallness of our number all this summer. We hope the merchants will accept of it, and be encouraged to furnish us with things needful for further employment, which will also encourage us to put forth ourselves to the uttermost.

Now because I expect your coming unto us, with other of our friends, whose company we much desire, I thought  
10 good to inform you of a few things needful. Be careful to have on ship a very good bread room to put your biscuits in. Let your cask for beer and water be iron-bound, for the first tire, if not more. Let not your meat be dry-salted; none can better do it than the sailors. Let your  
15 meal be so hard trod in your cask that you shall need an adze or hatchet to work it out with. Trust not too much on us for corn at this time, for by reason of this last company that came, depending wholly upon us, we shall have little enough till harvest. Be careful to have some  
20 of your meal to use by the way; it will much refresh you. Build your cabins as open as you can, and bring good store of clothes and bedding with you. Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece. Let your piece be long in the barrel, and fear not the weight of it, for most of our  
25 shooting is from stands. Bring juice of lemons, and take it fasting; it is of good use. If you bring anything for comfort in the country, butter or salad oil, or both, is

very good. Our Indian corn, even the coarsest, maketh as pleasant meat as rice; therefore do not bring that, unless to use by the way. Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows, with cotton yarn for your lamps. Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot. I forbear further to write for the present, hoping to see you by the next return. So I take my leave, commending you to the Lord for a safe conduct unto us, resting in him,

Your loving friend,

E. W.

*Plymouth, in New England, this 11th of December, 1621.*

How long had the Pilgrims been in Plymouth at the date of this writing? Give an account of the first Puritan Thanksgiving. What did Edward Winslow think of the Indians? What comparison did he make between the climates of New England and England? What advantages had the new country? What were some of the things which he recommended his friend to bring over from England? Which give you some idea of the homes of these early settlers? What general impression of Puritan life in New England do you get from this letter? How do his closing words show the character of these people?

What qualities that a good letter should possess do you find in this? What old-fashioned words or expressions have you noticed? You will notice how little the Colonists understood the climate of the land when Winslow speaks of using **oiled paper** for windows. Why is the turkey eaten at Thanksgiving?

**Spelling.** — Parched, partakers, covenant, venison, industrious, recreations.

**Composition.** — In writing always keep in mind your subject, and do not stray off into something that may be interesting, but which does not bear closely on your main theme.

This does not apply to a letter in which you may wish to inform the person to whom you are writing of a variety of things, all of which may be interesting to him. Even in a letter, however, you should, if possible, finish all you wish to say on one subject before going on to another.

Select any one topic suggested by this letter and write a short composition. Be sure to keep to your subject. If your topic is *The Character of the Pilgrims*, select all the things spoken of in the letter that help to show their character; **reject everything else**. Make an outline before you begin.

## 64

## A PURITAN MAIDEN

[Miles Standish, the brave captain of Plymouth, has sent his young friend, John Alden, to ask for him the hand of the beautiful Puritan maiden, Priscilla, in marriage. Now John Alden himself loved Priscilla, but thought it his duty to do as his friend desired. The following verses of Longfellow give an account of the interview between John and Priscilla. It may interest you to know that Longfellow was himself a descendant of the John Alden who is the hero of this poem.]

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on  
his errand;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over  
pebble and shallow.  
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming  
around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful  
sweetness,

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in  
their slumber.

“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan  
maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !  
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of  
Plymouth,

5

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take  
them ;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither  
and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his  
errand ;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, 10  
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of  
the east-wind ;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a  
meadow ;

Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of  
Priscilla

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan  
anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the  
Psalmist,

15



Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting  
many.

Then as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the  
maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-  
drift

Piled at her knee, her left hand feeding the ravenous  
spindle,

While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel  
5 in its motion.

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel  
and the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the  
threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of  
welcome,

Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in  
the passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spin-  
10 ning."

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him  
had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the  
maiden,

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an  
answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that  
day in the winter,  
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the  
village,  
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encum-  
bered the doorway,  
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,  
and Priscilla  
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the  
fireside,  
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in  
the snow-storm.  
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he  
spoken;  
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had van-  
ished!  
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for  
an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the  
beautiful Springtime, 10  
Talked of their friends at home, and the May-flower that  
sailed on the morrow.  
“I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puritan  
maiden,  
“Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-  
rows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,

And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the

5     ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost

Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and

10     wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do not condemn you ;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain  
15     of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —

Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy ;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,

Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless,

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :

“If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !”

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Had no time for such things : — such things ! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer :

“Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?

That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have  
10        been climbing.

This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last  
15        might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.”

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,  
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;  
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,



How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,  
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;  
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as  
woman's ;

Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-  
strong,

Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable  
always,

Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of  
stature ;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, coura-  
geous ;

Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles  
Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and elo-  
quent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning  
with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for  
yourself, John ? "

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW :

*The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

**Luther**, a great religious reformer ; **ravenous**, furious with hunger ;  
**encumbered**, blocked ; **quailed**, yielded to fear ; **condemn**, to blame ;  
**dexterous**, skillful ; **dilated**, widened ; **eloquent**, fluent and persuasive  
in speech ; **abashed**, confused ; **placable**, ready and willing to forgive ;  
**magnanimous**, noble, unselfish.

In verses 1-15 we have a description of John's journey to the house of Priscilla. Describe the way that he took. What pretty resemblance does he discover in the mayflowers growing among the last year's leaves? Do you know the story to which this refers? In what way does he liken them to Priscilla? What does he mean in verse 11? Notice the three descriptive words in verse 14. Picture the ocean as it looked here. In what way was he first made aware of the presence of Priscilla? Describe what John saw as he opened the door. What figure do you get in the word **ravenous**? How did Priscilla greet him? How did he answer her? What recollection came to him as he spoke?

What feeling does Priscilla show in talking of her old home? What pretty pictures in this stanza? Can you contrast them with the life in New England? Do you get the same idea of early life in Plymouth here that you found in Winslow's letter? In what way does John use Priscilla's speech as an opening for the delivery of his message? What does Priscilla show by her way of receiving the Captain's proposal? Give the arguments advanced by Priscilla; by John. What did this show of the character of John? Notice the changes in Priscilla's feelings as she listens to John. First she is stunned with amazement and sorrow. Then she is angry. How does she feel finally? What idea do you form of John Alden from this poem? Does the verse form remind you of any other poem you have read?

**Spelling.** — Reversed, encumbered, quailed, dilated, eloquent, abashed.

**Synonyms.** — Distinguish between the words **abrupt** and **sudden**; **abashed** and **bashful**; **bluntly** and **plainly**.

**Composition.** — The length of any piece of writing depends upon the purpose for which it is intended. Were you asked, as one question in an examination, who the Pilgrim Fathers were, one paragraph might be considered a sufficiently long answer; whereas, if you were asked to write a composition on the Pilgrim Fathers,



several pages would probably be required. If you were asked to read three or four pages in your history in order to get material for a lesson on the Pilgrim Fathers, you would not be expected to write all you had read, but to be able to condense, — that is, to omit details and select the most important things. In the following exercise you will have practice in condensation. Try to select the important points.

Write in your own words the dialogue between John Alden and Priscilla. Do not try to give the entire conversation, but condense each speech into a line or two. Arrange in dialogue form as you did with *Moses Returns from the Fair*, thus:—

*Priscilla.* Welcome, John. I knew it was you when I heard your step, for I was thinking of you as I sat spinning.

Continue in this way, closing with the words of Priscilla, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Condense each of John's long speeches into a few lines.

## 65

## THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it— ah, but stay,  
5 I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits, —  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five  
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the carth open and gulp her down, 5  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake Day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in the building of chaises, I tell you what, 10  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, — 15  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,") 20  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown :  
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain; 25

'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

- So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
5 Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,  
10 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"  
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em;  
Never an ax had seen their chips,  
15 And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
20 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through." —  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"  
25 Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day ! 5

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —  
“ Hahnsum kerridge ” they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; — 10  
Running as usual ; much the same.

Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.  
Little of all we value here

Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year 15  
Without both looking and feeling queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

(This is a moral that runs at large ;  
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.) 20

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake Day. —  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art 25  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whippetree neither less nor more,  
5 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
10 This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tail, ewe-necked bay.  
“Huddup!” said the parson. — Off went *they*.  
15 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
20 — First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill, —  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
25 — What do you think the parson found  
When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground !  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

5

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**shay**, an old-fashioned country word for "chaise," a two-wheeled carriage; **Georgius Secundus**, George II, King of England; **thills**, shafts; **frizzled**, crinkled or curled up; **thoroughbrace**, leather strap; **local**, in a particular place; **maintain**, hold firmly to an opinion; **tanner**, one whose occupation is to tan hides, or make them into leather; **deacon**, officer in a church; **masterpiece**, best of its kind.

Notice the conversational form of this poem. What do you think is meant by *built in such a logical way*?

Stanza 2 fixes the time at which the *one-hoss shay* was completed. What opinion had Holmes of George II? What comparison does he make to express this? What other historical events are mentioned? Stanza 4 gives the deacon's course of reasoning. Does it seem to you *logical*? What care was taken in building the chaise? In what way does Holmes make us aware of the passing of time? In stanza 7 notice how he makes you know that *fifty-five* is to be an important year. What two things does he mention as always remaining young? Notice his humorous way of saying wise things as if he were half laughing to himself for dropping into serious speech. What indication have we here that the *one-hoss shay* is growing old? What is meant by *nothing local*? *Encore* ("again") is a word generally used in calling for repetition of a song, speech, etc., which has been liked by an audience. Here it means

that, to describe these last-mentioned parts, the author would simply repeat what he has said about all the others.

Describe the end of the old shay. Quote the most humorous lines in this description.

The queer spelling is used by Holmes to give you an idea of the way the country people in New England pronounced their words. When you read this aloud, pronounce the words as they are spelled. Notice how this adds to the humor of the poem.

Note the two closing verses, as if Holmes said, "You can see for yourselves how this is the only way the thing could end." What other poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes have you read? From your reading of these poems can you mention one or two qualities that you think belonged to the author?

**Spelling.** — Chaise, maintain, panel, tanner, deacon, masterpiece.

**Grammar: Case of Personal Pronouns.** — Of what case are nouns used as subjects of sentences? as objects of transitive verbs? as principal words in prepositional phrases? to denote possession? Personal pronouns used as subjects are likewise in the nominative case; as objects of transitive verbs or principal words in prepositional phrases, in the objective case; to denote possession, in the possessive case.

In the following sentences, state the *use* of the personal pronouns; whether as subjects, objects of transitive verbs, principal words in prepositional phrases, or possessive modifiers. In what *case* is each?

The deacon built his chaise. He bought material for it. It ran a hundred years. "I tell you, it must last," said he. It carried him for many years. We saw it often. It is my plan to make it strong. She was a wonder, and nothing less. It was impossible to break her down. Its parts seem equally strong. They saw their parson on the ground. He looked at them in surprise. That was the last of it.

You have learned that nouns do not change their form to denote any case but the possessive.

The **deacon** built the chaise (*nominative*).

The chaise was built by the **deacon** (*objective*).

The fall frightened the **deacon** (*objective*).

The **deacon's** chaise lasted one hundred years (*possessive*).

**He** built the chaise (*nominative*).

The chaise was built by **him** (*objective*).

The fall frightened **him** (*objective*).

**His** chaise lasted one hundred years (*possessive*).

You see that personal pronouns *do* change their form to show their relation to other words in the sentence.

### FIRST PERSON

The following are the case forms for the pronouns of the first person, both singular and plural. You remember that they are all of common gender.

	SINGULAR	PLURAL
<i>Nominative.</i>	I	we
<i>Possessive.</i>	my or mine	our or ours
<i>Objective.</i>	me	us

The possessive **my** is used with the noun; **mine**, when the noun is omitted; thus:—

This is **my** chaise. This chaise is **mine**.

### SECOND PERSON

The following are the case forms for personal pronouns of the second person, both singular and plural. They are all of common gender.

	SINGULAR	PLURAL
<i>Nominative.</i>	you or thou	you, ye
<i>Possessive.</i>	{ your or yours } { thy or thine }	your or yours
<i>Objective.</i>	you, thee	you



**You** makes but one change to denote case. For which case does it change?

The old-fashioned words **thou**, **thy** or **thine**, **thee**, are still used in prayer and in poetry; and by the Friends or Quakers in their familiar conversation and writing.

### THIRD PERSON

You will remember that it is only in the *third person* that the personal pronouns show masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. Of what gender are the pronouns of first and second person?

	SINGULAR			PLURAL
	<i>Masculine</i>	<i>Feminine</i>	<i>Neuter</i>	<i>All Genders</i>
<i>Nominative.</i>	he	she	it	they
<i>Possessive.</i>	his	her or hers	its	their or theirs
<i>Objective.</i>	him	her	it	them

Which of these personal pronouns of the third person show by their form whether they are to be used as *subjects* or *objects*? Of what gender are these? Which is changed only to denote possession? Of what gender is this pronoun?

## 66

### THE MAKING OF A HONEYCOMB

IN order to begin at the beginning of the story, let us suppose that we go into a country garden one fine morning in May when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough of an old apple tree a black object which looks very much like a large plum pudding. On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees clinging to each other

by their legs; each bee with its two fore legs clinging to the two hinder legs of the one above it. In this way as many as twenty thousand bees may be clinging together, and yet they hang so freely that a bee, even from quite the center of the swarm, can disengage herself from her 5 neighbors and pass through to the outside of the cluster whenever she wishes.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or under the roof of a house, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their 10 honeycomb there. But as we do not wish to lose their honey we will bring a hive, and, holding it under the swarm, shake the bough gently so that the bees fall into it, and cling to the sides as we turn it over on a piece of clean linen, on the stand where the hive is to be. 15

And now let us suppose that we are able to watch what is going on in the hive. Before five minutes are over the industrious little insects have begun to disperse and to make arrangements in their new home. A number (perhaps about two thousand) of large, lumbering bees of 20 a darker color than the rest, will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive, and wait for the others to feed them and house them; but these are the drones, or male bees, who never do any work except during one or two days in their whole lives. But the smaller working bees begin to 25 be busy at once. Some fly off in search of honey. Others walk carefully all round the inside of the hive to see if

there are any cracks in it; and if there are, they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum with which they cement the cracks and make them airtight. Others again cluster round one bee blacker than the rest and having a longer body and shorter wings; for this is the queen bee, the mother of the hive, and she must be watched and tended.

But the largest number begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the bough of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while and you will soon see one bee come out from among its companions and settle on the top of the inside of the hive, turning herself round and round, so as to push the other bees back, and to make a space in which she can work. Then she will begin to pick at the under part of her body with her fore legs, and will bring a scale of wax from a curious sort of pocket under her abdomen. Holding this wax in her claws, she will bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws, which move to and fro sideways like a pair of pincers; then, moistening it with her tongue into a kind of paste, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

After that she will take another piece; for she has eight of these little wax pockets, and she will go on till they are all exhausted. Then she will fly away out of the hive, leaving a small wax-lump on the hive ceiling or

on the bar stretched across it; then her place will be taken by another bee, who will go through the same movements. This bee will be followed by another, and another, till a large wall of wax has been built, hanging from the bar of the hive.

5

Meanwhile the bees which have been gathering honey out of doors begin to come back laden. But they cannot store their honey, for there are no cells made yet to put it in; neither can they build combs with the rest, for they have no wax in their wax pockets. So they just hang quietly on the other bees, and there they remain for twenty-four hours, during which time they digest the honey they have gathered, and part of it forms wax and oozes out from the scales under their body. Then they are prepared to join the others and plaster wax on to the hive.

And now, as soon as a rough lump of wax is ready, another set of bees come to do their work. These are called the nursing bees, because they prepare the cells and feed the young ones. One of these bees, standing on the roof of the hive, begins to force her head into the wax, biting with her jaws and moving her head to and fro. Soon she has made the beginning of a round hollow, and then she passes on to make another, while a second bee takes her place and enlarges the first one. As many as twenty bees will be employed in this way, one after another, upon each hole, before it is large enough for the base of a cell.

Meanwhile another set of nursing bees have been working in just the same way on the other side of the wax, and so a series of hollows are made back to back all over the comb. Then the bees form the walls of the cells, 5 and soon a number of six-sided tubes, about half an inch deep, stand all along each side of the comb ready to receive honey or bee eggs.

As soon as one comb is finished, the bees begin another by the side of it, leaving a narrow lane between, 10 just broad enough for two bees to pass back to back as they crawl along, and so the work goes on till the hive is full of combs.

As soon, however, as a length of about five or six inches of the first comb has been made into cells, the 15 bees which are bringing home honey no longer hang to make it into wax, but begin to store it in the cells. We all know where the bees go to fetch their honey, and how, when a bee settles on a flower, she thrusts into it her small tongue-like proboscis, which is really a lengthened 20 underlip, and sucks out the drop of honey. This she swallows, passing it down her throat into a honey-bag or first stomach, and when she gets back into the hive, she can empty this bag and pass the honey back through her mouth again into the honey cells.

25 But, if you watch bees carefully, especially in the springtime, you will find that they carry off something else besides honey. Early in the morning, when the dew

is on the ground, or later in the day, in moist, shady places, you may see a bee rubbing herself against a flower, or biting her bags of yellow dust or pollen. When she has covered herself with pollen, she will brush it off with her feet, and, bringing it to her mouth, she will moisten 5 and roll it into a little ball, and then pass it back from the first pair of legs to the second, and so to the third or hinder pair. Here she will pack it into a little hairy groove called a "basket" in the joint of one of the hind legs, where you may see it, looking like a swelled joint, 10 as she hovers among the flowers. She often fills both hind legs in this way, and when she arrives back at the hive, the nursing bees take the lumps from her, and eat it themselves, or mix it with honey to feed the young bees; or, when they have any to spare, store it away in old honey 15 cells to be used by and by. This is the dark, bitter stuff called "beebread," which you often find in a honeycomb, especially in a comb which has been filled late in the summer.

When the bee has been relieved of the beebread, she 20 goes off to one of the clean cells in the new comb, and, standing on the edge, throws up the honey from the honey-bag into the cell. One cell will hold the contents of many honey-bags, and so the busy little workers have to work all day, filling cell after cell, in which the honey 25 lies uncovered, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food — unless there is any to spare, and

then they close up the cells with wax to keep for the winter.

— ARABELLA BURTON BUCKLEY: *Fairy Land of Science*.

**disengage**, to free from; **disperse**, separate, to go different ways; **pincers**, instruments for holding things fast, or for pulling; **aimlessly**, without any definite purpose; **proboscis**, hollow tube attached to the head of the bee.

**Spelling.**— Disengage, pollen, disperse, pincers, aimlessly, proboscis.

**Word Study.**— Are there any words in this lesson containing familiar prefixes and suffixes? If so, name them.

**Composition.**— Read this account of the making of a honeycomb with pencil and notebook at hand. Write topics for the paragraphs. If the author has made topic sentences, you may write them. Go over it the second time and condense the paragraphs, trying to see what are the most important things in each, thus:—

Paragraph 1.—Topic: Swarm of bees on a tree. **Condensed form.** In May you will sometimes see a swarm of bees hanging from the bough of an apple tree. There are often as many as twenty thousand bees in the swarm, but so loosely do they cling together that any bee in the center can pass through to the outside.

Continue in this way.

## 67

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.



Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall," —  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

5

30



Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
You hardly could suspect —  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came thro')  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.



“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon !  
The marshal's in the market place,  
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed: but presently 6  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes;  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said: 10  
"I'm killed, sire!" and his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

**prone**, turned downward; **oppressive**, heavy; **anon**, presently; **vans**, wings; **compressed**, pressed tightly together; **sheathes**, covers; **film**, thin skin.

Napoleon, a great French general living about one hundred years ago, won most remarkable victories in many parts of Europe and made himself Emperor of the French. He was one of the great generals of the world, and he had a wonderful power of gaining his soldiers' devotion.

This poem relates an incident which occurred during the taking of Ratisbon, a city on the Danube River. Who is telling the story? Try to imagine Napoleon as described here. **Prone brow oppressive** gives the idea of weight, as if his brow were so heavy that he locked his arms behind him to balance it. What may he have feared? Tell the story of the brave boy. What word is used figuratively to describe his speed? What other instances of figurative use of words in stanza 4? What comparison helps you to see in Napoleon one

quality that made his soldiers love him? What do you consider the best thing in this poem? What other poem have you read which tells of a brave soldier boy who was killed in battle? How many accented syllables in each verse? How are the lines rhymed?

**Spelling.** — Compressed, sheathes, bruised, eaglet, sire, mused, film.

**Synonyms.** — Distinguish between *thought* and *mused*; *waver* and *hesitate*.

**Grammar: Case of Pronouns.** — It is a common error to confuse the subject form or nominative case of a personal pronoun with the object form, or objective case; e.g. "This is between you and I (*me*)."  
Which form is correct here? Which use of the pronoun is it?

Fill blanks in the sentences below with correct words. Be sure you know which are subject forms and which are object forms.

1.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{Him} \\ \text{He} \end{array} \right\}$  and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{me} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$  saw a picture of Napoleon.
2.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{She} \\ \text{Her} \end{array} \right\}$  and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$  listened to you and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{he} \end{array} \right\}$  talking.
3. May  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{he} \end{array} \right\}$  and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$  listen to the story?
4. No one will go but  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$ .<sup>1</sup>
5. The thing rests between John and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{me} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ .
6.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{We} \\ \text{Us} \end{array} \right\}$  boys enjoyed the story.
7.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{We} \\ \text{Us} \end{array} \right\}$  girls will learn to recite it.
8. He is a true friend to my sister and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{me} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ .
9. The lesson has been learned by  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{him} \\ \text{he} \end{array} \right\}$  and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$ .

<sup>1</sup> We usually use *but* in such sentences as a preposition, and hence say *me*. It is also sometimes used as a conjunction, — thus, "No one will go but I," the words *will go* after *I* being omitted.

10. { He } and { she } have heard about you and { I }.  
       { Him }       { her }       { me }.
11. She has given permission for { her } and { me } to go.  
       { she }       { I }
12. He helped { she } and { me }.  
       { her }       { I }
13. She taught { he } and { I }.  
       { him }       { me }.

Write sentences: —

- (1) containing *you and I* ;
- (2) containing *you and me* ;
- (3) containing *he and I* ;
- (4) containing *her and me*.

When the verbs *is, am, was, were, be, been, are*, are followed by personal pronouns, use the nominative or subject form, not the objective or object form.

It is *I*, not *me*.<sup>1</sup>

It was *she*, not *her*.

I am *he*, not *him*.

If it were *he*, not *him*.

It may be *he*, not *him*.

It might have been *she*, not *her*.

It was *he*, not *him*.

Fill blanks with personal pronouns.

Who is there ?

It is —

Is that Mary ?

It is —

Is that John ?

It is —

Who is elected ?

Might it have been John ?

It might have been —

Are you the boy ?

I am —

Are you the girl ?

I am —

<sup>1</sup> But the form of words " it is me " is frequently used in familiar conversation, and is by many not considered incorrect under such conditions.

## 68

## JOAN OF ARC

JEANNE D'ARC was the child of a laborer of Domrémy, a little village in the neighborhood of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. Just without the cottage where she was born began the great  
5 woods of the Vosges, where the children of Domrémy drank in poetry and legend from fairy ring and haunted well, hung their flower garlands on the sacred trees, and sang songs to the "good people," who might not drink of the fountain because of their sins. Jeanne loved the  
10 forest; its birds and beasts came lovingly to her at her childish call. But at home men saw nothing in her but "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," spinning and sewing by her mother's side while the other girls went to the fields, tender to the poor and sick, fond of  
15 church, and listening to the church-bell with a dreamy passion of delight which never left her.

The quiet life was soon broken by the storm of war as it at last came home to Domrémy. The war had long since reached the borders of Lorraine. The north of  
20 France, indeed, was being fast reduced to a desert. The husbandmen fled for refuge to the towns, till these in fear of famine shut their gates against them. Then, in their despair, they threw themselves into the woods and became brigands in their turn. So terrible was the devas-



HOME OF JOAN OF ARC AND CHURCH AT DOMRÉMY

tation, that two hostile bodies of troops at one time failed even to find one another in the desolate Beauce. The towns were in hardly better case, for misery and disease killed a hundred thousand people in Paris alone.

- 5 As the outcasts and wounded passed by Domrémy the young peasant girl gave them her bed and nursed them in their sickness. Her whole nature summed itself up in one absorbing passion: she "had pity," to use the phrase forever on her lip, "on the fair realm of France."
- 10 As her passion grew she recalled old prophecies that a maid from the Lorraine border should save the land; she saw visions; Saint Michael appeared to her in a flood of blinding light and bade her go to the help of the King and restore to him his realm. "Messire," answered the
- 15 girl, "I am but a poor maiden; I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead men-at-arms." The archangel returned to give her courage and to tell her of "the pity" that there was in heaven for the fair realm of France. The girl wept and longed that the angels who appeared
- 20 to her would carry her away, but her mission was clear.

It was in vain that her father, when he heard her purpose, swore to drown her ere she should go to the field with men-at-arms. It was in vain that the wise people of the village, the captain of Vaucouleurs, doubted

25 and refused to aid her. "I must go to the King," persisted the peasant girl, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. I had far rather rest and spin by my

mother's side," she pleaded with a touching pathos, "for this is no work of my choosing, but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it." — "And who," they asked, "is your Lord?" — "He is God."

Words such as these touched the rough captain at last; he took Jeanne by the hand and swore to lead her to the King. When she reached Chinon, she found hesitation and doubt. The wise men proved from their books that they ought not to believe her. "There is more in God's book than in yours," Jeanne answered simply. At last Charles received her in the midst of a throng of nobles and soldiers. "Gentle Dauphin," said the girl, "my name is Jeanne the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims, and you shall be lieutenant of the Heavenly King who is the King of France."

Orleans had already been driven by famine to offers of surrender when Jeanne appeared in the French court. Charles had done nothing for its aid but shut himself up at Chinon and weep helplessly. The long series of English victories had in fact so demoralized the French soldiery that a mere detachment of archers under Sir John Fastolfe had repulsed an army, in what was called the "Battle of the Herrings," and conducted the convoy of provisions, to which it owed its name, in triumph into the camp before Orleans. Only three thousand Englishmen



remained there in the trenches after a new withdrawal of their Burgundian allies; but though the town swarmed with men-at-arms, not a single sally had been ventured upon during the six months' siege.

5 The success, however, of the handful of English besiegers depended wholly on the spell of terror which they had cast over France, and the appearance of Jeanne at once broke the spell. The girl was in her eighteenth year, tall, finely formed, with all the vigor and activity of her peasant  
10 rearing, able to stay from dawn to nightfall on horseback without meat or drink. As she mounted her charger, clad in white armor from head to foot, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lys waving over her head, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear. . . ."

15 In the midst of her enthusiasm her good sense never left her. The people crowded round her as she rode along, praying her to work miracles, and bringing crosses and chaplets to be blessed by her touch. "Touch them  
20 yourself," she said to an old Dame Margaret; "your touch will be just as good as mine." But her faith in her mission remained as firm as ever. "The Maid prays and requires you," she wrote to Bedford, "to work no more distraction in France, but to come in her company to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Turk." "I bring  
25 you," she told Dunois when he sallied out of Orleans to meet her, "the best aid ever sent to any one — the aid of the King of Heaven."

The besiegers looked on overawed as she entered Orleans, and, riding round the walls, bade the people look fearlessly on the dreaded forts which surrounded them. Her enthusiasm drove the hesitating generals to engage the handful of besiegers, and the enormous disproportion of forces at once made itself felt. Fort after fort was taken, till only the strongest remained, and then a council of war resolved to adjourn the attack. "You have taken your counsel," replied Jeanne, "and I take mine." Placing herself at the head of the men-at-arms, she ordered the gates to be thrown open, and led them against the fort. Few as they were, the English fought desperately, and the Maid, who had fallen wounded while endeavoring to scale its walls, was borne into a vineyard, while Dunois sounded the retreat. "Wait awhile!" the girl impetuously pleaded; "eat and drink! so soon as my standard touches the wall you shall enter the fort." It touched, and the assailants burst in. On the next day the siege was abandoned, and the force which had conducted it withdrew in good order to the north. 15 20

In the midst of her triumph Jeanne still remained the pure, tender-hearted peasant girl of the Vosges. Her first visit as she entered Orleans was to the great church, and there, as she knelt at mass, she wept in such a passion of devotion that "all the people wept with her." Her tears burst forth afresh at her first sight of bloodshed and of the corpses strewn over the battlefield. She grew fright- 25



**JOAN AT THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS**

**From a painting by J. E. Lenepveu in the Panthéon, Paris**

ened at her first wound, and only threw off the touch of womanly fear when she heard the signal for retreat.

But all thought of herself was lost in the thought of her mission. It was in vain that the French generals strove to remain on the Loire. Jeanne was resolute to complete her task, and, while the English remained panic-stricken around Paris, the army followed her from Gien through Troyes, growing in number as it advanced, till it reached the gates of Rheims. With the coronation of Charles, the Maid felt her errand to be over. "O gentle King, the pleasure of God is done!" she cried, as she flung herself at the feet of Charles the Seventh and asked leave to go home. "Would it were His pleasure," she pleaded with the Archbishop, as he forced her to remain, "that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and my brothers: they would be so glad to see me again."

The policy of the French court detained her while the cities of the north of France opened their gates to the newly consecrated king. Bedford, however, who had been left without money or men, had now received reinforcements, and Charles, after a repulse before the walls of Paris, fell back behind the Loire; while the towns on the Oise submitted again to the Duke of Burgundy. In this later struggle Jeanne fought with her usual bravery, but with the fatal consciousness that her mission was at an end, and during the defense of Compiègne she fell into the power of the Bastard of Vendôme, to be sold by her

## SIXTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

captor into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, and by the Duke into the hands of the English. To the English her triumphs were victories of sorcery, and, after a year's imprisonment, she was brought to trial on a charge of  
5 heresy before an ecclesiastical court with the Bishop of Beauvais at its head.

Throughout the long process which followed, every art was employed to entangle her in her talk. But the simple shrewdness of the peasant girl foiled the efforts of her  
10 judges. "Do you believe," they asked, "that you are in a state of grace?" — "If I am not," she replied, "God will put me in it. If I am, God will keep me in it." Her capture, they argued, showed that God had forsaken her. "Since it has pleased God that I should be taken,"  
15 she answered meekly, "it is for the best." — "Will you submit," they demanded at last, "to the judgment of the Church Militant?" — "I have come to the King of France," Jeanne replied, "by commission from God and from the Church Triumphant above; to that Church I  
20 submit. I had far rather die," she ended passionately, "than renounce what I have done by my Lord's command." They deprived her of mass. "Our Lord can make me hear it without your aid," she said, weeping.  
"Do your voices," asked the judges, "forbid you to submit to the Church and the Pope?" — "Ah, no! Our  
25 Lord first served."

Sick, and deprived of all religious aid, it was no

wonder that as the long trial dragged on and question followed question, Jeanne's firmness wavered. On the charge of sorcery and diabolical possession she still ap-



TOWER OF THE CASTLE IN ROUEN

(Joan of Arc was imprisoned in this castle during her trial.)

pealed firmly to God. "I hold to my Judge," she said, as her earthly judges gave sentence against her, "to the King of Heaven and Earth. God has always been my 5.



JOAN OF ARC

From a painting of the sixteenth century, preserved in the Hotel de Villa, Rouen

Lord in all that I have done. The devil has never had power over me."

It was only with a view to be delivered from the military prison and transferred to the prisons of the Church that she consented to a formal abjuration of

heresy. In the eyes of the Church her dress was a crime, and she abandoned it; but she was forced to resume it as a safeguard, and the return to it was treated as a relapse into heresy which doomed her to death.

A great pile was raised in the market-place of Rouen,<sup>5</sup> where her statue stands now. Even the brutal soldiers who snatched the hated "witch" from the hands of the clergy and hurried her to her doom, were hushed as she reached the stake. One, indeed, passed to her a rough cross he had made from a stick he held, and she clasped <sup>10</sup> it to her bosom. "Oh, Rouen! Rouen!" she was heard to murmur, as her eyes ranged over the city from the lofty scaffold, "I have great fear lest you suffer for my death." "Yes! my voices were of God!" she suddenly cried as the last moment came; "they have never de-<sup>15</sup> ceived me!" Soon the flames reached her, the girl's head sank on her breast, there was one great cry of "Jesus!" — "We are lost," an English soldier muttered as the crowd broke up; "we have burned a saint."

—JOHN RICHARD GREEN: *A Short History of the English People.* ✓ 20

**Dauphin**, title of the heir to the crown of France, who at this time was kept from the throne by his enemies; **coronation**, crowning.

In your last lesson you read about a brave soldier boy; in this you have a true account of a girl who rode to battle and fought as bravely as any man. Joan of Arc died about sixty years before America was discovered. In those days England and France were at war, and there was danger that the Dauphin Charles, who was the real heir to the French throne, would lose all his dominions.



To what mission did Joan of Arc feel herself called? In what way? What did her father think about her? What increased her feeling that she must help the Dauphin? Describe her meeting with the Dauphin. How did she convince him that she was the *Maid of Prophecy*? Picture Joan of Arc at the head of the army. Describe the saving of Orleans. Describe her trial.

**Spelling.** — Coronation, consecrated, devastation, demoralized, distraction, endeavoring, beleaguered, cruelties.

**Punctuation.** — On page 305 you find these marks ( ), which are called parentheses. You will find another example of the use of the parentheses in the same poem. Read the sentences, omitting the words inclosed in the parentheses. Is the sense destroyed?

Parentheses are used to inclose words that give an explanatory remark which can be omitted without destroying the sense of the sentence.

**Composition.** — What other instances can you give of deeds of bravery performed by women? Have you ever heard of Grace Darling? of Ida Lewis? of Florence Nightingale? of Moll Pitcher? Perhaps you *know* some woman who has done a brave thing. Be prepared to give to the class an account of some woman's or girl's brave deed. Plan your story at home, so that you can tell it well. If you wish, you may make a written outline, to which you may refer as you talk.

After the hour, you may decide which character you most admire, and who has told the most interesting story.



69

## SIR PATRICK SPENS

[The author of this famous old Scottish ballad is unknown. It tells the tale of the shipwreck of Sir Patrick Spens and his company of Scottish knights, who, so the legend ran, had been sent to bring to Scotland the princess of Norway.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blood-red wine :  
“ O where will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship of mine ? ”

O up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sate at the king's right knee —  
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a broad letter,  
And sealed it with his hand,

5

10

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.



“To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o’er the foam ;  
The king’s daughter of Noroway,  
’Tis thou must bring her home.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
So loud, loud laughed he;  
The next word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his ee.

“O who is this has done this deed, 5  
And told the king o’ me,  
To send us out, at this time of the year,  
To sail upon the sea ?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 10  
Our ship must sail the foam ;  
The king’s daughter of Noroway,  
’Tis we must fetch her home.”

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,  
With all the speed they may ;  
And they have landed in Noroway 15  
Upon a Wodensday.

They had not been a week, a week,  
In Noroway but twae,  
When that the lords of Noroway  
Began aloud to say : — 20

“Ye Scottishmen spend all our king’s goud,  
And a’ our queenis fee.”

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !  
Full loud I hear ye lie !

SIXTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

“For I hae brought as much white money  
As gane my men and me —  
And I hae brought a half fou o’ good red goud  
Out o’er the sea with me.

5 “Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!  
Our good ship sails the morn.”  
“Now ever alack, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!

10 “I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
With the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
15 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors broke and the topmasts lap,  
It was such a deadly storm;  
And the waves came o’er the broken ship  
20 Till all her sides were torn.

“O where will I get a good sailor,  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast;  
To see if I can spy land?”

"O here am I, a sailor good,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till ye get up to the tall topmast:  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He had not gane a step, a step, 5  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

"Go, fetch a web o' the silken cloth,  
Another o' the twine, 10  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken cloth,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wrapped them round that good ship's side, 15  
But still the sea came in.

O loth, loth, were our good Scotch lords  
To wet their cork-heeled shoon!  
But lang ere a' the play was play'd  
They wet their hats aboon. 20

And many was the featherbed  
That floated on the faem,  
And many was the good lord's son  
That never more came hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white —  
The maidens tore their hair ;  
All for the sake of their true loves —  
For them they'll see no mair.

5     O long, long may the ladies sit,  
     With their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
     Come sailing to the strand !

10     And long, long may the maidens sit,  
     Wi' the goud combs in their hair,  
All waiting for their own dear loves —  
     For them they'll see no mair.

15     O forty miles off Aberdeen,  
     'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,  
     With the Scotch lords at his feet.



In the sixth line, and elsewhere, **who** is omitted.

**skely**, skillful; **eldern**, old; **sate**, sat; **broad letter**, commission; **queen's fee**, queen's property; **gane**, suffice; **fou**, bushel; **lift**, air; **gurlly**, stormy; **lap**, sprang; **bolt**, plank; **twine**, coarse cloth; **wap**, wrap, bind; **loth**, unwilling; **shoon**, shoes; **aboorn**, above.

Notice the quaint, old-fashioned words, many of which are Scotch. The ballad plunges into the story at once. Tell the story in prose, to make sure that you understand it. What opinion do you form of Sir Patrick from stanzas 2, 7, 10, 11, 12? Explain stanza 13. In what ways are we told that the ship was lost? What other ballads have you read with this verse and stanza? Quote any four lines that seem to you pathetic.

## 70

## AMONG THE SHOALS

[In this selection from Cooper's great novel, *The Pilot*, an American frigate, during the Revolutionary War, finds herself in a dangerous position on the English coast. She is saved by an unknown and mysterious person who happens to be on board, and who is afterward revealed as the famous Admiral Paul Jones, the most brilliant and daring naval officer of his time, who had been brought up on this part of the coast. Another great novel by Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans*, dealing with the trappers and Indians in the old days of the French and Indian Wars, you will be interested in reading. You will also enjoy his sea stories, *The Red Rover*, *The Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing*.]

It was apparent to all that were in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was



covered with foam and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger and encouraging them to do their duty. The vessel was yielded  
5 entirely to his management; and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for the sound of his voice.

The ship was changing her course in one of those tacks  
10 that she had made so often at dangerous places, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to oversee the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves  
15 well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The old seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this terrifying news, and, calling to his first lieutenant, asked of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

20 "See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking at times in the ocean. Now observe the hummock a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon; 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open  
25 from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head as he replied : " There is no more tacking to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course ; and if we can pass the Devil's Grip, we clear their outermost point."

" If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed 5 Griffith, " we should have done well."

" Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. " Gentlemen, we must be prompt ; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the 10 wind ; we want both jib and mainsail."

" 'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest ! " observed the doubtful captain.

" It must be done," returned the stranger, calmly ; " we perish without it. See ! the light already touches the 15 edge of the hummock ; the sea casts us toward the shore ! "

" It shall be done ! " cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were obeyed almost as 20 soon as given ; and the enormous folds of the mainsail were turned loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful ; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail shook the ship to her center ; but gradually the canvas was filled and was drawn down to its usual 25 place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force and bowed before it like

a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the daring action was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! Observe;" he said, "the light opens  
5 from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it  
10 was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the boltropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light canvas; but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the  
15 lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning stopped all speech, and the hardy mari-  
20 ners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be  
25 tossing madly about. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to

the eye amid the confusion. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steering of the ship. No noise proceeded 5 from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers in dead silence.

Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they sup- 10 posed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them to check their joy. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, 15 with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard crying, "Square away the 20 yards! in mainsail!"

A general shout from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds 25 driving in the heavens, before the gallant vessel was free from peril, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about them like men awaking from a dream, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said, "You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal."

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: *The Pilot*.

**yards**, timbers that cross the masts and support square sails; **tacks**, changes of direction; **frigate**, man-of-war; **leadsman**, he who drops the lead to find the depth of the sea; **chains**, the anchor chains at the bow, where the lead is cast; **jib**, triangular sail between the foremast and bowsprit; **leeward**, the direction in which the wind blows; **luff**, turn the bow of a ship toward the wind.

Explain the dangerous position of the vessel. In what way was the vessel saved? What feeling did the unknown pilot produce in the sailors and officers of the frigate? In what way did he do this? What qualities did he show? Picture the scene as the gallant vessel passed in safety beyond the shoals. Notice throughout how the author makes us feel that the ship is almost a thing of life. Quote lines that give you this feeling. Point out what seem to you the two finest things in this story.

**Spelling.** — Guidance, superintend, horizon, discourse, gambools, government.

**Grammar: Compound Personal Pronouns.** — The personal pronouns that you have learned are all simple in form. By adding **self** or **selves** to the pronouns **my**, **our**, **your**, **him**, **her**, **it**, and **them**, the **compound personal pronouns** are formed. Make a list of them.

In the following sentences underline all the compound personal pronouns: —

1. The American frigate found herself in a dangerous position.
2. The commander himself superintended the leadsmen.
3. The pilot would trust no one at the helm but himself.
4. Trust yourself in my hands.
5. The crew trusted themselves to the skill of the pilot.
6. The sail tore itself from the mast.
7. We ourselves could have done nothing.
8. I myself will give the orders.
9. They feared for themselves.

By looking carefully at these sentences, you will notice that the compound personal pronouns are used in two different ways.

1. They are used for emphasis, and could be omitted without destroying the sense, as in sentence 2. Find other examples of this use in above sentences.

2. They represent the person or thing as acted upon by itself, as in sentence 5. Find other examples of this use.

In this second use the compound personal pronoun is either the object following the verb, as in sentence 6, or the **principal word** in a prepositional phrase, as in sentence 9.

Name the person, number, gender, and use of each compound personal pronoun in the sentences given above.

The following will show you the compound personal pronouns in the three numbers:—

	SINGULAR	PLURAL
First person	myself	ourselves
Second person	{ thyself yourself	yourselves
Third person	{ himself herself itself	themselves

## 71

## THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN

[Whittier based his poem on an old New England legend, which grew up in the days when the early emigrants at times almost believed the Indians to be in league with Satan.]

WHERE the seawaves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,  
The garrison house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;  
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward  
5 looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast line, white with breakers stretching north, —  
Wood and rock and gleaming sand drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree  
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,  
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their  
10 hands;

On the roughhewn oaken table the venison haunch was  
shared,  
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard  
to beard.



Long they sat and talked together,—talked of wizards  
Satan-sold;  
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and wonders  
manifold;  
Of the specter ship of Salem, with the dead men in her  
shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning  
clouds.



But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,  
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil  
    near;  
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;  
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mold of mortals  
    run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp locks, from the mid-  
5      night wood they came,  
Thrice, around the blockhouse marching, met unharmed  
    its volleyed flame;  
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or  
    lost in air,  
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands  
    lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky  
    mass that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching  
10      in the moon.

"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the  
    Evil One!"

And he rammed a silver button from his doublet down  
    his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall  
    about;  
Once again the leveled muskets through the palisades  
    flashed out,

With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree top might  
not shun,  
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to  
the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless snowder  
of lead.

With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;  
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay, &  
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly  
down the bay!

“God preserve us!” said the captain; “never mortal foes  
were there;

They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power  
of the air!

Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught  
avail;

They who do the Devil’s service wear their master’s coat  
of mail!”

10

So the night grew near to cockcrow, when again a warn-  
ing call

Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the  
dusky hall;

And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for  
break of day,

But the captain closed his Bible: “Let us cease from man,  
and pray!”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers  
seemed near,  
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in  
holy fear.  
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed  
and bare,  
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones, as the captain  
led in prayer.  
Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the specters round  
the wall,  
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and  
hearts of all,—  
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after  
mortal man  
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the blockhouse  
of Cape Ann.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

**garrison house**, fort; **palisade**, fence formed of stakes set close together as a means of defense; **haunch**, leg; **manifold**, many and various; **derision**, mockery, contempt; **prowess**, bravery, fearlessness; **abhorred**, scorned; **doublet**, coat. If there are any other words with which you are not familiar, try to guess what they must mean from the sense of the poem.

At what time were the events of this story supposed to have happened? At what place? Stanzas 1 and 2 give an accurate description of the scene outside the fort. What figurative language makes the picture vivid? Why does the word **watching** seem a good one here? You have probably heard of rich ornaments **overlaid** with gold or silver. Can you point out the figure in the use of the word

in stanza 1? Picture the lonely sentry; imagine his feelings. Notice how many things are described in this small space. What peculiarity of trees growing near the seashore has Whittier noted here? Whittier has made for us a picture that an artist might paint. What words might you use to describe such a scene? In stanza 3, the scene changes. What have we here described? For what are the soldiers waiting? Of what are they talking? Describe the spectral host. At what "witching hour" does it appear? Describe the soldiers' unsuccessful attempt to destroy it. At what hour were they again called? Who do you suppose called them? What figure is here used to describe the courage and fear of God which characterized these early New Englanders? In what way did they finally succeed in driving away the spectral host?

**Spelling.** — Manifold, chimney, derision, prowess, abhorred, doublet.

**Word Study.** — Explain the word *spectral*. What other words have you studied which are derived from the Latin *spectrum*?

**Composition.** — Write the story of the Garrison of Cape Ann. Condense the account given by Whittier until your story does not occupy more than two pages. Ask yourself these questions:—

(1) What can I omit without spoiling the story?

(2) What things *must* be told?

Use the following topics and write a paragraph for each:—

1. The watching: (a) why? (b) what the watchers were doing.

2. The first appearance of the spectral host: (a) describe it; (b) the attempt to destroy it; (c) the failure.

3. Second appearance of the spectral host: (a) the successful attempt to defeat it.

## 72

## DOUBTING CASTLE

[The following is from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the famous books of the world. It is an allegory, — that is, there is a meaning hidden in each event narrated, and each character stands for something. The hero, Christian, as his name implies, represents a human being trying to live as a Christian should, so that he may at last reach heaven. The names given to the places and persons will help you to understand the meaning hidden in the story.]

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

10 Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by tramping in and lying on my grounds, and, therefore, you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in

15 fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light,

or any to ask how they did ; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and far from friends and acquaintances. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his advice that they were brought into this distress.

5

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. She asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of offense. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, so that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to mourn under their distress. All that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

20

The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore

25

with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. 5 "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

Well, toward evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive; but, 10 what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse 15 with them than if they had never been born.

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all 20 hardship than to make away with themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already put to death, and make them believe that, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, 25 as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them,

as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I saw fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do to you. Go, get you down to your den again;" and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their talk about their 10 prisoners, and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of 15 which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will, therefore, search them in the morning."

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this excited speech: "What a 20 fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." "Then," said Hopeful, "that is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, & and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began



to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; that lock went hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were beyond the place over which he had control.

— JOHN BUNYAN: *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

**trespassed**, entered on another's land without permission; **diffidence**, distrust of one's self; **lamentations**, loud cries of sorrow; **sturdy**, stout, strong.

How did Christian and Hopeful happen to fall into the clutches of Giant Despair? Whose fault was it? While in Doubting Castle how were they ill treated? At whose advice? What means did the giant and his wife take to try to persuade the prisoners to kill themselves? In what way did they finally make their escape? What is meant by **despair**? by **diffidence**? Do you see why one was married to the other? **Doubting** here means distrusting God. When a man loses faith in God, he often despairs. You remember that it was sleeping near Doubting Castle that caused Christian to be captured by Giant Despair. Can you explain the meaning hidden here? What do you think is meant by the **Key of Promise**?

**Spelling.** — Trespassed, dungeon, diffidence, lamentations, sturdy, rogues.

You may notice some use of words that seem to you strange or old-fashioned. In paragraph 2 substitute words for **in evil case**. Note the use of **grievous** in paragraph 4. You can see for yourself what it means here. Mention other instances of this kind which you notice.

**Grammar: Interrogative Pronouns.** — As you know, when you make questions, you frequently use the words **who**, **which**, or **what**.

**Who** was with Christian? Hopeful.

**Which** was to blame? Christian.

**What** did Christian forget? The key.

By answering the questions in this way, you will see that **who**, **which**, and **what** denote the person or thing inquired about. The pronouns **who**, **which**, and **what**, when used in asking questions, are called **interrogative pronouns**.

**Who** refers to **persons**.

**Which** refers to either **persons** or **things**.

**What** refers to **things**.

The interrogative pronoun **which** is used when the answer given expresses a choice among persons or things; as, **Which** of the two men was the braver?

The interrogative pronouns **which** and **what** do not change their form to show their use in the sentence, but **who** does. Give the three forms of **who**.

**Whose** was it? It was the **giant's**. He injured **whom**?

In what case is **whose**? In what way is **whom** used in the last sentence? In what case?

The interrogative pronouns may be used either in direct questions, such as those given in the first paragraph of this lesson, or in **indirect** questions, which are generally introduced by such expressions as **I asked**.

The giant asked which they would do.

His wife asked who was the stronger.

He asked what to do with them.

In asking a question it is often possible to do it in two different ways, thus:—

1. Which was to blame?
2. Which man was to blame?

You will see at once the difference in use of the word **which** in sentences 1 and 2. You have learned that we classify words as parts of speech according to their use in the sentence, and that a word may be one part of speech in one sentence, and a different one in another.

In sentence 1, **which** takes the place of a noun as subject of the sentence, and is a **pronoun**. In sentence 2, it modifies the subject, and is an **adjective modifier**.

In the following sentences, state which are interrogative pronouns and which are adjective modifiers:—

Who is the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*? What does the Giant represent? Which thought of the key of promise? What wrong had they done? Which road did they take? What did they forget? Who followed them? Which gate did they open? He asked what was the trouble. Christian asked what could be done. The Giant asked which death they would die.

Which are direct questions? Which indirect? Make a rule for the punctuation of direct and indirect questions.

Write sentences containing **who**, **whose**, **whom**, **which**, and **what** used as interrogative pronouns. Be careful not to use them here as adjective modifiers.

**Grammar: Case of Interrogative Pronoun.**—In using the interrogative pronoun **who**, do not confuse the **nominative case** with the **objective case**. Do not write "Of **who** are you talking?" but "Of **whom** are you talking?" Can you explain why? Not "**Who** did the author mean?" but "**Whom** did the author mean?"

Fill each blank in the following sentences with one of the two words given, and state your reason for selecting it:—

1. <sup>Who</sup>  
Whom do the spangled heavens proclaim ?
2. The stars tell the story of <sup>who</sup>  
whom ?
3. By <sup>who</sup>  
whom was this poem written ?
4. <sup>Who</sup>  
Whom does the psalmist worship ?
5. With <sup>who</sup>  
whom did he wish to live ?

Write sentences using the interrogative pronoun **who** correctly, and showing the nominative, possessive, and objective cases.

## 73

## THE SUN

How far away from us do you think the sun is ? On a fine summer's day, when we can see him clearly, it looks as if we had only to get into a balloon and reach him as he sits in the sky, and yet we know roughly that he is more than ninety-one millions of miles distant from 5 our earth.

These figures are so enormous that you cannot really grasp them. But imagine yourself in an express train, traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour and never stopping. At that rate, if you wished to arrive at the sun 10 to-day, you would have been obliged to start one hundred and seventy-one years ago.

And when you arrived there, how large do you think you would find him to be? Our world itself is a very large place, and an express train would take nearly a month to travel round it. Yet even our whole globe is  
5 nothing in size compared to the sun, for it only measures eight thousand miles across, while the sun measures more than eight hundred and fifty-two thousand.

Imagine for a moment that you could cut the sun and the earth each in half as you would cut an apple. If  
10 then you were to lay the flat side of the half-earth on the flat side of the half-sun, it would take one hundred and six such earths to stretch across the face of the sun.

One of the best ways to form an idea of the whole size of the sun is to imagine it to be hollow, like an air ball,  
15 and then see how many earths it would take to fill it. You would hardly believe that it would take one million, three hundred and thirty-one thousand globes the size of our world squeezed together. Just think, if a huge giant could travel all over the universe and gather worlds, all as  
20 big as ours, and were to make first a heap of merely ten such worlds, how huge it would be! Then he must have a hundred such heaps of ten to make a thousand worlds; and then he must collect again a *thousand times that thousand to make a million*, and when he had stuffed them  
25 all into the sun ball, he would still have only filled three quarters of it!

After hearing this you will not be astonished that such

a monster should give out an enormous quantity of light and heat,—so enormous that it is almost impossible to form any idea of it. Sir John Herschel has, indeed, tried to picture it for us. He found that a ball of lime with a flame playing round it (such as we use in magic lanterns) 5 becomes so violently hot that it gives the most brilliant artificial light we can get,—such that you cannot put your eye near it without injury. Yet if you wanted to have a light as strong as that of our sun, it would not be enough to make such a lime ball as big as the sun is. No, 10 you must make it as big as one hundred and forty-six suns, or more than one hundred and forty-six million times as big as our earth, in order to get the right amount of light. Then you would have a tolerably good artificial sun; for we know that the body of the sun gives out an 15 intense white light, just as the lime ball does, and that, like it, it has an atmosphere of glowing gases round it.

But perhaps we get the best idea of the mighty heat and light of the sun by remembering how few of the rays which dart out on all sides from this fiery ball can reach 20 our tiny globe, and yet how powerful they are. Look at the globe of a lamp in the middle of the room, and see how its light pours out on all sides and into every corner; then take a grain of seed, which will very well represent the size of our earth, and hold it up at a distance from the 25 lamp. How very few of all those rays which are filling the room fall on the little seed, and just so few does our

earth catch of the rays which dart out from the sun. And yet this small quantity (one two-thousand-millionth part of the whole) does nearly all of the work of our world.

— ARABELLA BURTON BUCKLEY: *Fairy Land of Science*.

**universe**, all created things, all heavenly bodies; **artificial**, not found in nature, produced by man.

You will notice that the author has tried to make clear some things that would be very hard for you to realize, by leading you to compare them with other things that you know very well. Which of these comparisons has helped you most to realize the distance of the sun? the size? the heat?

**Spelling.** — Universe, artificial, comparative, millionth, balloon.

**Grammar: Conjunctive or Relative Pronouns.** — I. **Who**, **which**, and **what** are not always used to ask questions, *e.g.*, "Giant Despair had a wife, **who** was named Diffidence." This sentence might have been written thus: "Giant Despair had a wife, **and** she was named Diffidence." **And** is a conjunction, and **who** is used in a similar way in the first form of the sentence given. But **and** simply connects, while **who** refers to **wife**, and is therefore a pronoun. Since this pronoun acts as a conjunction, it is called a **conjunctive** pronoun.

There are four conjunctive pronouns: **who**, **which**, **what**, and **that**. The noun to which the conjunctive pronoun refers is called its **antecedent**. As conjunctive pronouns always refer (or **relate**) to antecedents, they are also called **relative** pronouns.

**Who** changes its form according to its use in the sentence. For example: —

Giant Despair had a wife **who** (subject form) was named Diffidence.

Columbus, **whose** (possessive form) name you have often heard, discovered America.

Columbus, of **whom** (object form) you have often heard, discovered America.

The sailor **whom** (object form) Columbus praised had been obedient.

**Who**, **whose**, and **whom** refer to persons, or to animals, only rarely to things; **which** and **that** refer to animals or things; **what** refers to things. **What** is unlike the other conjunctive pronouns in not having its antecedent expressed. It is equivalent to **that which**. For example, "Columbus was pleased with **what** he saw" means "Columbus was pleased with **that which** he saw."

II. In the following sentences select the conjunctive and interrogative pronouns. Give the antecedent, and state the case, of each conjunctive pronoun.

1. Columbus, who was richly attired in scarlet, entered the boat.
2. The natives, whose astonishment was great, looked in wonder at the strange sight.
3. The admiral, of whom you have been told, was now honored by all.
4. The atmosphere, which was pure and mild, delighted the Spaniards.
5. The boat that led the way was the Admiral's.
6. The disobedient sailors, whom Columbus had forgiven, now begged favors of him.
7. Columbus was pleased with what he saw.
8. Who landed first?
9. What did he carry?
10. Of whom were the Indians afraid?
11. Which deserved the honor?
12. Whose was it?

III. In your study of the interrogative pronoun **who** (page 362) you were warned not to confuse the nominative with the objective case. You are apt to make a similar mistake in making sentences containing the conjunctive or relative pronoun **who**.

In the following sentences fill the blanks with proper words, and explain your choice:—

1. Columbus aided the people — he found on the island.
2. This is he of — I spoke.
3. Columbus wanted a man — he could trust.
4. Was it you — first saw land?
5. This was he in — she believed.

IV. There is another mistake which you must avoid. Do not express an antecedent for **what**.

Correct the following:—

1. The people what lived here have moved.
2. John told me



the news what he heard. 3. You must tell me all the things what you hear. 4. I have given away the book what I owned.

V. Write five sentences, using correctly the conjunctive pronoun **what**.

VI. Fill the blanks with suitable pronouns and name the antecedent of each:—

Those — accompanied Columbus were Spaniards. He is one of — you have heard. A man, — name was Columbus, discovered America. He knew — he hoped to find. The birds — flew over the ship encouraged him. The branches — floated in the sea were regarded as a sign of land. The Indian — first saw the ship gave the alarm.

VII. Write sentences using correctly the conjunctive pronouns, **who, whose, whom, which, that, what**.

## 74

## PSALM XIX

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God ;  
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2. Day unto day uttereth speech,  
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3. There is no speech nor language ;  
Their voice cannot be heard.
4. Their line is gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world.  
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,  
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven,  
And his circuit unto the ends of it :  
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7. The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul :  
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.
8. The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart :  
The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.
9. The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever :  
The judgments of the LORD are true, *and* righteous altogether.
10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold :  
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned :  
In keeping of them there is great reward.
12. Who can discern his errors ?  
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ;  
Let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be perfect,  
And I shall be clear from great transgression.
14. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,  
O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

— THE BIBLE.

**firmament**, the great expanse over our heads in which are placed the atmosphere and clouds, and in which the stars appear to be placed and are really seen; **sheweth**, showeth; **handywork**, handiwork, the work of the hands; **circuit**, place over which he travels, his journey; **moreover**, besides; **presumptuous**, intentional; **dominion**, control; **meditation**, serious thoughts; **discern**, discover; **enlightening**, making light or clear.

One of the greatest characters in Bible history is David, one of the early kings of the Jewish race. He was not only a great king and a great warrior, but a poet and a musician, and wrote many psalms or sacred songs, of which this is one of the most beautiful. It was written to be sung in the tabernacle at Jerusalem.

In your reading of *The Sun* you must have felt how wonderful a world God has created. In this psalm David is expressing his wonder and admiration at the power of the creator. Notice the great use of figurative language. Stanza 1. In what way do the heavens declare the glory of God? How does the firmament show his handiwork? Stanza 2. What works of God speak of Him from day to day? What knowledge of Him can you get at night? Stanza 3. Explain this. Stanza 4 repeats the thought of stanza 3. In them refers back to **the heavens** and **the firmament**. The heavenly body which seems to us the greatest is the sun. David has expressed this figuratively by imagining a special place of honor—a tabernacle—for the sun. Stanza 5. To what two things is the sun compared? Stanza 6. Is there any part of the earth that does not at one time or another receive light and heat from the sun?

In the preceding stanzas we are made to feel the greatness of the sun in a poetical way, largely by the use of figures. What was the psalmist's object in leading us to feel this? There is now a change in subject, but you can see why David makes this change. The heavenly bodies move in obedience to laws; so should man act, for he sees by the works of nature how perfect God's laws are. In stanzas 7, 8, 9, find different names applied to the law of God. What are they? To what desirable things is the law of the Lord compared? Stanza 11. David here applies this all to himself. By

what name does he speak of himself? Stanza 12. Another change. He fears he will not discern or see his own sins, so he closes with a prayer. What kind of sin does he fear in stanza 12? in stanza 13? Notice the contrast. The prayer closes with praise to God, as it began. What figure do you see in the word *rock*? Why is it applied to God?

In Hebrew poetry the lines do not rhyme, but the two or three parts of each stanza are usually so arranged that they contain similar thoughts expressed in a similar way.

**Spelling.** — Firmament, tabernacle, discern, enlightening, dominion, honeycomb.

**Word Study.** — Analyze *rejoiceth*. Notice the use of the prefix *en* in *enlightening*. This prefix has several meanings. Here it means *to make*. Place it before *dear*, *danger*, *act*, *camp*. Analyze each word you thus form.

**Composition.** — Write Psalm xix from memory. Compare what you have written with the book, and indicate your mistakes in spelling, punctuation, etc., by symbols on the margin of your paper. Then close your books and rewrite, correcting all mistakes.

## 75

## THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim:  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,

And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
5 And, nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

10 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found :  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
15 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

**ethereal sky**, higher regions beyond the earth; **prevail**, gain the advantage; **terrestrial**, pertaining to the earth; **orbs**, round bodies, globes; **original**, first, here referring to God as the beginning of all things.

Since you have read Psalm xix, you will readily understand this poem, which Addison wrote after reading the psalm. Compare stanza 1 with stanzas 1-3 of the psalm. Express simply the thoughts you find there. Point out examples of figurative lan-

guage in this stanza. Stanza 2. What beautiful picture do you get here? What figure in the word **prevail**? Stanza 3. What contrast does the poet make here? Quote a line that expresses the theme of the poem.

Notice the rhyme and the accents. Do you think this poem could be easily sung?

**Spelling.**—Creator, spangled, terrestrial, radiant, confirm, original.

**Word Study.**—What poetic words do you notice in this poem; that is, what words that we should not be apt to use in our ordinary speech?

**Grammar:** *Demonstrative Adjectives and Demonstrative Pronouns.* —

1. This book is for you.

What is the subject of this sentence? By what word is it modified? What part of speech is **book**? What part of speech is **this**?

2. That book is for you.

What is the subject of this sentence? By what word is it modified? Suppose yourself the speaker. Which book is nearer to you, the one pointed out by **this**, or the one pointed out by **that**? If you wanted to point out two or more books near by, what word would you use? What word to point out two or more books farther away? These four words, **this**, **that**, **these**, and **those**, are, when modifying nouns, called **demonstrative adjectives**. They may also be used in another way:—

1. This is for you. 2. That is for you. 3. These are for you.  
4. Those are for you.

Name the subject of each of these sentences. In place of what word is each used? Then what part of speech is each?

Since they are used in place of nouns, they are pronouns; and as they point out the persons or things to which they refer, they are called **demonstrative pronouns**. Which two point out objects near by? Which two point out objects farther away? When are **this**, **that**,

**these**, and **those** demonstrative pronouns? When are they demonstrative adjectives?

In the following sentences, which are demonstrative pronouns? Which are demonstrative adjectives? Tell in each case whether they refer to things near by or farther away.

"This land belongs to Spain," said Columbus. These are all mine. That is the island upon which he landed. Those are Indians; **these** are Spaniards. Those people have fled into the woods. **This is** what I looked for. That flag belongs to Spain. These ships **must** sail on.

## 76

## TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

5       Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

10       Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

5



And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

10

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

15



He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

**whither**, to what place; **abyss**, deep, immeasurable space; **illimitable**, vast, boundless.

What lines in stanzas 1 and 2 give you the time of day? What picture do you get in these stanzas? What is meant in stanza 2? What question is asked by the poet? How many pictures do you get in stanza 3? Stanza 4 gives the thought that comes to the poet as he watches the bird. How does he explain its **certain flight**? Stanzas 5 and 6. Explain the use of the word **welcome**. Describe the picture in stanza 6. Stanzas 7 and 8 give the lesson the poet has learned. What is it? Explain **abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form**. Which figure in this poem do you like best? What do you think is the principal interest in the poem; that is, why did Bryant write it? The verse here is different from any you have had. Notice the arrangement. Commit the poem to memory.

**Spelling.** — Plashy, atmosphere, abyss, illimitable, whither, crimson.

**Word Study.** — Analyze **pathless**, **boundless**, **aright**, **depart**. . \*

**Composition.** — Use the following for your topic sentence and write one paragraph: —

A solitary waterfowl, far up in the evening sky, journeying toward its distant home, gave to William Cullen Bryant this beautiful thought.

## SAINT PETER'S

I PASSED the obelisk, went up the long ascent, crossed the portico, pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain at the entrance, and stood in the great nave. I need not describe my feelings at the sight, but I will give the



dimensions, and the reader may then fancy what they were. Before me was a marble plain six hundred feet long and four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and in the center of the cross

there were four hundred feet of air between me and the top of the dome! The sunbeam, stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept, made a bar of light on the blue air, hazy with incense, one tenth of a mile long, before it fell on the mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola alone, including lantern and cross, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty-five feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, and the four immense pillars on which it rests are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference! It seems as if human art had outdone itself in producing this temple — the grandest which the world ever erected for the worship of the Living God! The awe I felt in looking up at the colossal arch of marble and gold did not humble me; on the contrary, I felt exalted, ennobled. Beings in the form I wore planned the glorious edifice, and it seemed that in godlike power and perseverance, they were indeed but a little lower than the angels. I felt that, if fallen, my race was still mighty and immortal.

—BAYARD TAYLOR: *Views Afoot*.

**nave**, middle or main body of church; **transept**, the part of the church which crosses at right angles to its greater length; **mosaics**, decorations made by inlaying small bits of glass, stone, or other material; **shrines**, places for worship, often containing the statue of some saint; **cupola**, rounded roof.

Saint Peter's cathedral, in Rome, is the largest church in the world. What impresses you most in reading this description?

What effect did the wonderful sight have upon the author? In writing this description did the author keep his point of view?

**Spelling.** — Cupola, mosaics, pillars, extremity, shrines, ennobled.

**Composition.** — Do you remember the derivation of the word *colossal*? Write an explanation of the word *colossal*, and state whether you think it is a suitable word to use in speaking of this great arch.

**Grammar: Adjective Pronouns.** — Many other words, besides the demonstratives *this* and *that*, *these* and *those*, are used sometimes as pronouns, sometimes as adjectives. When such words are used as pronouns, we shall call them *adjective pronouns*; when they are used as modifiers of nouns, we shall call them *adjectives*.

The chief adjective pronouns are *former*, *latter*, *each*, *either*, *neither*, *other*, *another*, *any*, *all*, *some*.

In the following sentences, state whether the italicized words are adjective pronouns or adjective modifiers: —

*Some* were given little trinkets. They looked for gold but did not at first see *any*. They felt that the *latter* days were better than the *former*. *Each* tried to outdo the *other*. *All* crowded around the Indians. *Much* time was given to exploration. *Few* villages were seen. Columbus received the *most*. *More* and *more* gathered around the ships. *Neither* was seen as he slipped away.

Write sentences containing five adjective pronouns, and five more in which the same words are used as adjective modifiers.

**Grammar: Pronouns (summary).** — *Pronouns* are words used instead of nouns; they refer to a person or thing without naming him or it.

The *antecedent* is the word or group of words to which a pronoun refers.

A *personal* pronoun is one that shows by its form whether it denotes the speaker, the person spoken to, or the person or thing spoken of.

An *interrogative* pronoun is one used in asking a question.

A **conjunctive** or relative pronoun is one that is used both as a conjunction and as a pronoun.

A **demonstrative** pronoun points out definitely the person or thing to which it refers.

An **adjective** pronoun is one which is sometimes used as an adjective.

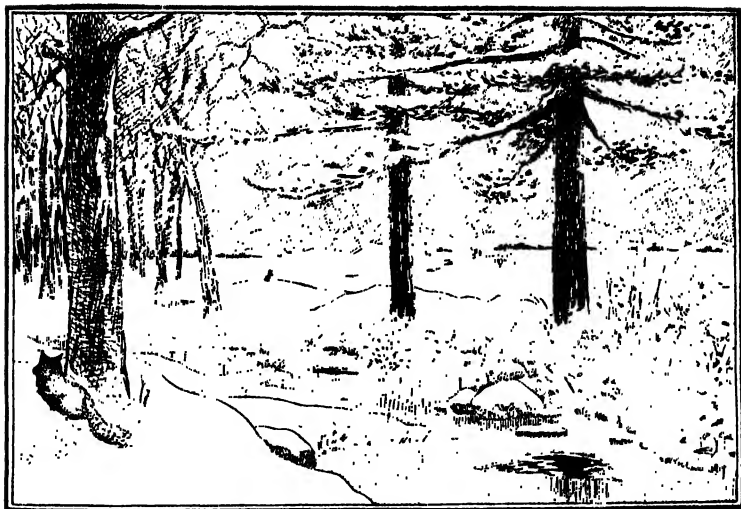
## 78

## WINTER

- DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old ;  
On open wold and hilltop bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,  
5 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare ;  
The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winter proof ;  
10 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams ;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
15 In his halls and chambers out of sight ;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here

5



He had caught the nodding bulrush tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one :  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter palace of ice ;

10

'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
5 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

**wold**, plain; **groined**, brought the arches together, making angles; **crypt**, chapel or vault under a church; **counterfeit**, imitate; **fretwork**, ornamental open or raised work; **relief**, standing out from a background; **arabesques**, a style of ornament, either painted, inlaid, or carved in low relief, generally consisting of leaves or fruits interlacing; **serene**, calm, quiet, untroubled; **mimicked**, imitated; **sculptured**, carved; **aisles**, passageways in church or in a forest.

In what manner had the wind become chilled? Explain verse 2. Which verse in lines 1-7 gives you a picture of winter? Beginning at verse 8, the poem gives an account of the freezing of the little brook. By what pronoun is the brook referred to throughout the poem? What kind of language is this? The work of the little builder is given in a succession of beautiful pictures. Verses 10-13. In what way does the poet give you an idea of the cold? What beautiful comparison here? Can you select one word that gives you an idea of the extreme delicacy of the builder's material? Verse 14. You have noticed the beautiful designs, often resembling leaves or flowers, which the frost has **sculptured** on window panes. This is the kind of work referred to here. Why are they called **summer delights**? Read verse 16 aloud. Which word sounds like a running brook? Do you get the picture in verses 17-19? What adjectives help you to imagine it? Describe the roof of the little brook's **winter palace**. There are three descriptions of it as it appeared in different parts. Which do you like best? Verses 20 to end. Can you explain wherein the **diamond drops** resembled **stars**.

In what beautiful way does the poet explain the resemblance between the beautiful things in the brook's **winter palace of ice** and the **summer delights**. In lines 11 (page 381) and 6 (page 382), what contrast is made? What words in the last two verses of the poem account for the delicate and exquisite workmanship? Commit to memory the eight lines you like best.

**Spelling.** — Mimicked, whirled, crystal, sculptured, tinkling, aisles.

**Word Study.** — Point out words that seem to you to be especially beautiful, either because of their figurative use, because of the things they call to your mind, or by reason of their sound.

**Composition.** — Write the eight lines you committed to memory. Compare with the original and indicate your mistakes by use of symbols on the margin of your paper. Rewrite, correcting all errors.

**Grammar. I.** — Do you notice any difference in these expressions: —

A fire bell and a wedding bell.

A fire bell or a wedding bell.

If you hear the latter, how many bells do you hear? If the former, how many? What words make the difference in meaning? Which separates one thing from the other? Which adds one thing to the other?

Explain the difference between: —

On open wold and hilltop bleak.

On open wold or hilltop bleak.

Either the open wold or the hilltop bleak chilled the winds.

Both the open wold and the hilltop bleak chilled the winds.

Neither by day nor by night does the brook sing.

Both by day and by night does the brook sing.

Which conjunctions add one thing to the other? Which separate one thing from another?

In the following sentences point out the conjunctions which indicate a separation of things and those which indicate the joining of things: —



1. The earth or sky is mirrored in the brook.
2. The earth and sky are mirrored in the brook.
3. Neither his hall nor his chamber is in sight.
4. Both his hall and his chamber are out of sight.
5. A moonbeam and a sunbeam are crystaled in the drop.
6. A moonbeam or a sunbeam is crystaled in the drop.
7. Jack Frost and his elfin builder have sculptured the little brook's palace of ice.
8. Jack Frost or his elfin builder has sculptured the little brook's palace of ice.

II. You have learned to use one form of the verb if your subject is singular, and another form if your subject is plural. Thus, when a verb asserts in the present time, it ends in *s* with a singular subject (except with *you* or *I*). If the subject is plural, the verb does not end in *s*.

The brook builds.

The brooks build.

The brook is building.

The brooks are building.

The brook was building.

The brooks were building.

The brook has built.

The brooks have built.

Remember to use **is**, **was**, or **has** with singular subjects, and **are**, **were**, or **have** with plural subjects.

You have learned about the compound subject, the parts of which are connected by a conjunction. Shall we use the singular or plural form of the verb after a compound subject?

Look at the sentences given at the beginning of the lesson. Notice when the compound subject takes the singular form of the verb and when it takes the plural form. Think of the two different uses of the conjunctions given in the sentences, and make a rule for the use of the plural or singular form of the verb with the compound subject.

Make two sentences, one having a compound subject that requires the singular form of the verb, the other having a compound subject that requires the plural form of the verb. Explain the difference in meaning of each sentence.

There is one other difficulty you may meet with. Suppose one part of the compound subject is a singular noun and the other part is a plural noun; thus, "Either Jack Frost or the elfin builders **has or have** built it." The only thing to do in such a case as this is to write a new sentence: thus, "Eithe. Jack Frost has built it **or** the elfin builders have."

## 79

## A BLIZZARD ON THE PRAIRIE

[Mr. Garland's *Boy Life on the Prairie* is a charming description of life in northern Iowa in about 1870. The Stewarts, with their sons Lincoln and Owen, have just settled there, and this is their first blizzard.]

A BLIZZARD on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly, wear-  
ing out the souls of its victims by its inexorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenseless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first  
blizzard Lincoln ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the fore-

noon, as the farmers drove to their timber lands five or six miles away. The room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth day of January. During the afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. A vast, slaty-blue, seamless dome, silent, portentous, with edges of silvery frosty light.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause, and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the

snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. One team containing a woman and two men, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest, and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn, implacable clamor of the storm. It was like the roarings of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange sounds, now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air filled with fine, powdery snow, mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast, moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud — a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house

it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, to ever again be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself. It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind or snow.

—HAMLIN GARLAND: *Boy Life on the Prairie*.

**malevolent**, with evil disposition, wishing to injure others; **inexorable**, not yielding; **portentous**, threatening some evil; **premonition**, warning of something to occur; **implacable**, merciless, not to be won over; **benumbed**, made numb; **appalled**, filled with fear; **jovial**, merry, joyous.

In what way does a blizzard on the prairie resemble a storm at sea? What comparisons make this description easier for you to understand? Paragraph 2. What was the first indication of the blizzard? What adjectives used to describe the cloud seem to you to mean the most? Describe the beginning of the storm. In paragraph 6 what gives you the best idea of the severity of the storm? Paragraph 7. What is described here? Notice the very different sounds to which the noise of the storm is compared. What feeling is produced here? Describe the events of the second day. In paragraph 11 allusion is made to God changing a storm to a calm by speaking. If you do not know of this, you can read it in the Bible, in the book of Mark iv. 35-41.

**Spelling.** — Premonition, implacable, benumbed, portentous, jovial, serpents.

**Word Study.** — The word **malevolent** forms an interesting contrast with the word **benevolent**. You remember the meaning of **be-ne** is "good." **Ma-le** means just the opposite, "evil." The last part of each word is from the Latin **vol**, "wish." Notice the similar meaning in the words **malice**, **malicious**, **malady**, **malign**. Compare **malign** with **benign**.

**Composition.** — You have learned that it is sometimes necessary to condense your writing. One very practical use of condensation is in the writing of telegrams. As you must pay according to the number of words used, you are obliged to think carefully in order to tell all that is necessary in the smallest possible number of words. In writing telegrams, people are sometimes so anxious to use but few words that they fail to make the meaning clear.

MRS. JAMES DALTON,

Warwick, New York.

Detained by illness. Come as soon as possible.

JAMES DALTON.

Mrs. Dalton might well be in doubt whether Mr. Dalton is promising to be with her as soon as possible, or is so ill that he is urgently requesting her to come to him. Can you put a word before **come** that will make the meaning of this telegram perfectly clear?

You are caught in a blizzard in a little prairie town ten miles from another town where you live. The telegraph lines are still in working order. Send a telegram to your mother, telling her you are safe, and do not intend to start for home until the storm is over. Write your message in ten words.

Write a telegram to be sent from one railroad station to the next, accounting for a train which is stalled in the snow.

A stage-driver has reached the station on foot; he wants help for the women and children he has left in the stage two miles away. He telegraphs to the next station for a relief party. Write the message.

A BLIZZARD ON THE PRAIRIE (*Concluded*)

ON the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the brave heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the window panes and upon the door, and it ran along the floor, while around the keyhole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the





AFTER THE BLIZZARD

deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. Its fury was becoming spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the window panes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings. 25

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men dug them

out, they ran and raced like mad creatures to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed with the snow was spread on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences, and rattling across the plowed ground.

10 And then in the days which followed came grim tales of suffering and heroism. Tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach home and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new idea of the prairie. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when 20 the norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

—HAMLIN GARLAND: *Boy Life on the Prairie.*

interminable, without end, continuing for a very long time; perceptible, that may be seen; spasmodic, not steady, going by fits and starts.

Notice how the author has shown you the horror of the storm by telling how it made the people feel. What thing in this account of the third day seems to you the most terrible? Describe the gradual passing away of the blizzard,—the happiness of the household at the return of calm weather. What were some of the tales of suffering and heroism? What feeling about the prairie has the author produced? To what is it again compared? Explain the figure in the last sentence. What figures in this story seem to you very effective?

**Spelling.**—Scanty, traveler, interminable, pitiless, shingles, prairie, blizzard.

**Composition.**—You have had practice in condensation. It is sometimes necessary to do the opposite in writing,—that is, to expand some story, description, or explanation, either to make it more interesting or more easily understood. Novelists and poets often do this. Longfellow took what little is known about John Alden and Priscilla, and made a long and beautiful poem. Sir Walter Scott took the little incident of Raleigh's coat and made of it the interesting story you have read.

In this lesson there are several condensed stories which might be expanded into very interesting tales,—some of the “grim tales of suffering and heroism,” such as the tale of the “finding of the stage-coach with the driver frozen on the seat and all his passengers within.” Think how much this one sentence really contains.

Write a story based on this; or imagine some other tale of heroism connected with this storm. See how interesting you can make it. Explain the situation; tell about the brave struggle. If you prefer, you may make a happy ending.

Some of these stories may be read to the class. Decide which tale is the most interesting.

## 81

## 1 CORINTHIANS XIII

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil: rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I

know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

## PSALM I

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. •

## PSALM XXIII

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



*From the painting by Mrs. Anderson*

82

## THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

5

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horror overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill :  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

10

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens, and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

15

— JOSEPH ADDISON.

**glebe**, plowed or cultivated land ; **mead**, meadow ; **verdant**, green, fresh ; **stedfast**, firm (also written *steadfast*) ; **crook**, a staff, curved at one end, used by shepherds.

This beautiful poem is a paraphrase of the twenty-third psalm. A paraphrase is a restatement of a text or passage which expresses its meaning in another and generally a fuller form. You will read later a paraphrase of another psalm, also by Joseph Addison.



## 83

## THE SANDS OF DEE

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o’ Dee!”

5 The western wind was wild and dark wi’ foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o’er and o’er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
10 As far as eye could see;  
And blinding mist came down and hid the land.  
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress o’ golden hair,  
15 O’ drownèd maiden’s hair,  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
20 The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea ;  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee !

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

**Dee**, a river in the west of England, emptying into the sea near Liverpool. Note the abbreviations: *o'*, for *of*; *o'er*, *over*, appropriate to a poem that describes the life of simple people. Note the repetitions of lines. What is the story of the poem? Where are parts of it told indirectly?

**Grammar.** — I. You have learned that an exclamatory sentence expresses strong or sudden feeling. We sometimes express strong or sudden feeling with a single word. This forms another part of speech, and is called an interjection. Name the interjections in the following: —

Alack! our friend is gone. Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen. Alas! the maid was drowned. Lo! the rain is over and gone. "Bravo!" cried the listener. Pshaw! I have paid too dear for my whistle. Ah! I feared it would be so. Hist! they will hear us. Ahoy! a sail! Ha! you are discovered. "What!" cried my wife. Margaret! Margaret! Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks. "There!" said the Deacon. Look! the shadow on the dial marks the hour of deadlier strife. But O heart! heart! heart!

Fill the blanks and learn: —

An interjection is a word used to express — — — — —.

Interjections must be followed by — — — — —.

See if you can find any interjections not given above.

Many verbs have three different forms: one to indicate present time, as **break**; one to show past time, as **broke**; and one which can be used with **have**, as **have broken**. We call these the three **principal parts** of the verb, because from them the other forms of the verb can be made.

In most verbs, the only change made is to add **ed** to the present; that gives us the **past** and the form used with **have**, *e.g.*, **walk, walked, have walked**.

PRESENT	PAST	FORM USED WITH <i>Have</i>
see	saw	seen
go	went	gone
eat	ate	eaten
know	knew	known
ring	rang	rung
come	came	come
bring	brought	brought
begin	began	begun
lay	laid	laid
lie	lay	lain
sit	sat	sat
run	ran	run

Do not say "I seen" for "I saw"

Do not use **bring** for **brought**.

Be careful not to confuse **lie** with **lay** or **sit** with **set**.

Do not say "I have went" for "I have gone."

Complete the following sentences by using a correct form of the verb given in parentheses. Use the **past** form, or the form with **have**.

The strangers (**sit**) on the ground.

The messenger (**come**) to the tent.

The messenger (**bring**) bad tidings.

The shepherds (**begin**) to be afraid.

They (**go**) to see the fire.

They (**run**) with great haste.

They (**lay**) their burdens down.

They (**see**) their friends saved.

They (**go**) back rejoicing.

They (**eat**) and (**sleep**) after their fatigue.

The bells (**ring**) with the good news.

**Composition.** — Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other winter holidays should be times of peace and good will. A good Thanksgiving story should be full of thankfulness. A good Christmas story should be full of Christmas joy and peace and good will to men. Expand one of the following condensed paragraphs into a Christmas story. Try to give it the true Christmas spirit.

I. Mother gone to visit a poor family on Christmas morning. Four little sisters, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, await her return. She comes in and tells of the poor little children who have no breakfast. The four girls carry them theirs. Satisfy their own hunger with bread. How they felt after their return.

II. A poorly furnished room. Two little children asleep in one bed. Two little empty stockings by the fireplace. Older boy, evidently bootblack, enters. Fills the little stockings. Goes to bed. Children's joy in the morning.

III. Two boys have quarrel. Do not speak to each other. Become reconciled on New Year's morning. One has done a generous deed. It is discovered by the other.

In writing these stories try to give life by using some direct quotations. Plan your whole story before you begin. Make an outline.

Criticise your own composition before you hand it in by answering the following questions: (1) Is this story interesting? (2) Have I made good sentences? (3) Does each paragraph treat of only one topic? (4) Have I spelled and punctuated correctly? (5) Is this my very best work?

## 84

## THE RESCUE

[Columbus discovered America while trying to find a shorter route from Europe to India, and even after men knew that America was a continent, Englishmen long searched for a northwest passage through the icy regions between Greenland and the mainland. On a voyage of this sort the famous Sir John Franklin and all his ship's

company were lost. Several expeditions were sent out in search of him, and among them was one from America, headed by Captain Kane. He did not find Sir John, but he gained much valuable information about the polar seas and had many adventures, of which this is one of the most thrilling. It is winter, the ship is ice-bound, and he sets out to search for some lost companions.]

WE were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue, to be effective or even

hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed most on my mind was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the newcomers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dogskins and eider down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at  $-46^{\circ}$ , seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point. A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacly Berg," served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with



THE ARRIVAL AT THE TENT

signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

5

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimau hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little banner hanging from a tent pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent curtain the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came

25



from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!"

5 We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below freezing point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons; more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not  
10 halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo bags,  
15 each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer skins, were  
20 placed upon the bed of buffalo robes in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

25 This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort, but it was necessary to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh

them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers, for the thermometer was fifty-five degrees below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

—ELISHA KENT KANE: *Arctic Explorations*.

**hummocks**, ridges or hills of ice;  **pemmican**, meat dried and pounded into cakes; **eider down**, soft feathers of eider ducks; **uniformity**, sameness, regularity; **abandoned**, given up entirely; **fatigue**, weariness.

What were the special dangers to be overcome? What gives you the best idea of the terrible cold? What facts have you learned about the food, dress, method of travel, etc., of the Arctic explorers? What deeds of heroism are described? What kindness and delicacy was shown by the sailors?

**Spelling.** — Uniformity, abandoned, gratitude, reindeer, sufferers, fatigue.

**Grammar: The Predicate Adjective.** — You have learned that adjectives are used to describe, or to point out more definitely, the persons or things denoted by the noun or pronoun, and that therefore they modify or limit the meaning of nouns or pronouns.

The adjective may limit the meaning of the noun in two ways:—

1. It may stand close to the noun which it limits:—

This was our **first** landmark.

The men, **swollen** and **haggard**, came into the cabin.

2. It may form part of the assertion about the subject:—

He was **swollen** and **haggard**.

When the adjective is used as part of the predicate, to complete the assertion about the subject, it is called a **predicate adjective**.

Select the adjectives in the following sentences, and state which are close to the nouns which they modify and which are predicate adjectives.

The story was fearful.

A fearful story was told.

The half-frozen men were rescued.

The men were half frozen.

Their appearance was unexpected.

Their unexpected appearance frightened us.

Write five sentences, placing in each an adjective which shall stand close to the noun which it limits.

Write five sentences, using the same adjectives as parts of the predicate.

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### THE RESCUE (*Concluded*)

OUR march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our halfway station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without warning, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the paralysis of an electric shock. But I had treated the

*sleepy comfort* of freezing as a romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded: an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire: we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little idea

of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched  
5 I have ever gone through: we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remembered a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had  
10 thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this  
15 day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I  
20 know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of  
25 blanket bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without

speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo skin: Godfrey had to cut me out with his jackknife. Four days after our escape, I found my woolen comfortable with a goodly <sup>5</sup> share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived: it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The <sup>10</sup> day was windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

It required desperate efforts to work our way over it; <sup>15</sup> — for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to  $-4^{\circ}$  in the shade: <sup>20</sup> otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt <sup>25</sup> much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep

instantly; and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacy Berg revived us. Brandy had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and reached the brig at 1 P.M., we believe, without a halt.

I say *we believe*, and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious! and had ceased to know anything of the circumstances about us.

We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward showed that we had steered a bee line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory.

15 “April 4, Tuesday. — Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!”

—ELISHA KENT KANE: *Arctic Explorations*.

**lethargic**, drowsy, almost unconscious; **articulate**, speak distinctly; **reprimanded**, severely reprov'd; **incoherent**, confused; **delirious**, wandering in mind.

Describe the effects of the cold. In what ways did the men prevent themselves from freezing to death? Which of the sufferings described seems to you the most terrible? From your reading of this, what opinion do you form of Captain Kane?

**Spelling.** — Articulate, reprimanded, stupor, preceded, crippled, thermometer.

**Word Study.** — Analyze *unexpected, fearful, sorely, unencumbered, endlessly*. Do you remember the history of the word *colossal*? What is the meaning of the suffix in *kindness*? What word means state of being *good, neat, bright, clear, fair*? You will find this a very common suffix.

**Composition.** — Imagine yourself one of these Arctic explorers. Tell any one incident from *The Rescue*, speaking in the first person, *e.g.*:—

How I was dressed for the search.

How we discovered the lost ones.

How I was saved from freezing.

How Doctor Kane saved my life.

## 86

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

The year is going, let him go;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,

Ring in redress to all mankind.





THE CHIMES

*Blackfield*

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—ALFRED TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*.

**saps**, weakens by drawing the life from it; **feud**, quarrel or strife of long standing; **redress**, satisfaction made for wrong done.

Who are addressed by the poet? What figure is used in speaking of the **year**? In stanza 1, what kind of night is it? Can light be **frosty**? Do you remember a similar use of the word in the poem *Winter*, by Lowell? How does Tennyson feel about the old year? What things does he hope will die with it? What does he wish to take their places? Notice the arrangement of rhymed lines. This is rather unusual. Learn this poem.

**Spelling.** — Feud, redress, kindlier.

**Word Study.** — Give a synonym for **redress**.

## 87

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

FULL knee deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.  
Old Year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,

5 And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go ;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old Year, you shall not go.

10 He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

15 Old Year, you shall not die ;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
20 But all his merry quips are o'er,  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own ;  
25 The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro :  
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die,  
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
What is it we can do for you ?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,  
Alack ! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

rue, sorrow ; bumpers, glasses or cups ; waxing, growing ; post-haste, rapidly.

What great change in feeling do you notice at once, in passing to this poem from the last ? What things can you point out in stanza 1 that help to give you this feeling ? In *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, you noticed why the poet was glad at the death of the Old Year. In this poem, what reasons does he give for his grief ? In stanza 4 what idea do you get of the New Year ? In stanza 5 what

things help you to feel the time? In stanza 6 who is it that stands at the door? Notice how the last four lines of each stanza make a refrain expressing each time the sadness of the poet.

Which of these two poems do you like better?

**Spelling.** — Wearily, flicker, cricket, sighing, jollier.

**Word Study.** — Select any five words in this poem and find synonyms for them.

**Grammar: Descriptive Adjectives.** — You will find that adjectives limit the meanings of nouns by giving a variety of information about them. Sometimes they describe a quality of the object named; as, “the **brave** Dr. Kane.” Sometimes they express quantity; that is, they tell how many or how much of the thing named by the noun is meant; as, “a **few** men,” “**two** icebergs.” Again, they may point out the direction or place of the object; as, “**yonder** ship,” “**this** man.”

By far the greater number of adjectives are used to denote quality. As they describe the object named by the noun, they are called **descriptive adjectives**.

Make a list of the descriptive adjectives in the poems, *Ring Out*, *Wild Bells* and *The Death of the Old Year*. Turn back also to the poem *Winter*. How many descriptive adjectives do you find here? Notice how greatly they add to the beauty of the poem, and how they aid the poet in making his pictures clear.

In the class of descriptive adjectives belong adjectives that are formed from proper nouns, as “an **Irish** sailor,” “an **English** soldier,” “the **American** flag.” As they are formed from proper nouns, they are called **proper adjectives**.

Write ten proper adjectives.

## 88

## EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

BORN in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732, George Washington was forty-three years of age when appointed commander in chief of the American army. Educated only in the common schools, he was offered a midshipman's berth in the British navy when but fourteen years of age. This situation, obtained for him by his friends, was at length given up at the earnest request of his mother. She could not consent to have him at so early an age depart from under her influence, and drift away into the temptations and trials with which his life would be surrounded, and so George was kept at home, and the destiny of the world changed.

Chosen by Lord Fairfax to survey the wild lands lying amid the Alleghanies, he departed on his difficult mission when only sixteen years old. The depths of an American forest, with its hardships and wild freedom, were a better school for the future commander in chief of the American army than the British navy would have been, and here he acquired that power of endurance which nothing seemed able to overcome. Now swimming his horse across swollen rivers, now struggling through swamps or over precipices, and now weary and exhausted, lying down on his bed of boughs—the trees his only covering, the young surveyor took his first lessons in those privations which he

afterward taught his army so heroically to bear. First as surveyor of Lord Fairfax, and afterward as public surveyor, he spent three years almost wholly in the open air, sometimes in the forest, sometimes amid the settlements. 5 Ardent, enthusiastic, and bold, the early dreamer stood amid the wilds of his native land, little thinking of the career before him, or of the glorious destiny that awaited his country. His name rudely carved on the bark of a tree, or chiseled in the rock, were the only mementoes he 10 expected to leave of himself, while Fate was silently preparing to grave it on every foot of soil of this broad continent, and trace it above all earthly names on the scroll of fame.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he 15 took the field with his militia to repel the French, who were establishing settlements on the Ohio. But first he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, 20 more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, accompanied by only seven persons, he made his way to the Ohio. Across rivers and morasses, over mountains, through fearful gorges, and amid tribes of Indians, the fearless stripling pursued his way, and at length, after 25 forty-one days of toil, reached, in the middle of December, the end of his journey.

Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead

of winter to retrace his weary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while himself and Mr. Gist pushed on alone on foot through the wilderness. With his knapsack on his back and his gun in his hand, young Washington made his way 5 through the deep snow and over the frozen ground, without a path to guide his footsteps or a sound to waken the solitude, save the groaning of trees swinging to and fro in the storm, or the cry of some wild animal in search of prey. Traveling in this manner, they came upon an 10 Indian, who, under the pretense of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Allegheny River, they found it only partly 15 frozen over, and here the two friends lay down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them; and thus weary and hungry passed the dreary night.

The next morning they set to work with a single 20 hatchet to build a raft on which they might cross the river. They worked all day long on the frail thing, and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and jamming 25 against the raft bore it downward and onward, threatening every moment to carry it straight to the bottom.



Young Washington thrust his long setting pole firmly into the ground in front of the raft, in order to stop it till the ice and driftwood could pass by ; but instead of arresting them, he was jerked overboard into ten feet of water, where he had to swim for his life. Unable to keep the raft, the two adventurers swam and waded to an island



near which they were passing ; here, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a dry garment to wrap themselves in, or a blanket to cover them, or a spark of fire to warm 10 their benumbed limbs—with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long, cold, wintry night. Young Gist had his feet and hands frozen, while Washington, with his greater power of endurance, escaped.

They were now without the means of reaching either shore, but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs and froze stiff the hands and feet of Gist, froze also the river, so that, when the morning dawned, it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore they wished to gain. 5 Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold, they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

When in imagination I behold this youth of twenty-one years of age in his Indian dress, his knapsack on his 10 back, and his gun in his hand, stealing through the snow-covered forest at midnight, or plunging about in the wintry stream in the struggle for life, or wrapped in his blanket sleeping beside the ice-filled river, lulled by its sullen roar, I seem to behold one whom angels guard 15 through the desperate training which can alone fit him for the stern trials that are before him.

— JOHN S. C. ABBOT: *Life of Washington*.

**mementoes**, reminders; **commissioner**, one who represents a government; **morasses**, swamps; **stripling**, mere youth or lad; **turbulent**, wild, raging.

In what way was **the destiny of the world changed** because Washington did not enter the British navy? What lessons did Washington, the young surveyor, learn in the forests of the Alleghanies? In the account of Washington's mission to the French fort, what deeds of bravery are narrated? What impresses you most as showing the character of Washington? What adjectives would you use in describing the character of Washington as shown in this account of his early life? How many pictures can you see in the

last paragraph? How does the author account for the wonderful way in which Washington escaped from the many perils of his adventurous life?

**Spelling.** — Temptation, surveyor, heroically, morasses, knapsack, stripling.

**Word Study.** — Take the following stems and make words by adding any prefixes or suffixes you may know: **command, come, dream, rude, silent, survey, broken, down, night.** Analyze each word.

**Grammar: *Adjectives of Quantity.*** — Adjectives which tell how many or how much of the thing named by the noun is meant, are called **adjectives of quantity**.

Adjectives of quantity may denote exact number, as “**two** years”; or they may denote quantity indefinitely, as “**considerable** time,” “**much** courage,” “**some** flowers.” When they denote exact number, they are called **numeral adjectives** or **numerals**.

In the following sentences underline all the adjectives of quantity. State which of these are numeral adjectives.

1. Washington was born on the twenty-second day of February.
2. He was the first President of the United States.
3. He studied surveying for several years.
4. He spent much time in the woods.
5. He is honored by all people.
6. He served as President for eight years.
7. For many years he was away from home.
8. He was one man among a multitude.
9. He had little time for pleasure.
10. He did not utter one complaint.

**Grammar: *Demonstrative and Interrogative Pronouns*** (review). — When you studied demonstrative pronouns you learned that adjectives used to point out, as “**this** book,” “**these** books,” “**that** pen,” “**those** pens,” are called **demonstrative adjectives**. Remember that, if the name of the object pointed out is omitted, they are **demonstrative pronouns**.

Demonstrative adjectives include words like **yonder**, **former**, **latter**, which serve also to point out direction or position.

In the following, which are demonstrative pronouns? Which are demonstrative adjectives?

That is Washington.

Yonder man is the Father of his Country.

The latter opportunity is the better.

These people trust in him.

Those trees sheltered him.

These are his.

*Interrogative Adjectives.* — You must also be careful not to confuse **which** and **what**, the interrogative pronouns, with the same words used as adjective modifiers: —

**Which** is it? (interrogative pronoun).

**Which** tree is it? (adjective modifier).

**What** is it? (interrogative pronoun).

**What** time is it? (adjective modifier).

**Which** and **what**, when used as adjective modifiers, are called **interrogative adjectives**.

It is, then, the demonstrative pronoun and the interrogative pronoun that you are apt to confuse with the demonstrative adjective and the interrogative adjective. You will avoid this danger if you will always carefully consider the *use* of the word. When used as an adjective modifier, the word is classed as an adjective; when used by itself, taking the place of the noun, it is a pronoun.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;  
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;  
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.



On this green bank, by  
 this soft stream,  
 We set to-day a votive  
 stone ; •  
 That memory may their  
 deed redeem,  
 When, like our sires,  
 our sons are gone.  
 Spirit, that made those  
 heroes dare  
 To die or leave their  
 children free,  
 Bid Time and Nature  
 gently spare

The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

**embattled**, in battle array ; **votive**, made or offered with a vow ;  
**redeem**, bring back, save (from being forgotten).

This poem was written to celebrate the erection of the monument which marks the spot at which the Battle of Concord was fought, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, April 19, 1775.

Stanza 1. The skirmish took place on the bridge which crossed the Concord River. Explain verse 4. Stanza 2. Notice in what way the poet has made you aware of the long time that had passed.

Stanza 3. Give the reason for erecting the monument. What was it? Stanza 4. For what did **those** heroes **dare to die**? Then who is the **spirit** addressed here? Explain verses 3-4. Learn this poem.

**Spelling.** — Unfurled, votive, redeem, embattled.

**Word Study.** — Analyze the words unfurled and seaward.

**Composition.** — Imagine yourself a boy or girl living at Concord, Massachusetts, in the year 1775. Write a letter to a friend, telling about the Concord fight, in which your father took part. Date your letter April 23, 1775. How many days after the fight was this? Before writing, read carefully the account of the battle given in your history. You will be obliged to think carefully of the way people lived at that time. Would it be correct to speak of the telegraph? of the electric light? How did people travel then? Would a boy or a girl of that day dress exactly as you do now? Try in your letter to give some idea of the time by referring to the manners and customs of the period.

## 90

## THE MEN BEHIND THE TIMES

THE years 1811 and 1812 were remarkable ones in the annals of the whaling industry; vessels that had been cruising for months unrewarded managed to fill their holds, and now, deep laden, they were returning from the whaling grounds, singly or often in companies of a half-<sup>5</sup> score or more. They were ugly vessels, broad and clumsy. They smelled of blubber and whale oil, and they oozed in the warm sun as they labored southward, out of the realms of ice and night into the rolling waters of the Pacific. They buffeted the tempestuous weather of Cape 10

Horn and climbed slowly northward along the coasts of the Western Hemisphere.

Sailing together homeward bound for New England in the fall of the year was a fleet of these Arctic whalers—no matter their exact number or their destinations. For the beginning, let it suffice that the vessel farthest to the west was the good ship *Blazing Star* of New Bedford.

Captain Ezra Steele, her skipper, had all the sail that she could carry crowded on the stiff, stubby yards of his vessel. He was anxious to get home again, but the wind had been baffling for some days, hauling about first one way, then another. Now, however, they were getting well to the north, and the continued mildness of the air showed that probably they had entered the waters of the Gulf Stream. The captain was dressed in a long-tailed coat and yellow cloth breeches thrust into heavy cowhide boots that had become almost pulpy from constant soaking in the sperm oil. He noiselessly paced the deck, now and then looking over the side to see how she was going.

The old *Blazing Star* creaked ahead with about the same motion and general noise that an ox cart makes when swaying down a hill. From the quarter-deck eight or ten other vessels, every one lumbering along under a press of stained and much-patched canvas, could be seen, and a few were almost within hailing distance. All were deep laden; every one had been successful.

"Waal," said the Captain to himself, "if this wind holds as 'tis, we'll make Bedford light together in abaout three weeks."

The nearest vessel to the *Blazing Star* was the old *Elijah Mason*. Her present captain, Samuel Tobin Dewey, was a bosom friend of Captain Steele. As Captain Ezra turned the side, he saw that they were lowering a boat from the *Elijah Mason*, and that a thick, short figure was clambering down to it. So he stepped to the skylight, and, leaning over, shouted into the cabin. 10

"Hey, Amos!" he called, "Captain Dewey's comin' over to take dinner with us. Tell that lazy Portugee to make some puddin' and tell him to get some dinner ready for the crew. We'll keep 'em here for comp'ny for our lads." 15

In a few minutes he had welcomed Captain Dewey, who, although almost old enough to remember when his ship had made her maiden voyage, was ruddy and stout in his timbers and keen of voice and eye. But by the time that a man has been three years cooped up in one vessel, his conversational powers are about at their lowest ebb; every one knows all the other's favorite yarns by heart, and so the greeting was short and the conversation in the cabin of the *Blazing Star* was limited. It was with a feeling of relief that the captains heard the news<sup>25</sup> brought to them by a red-headed, unshaven boy of seventeen, that there was a strange sail in sight to the north-



west. The two skippers came on deck at once. About four miles away they could make out a vessel heaving up and down, her sails flapping and idle. For, a common occurrence at sea, she lay within a streak of calm. Her  
5 presence had probably been kept from being known before by the slight mist that hung over the sea to the west and north. The long, easy swells were ruffled by the slight wind that filled the sails of the whaling fleet, and were dimpled to a darker color. But where the stranger lay  
10 there was a smooth, even path of oily calm. Beyond her some miles the wind was blowing in an opposite direction. She lay between the breezes, not a breath touching her.

"What d'ye make her out to be, Ezra?" asked Captain Dewey, his fingers twitching anxiously, in his eagerness  
15 to take hold of the glass through which Captain Steele was squinting.

"Man-o'-war, brig," responded the taller man. "Sure's you're born, sir."

"You're jest right," responded Dewey, after he had  
20 taken aim with the telescope. "I'll bet her captain's mad, seein' us carryin' this breeze, an' she in the doldrums! We'll pass by her within three mile, I reckon. She may hang on thar all day long an' never git this slant of wind at all. Wonder what she's doin aout here,  
25 anyhow?"

In about ten minutes Captain Ezra picked up the glass again. "Helloo!" he said. "They've lowered away a

boat, an' they are rowin' off as if to meet us. Wonder what's the row?" A tiny speck could be seen with the naked eye, making out from the stretch of quiet water. The crew of the *Blazing Star* had sighted her also, and at the prospect of something unusual to break the monotony, had lined the bulwarks. Suddenly as the boat lifted into the sunlight on the top of a wave, there came a flash and a glint of some bright metal. In a few minutes it showed again. Captain Ezra picked up the glass.

"By gum!" he exclaimed; "that boat's chuck full of men all armed. What can it mean?"

"Dunno — I'd keep off a little," suggested Captain Dewey.

The helmsman gave the old creaking wheel a spoke or two in response to the Captain's order. 15

"She's baound to meet us anyhow," put in the lanky skipper. "What had we better dew?"

"Got any arms on board?" inquired Dewey. "Looks suspishus. Think I'd better be gettin' back to my old hooker," he added half to himself. 20

Amos Jordan, the first mate, was standing close by. "I reckon we've got some few," he said.

"Git 'em aout," ordered the Captain, laconically; "and, Cap'n Sam, you stay here with us, won't ye?"

Amos started forward. In a few minutes he had produced four old muskets, and a half-dozen rusty cutlasses. But there were deadlier weapons yet on board, of which

there were a plenty, — keen-pointed lances, that had done to death many a great whale; and harpoons, with slender shanks and heads sharp as razors. And there were strong arms which knew well how to use them. The Captain went into the cabin and came back with three great, clumsy pistols. One he slipped under his long-tailed coat, and the two others he gave to Captain Dewey and Amos Jordan. There were twenty men in the *Blazing Star's* own crew. The visitors from the old whaler added five more, and with the three mates and the two captains, five more again. In all there were thirty men prepared to receive the mysterious rowboat, and receive her warmly should anything be hostile in her mission.

“I dunno what they want,” said Captain Ezra; “but to my mind it don’t look right.”

“Jesso, jesso,” assented Captain Samuel.

A plan was agreed upon; a very simple one. The men were to keep well hid behind the bulwarks, and if the small boat proved unfriendly, she was to be warned off the side, and if she persisted in trying to board, then they were to give her a proper reception. The suspense would not be long. The boat was now so close that the number of men in her could be counted distinctly. There were eighteen in all, for the stern sheets were seen to be crowded. The brig at this moment lay in her own little calm, about two miles directly off the starboard beam. The rest of the whaling fleet had noticed her, and

had sighted the approach of the armed cutter also. They were edging off to the eastward, evidently hailing one another and huddling close together. But the *Blazing Star*, with just enough wind to move her, held her course.

— JAMES BARNES: *Yankæ Shins and Yæ kee Sailors*.

**annals**, history; **hold**, part of the ship which holds the cargo; **doldrums**, part of the ocean where calms or baffling winds prevail; **hooker**, old-fashioned, clumsy boat; **laconically**, briefly, without wasting words; **buffeted**, struggled against.

During the years 1812-1814, the United States, then a young republic, had a second war with England, caused by her refusal to respect our rights on the sea. A large number of the battles fought were naval battles. In this war the United States was victorious, and since that time the peace between the two great nations has been unbroken.

Explain why these sailors were ignorant of the fact that a war was going on. Could you trace their course on a map of the Western Hemisphere, from the whaling grounds in the Arctic Ocean, down the Pacific, around Cape Horn, and north on the Atlantic? To what place were they bound? Picture the little fleet of whaling vessels. Describe the skipper of the *Blazing Star*. Tell about the visit of Captain Dewey and the first sight of the man-of-war. Can you explain why she was obliged to lie idle while the whaling vessels sailed on? What preparations were made to receive the small boat?

In reading the conversation, pronounce the words as they are spelled. Where have you met with similar speech?

**Spelling.**— Hostile, whaler, tempestuous, harpoon, buffeted, cruising.

**Word Study.**— Analyze returning, homeward, unrewarded.

Give homonyms for the following and be able to write them in

sentences: ruff, scull, frieze, peer, week, tier, vale, vane, thyme, ora  
tate, due, cell, grate, deer.

**Grammar: Adjectives (summary).**—An adjective is a word added to a noun or pronoun to modify or limit its meaning.

Descriptive adjectives are those which describe the objects named by the noun.

Adjectives of quantity tell how many or how much of the thing named by the noun is meant.

**Demonstrative** adjectives point out particular objects from a whole class.

Write two sentences containing descriptive adjectives. Write two sentences containing adjectives of quantity. Write two sentences containing demonstrative adjectives. Write one sentence containing an interrogative adjective. Select all the adjectives in the preceding selection. Arrange them in columns according to class; thus:—

## I.

## II.

## III.

<b>Descriptive Adjectives</b> (including proper adjectives)	<b>Adjectives of Quantity</b> (including numeral adjectives)	<b>Demonstrative Adjectives</b>
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If you find **which** or **what** used as an interrogative adjective, give the sentence in which it occurs.

### THE MEN BEHIND THE TIMES (*Concluded*)

ALL was suppressed excitement, for the armed small craft was now within half a cable's length. "Ship ahoy!" hailed an officer in a short, round jacket, standing up. "Heave to, there; I want to board you!"

"Waal," drawled Captain Ezra, through his nose, "I dunno as I shall. What d'ye want?"

There was no response to this; the officer merely turned to his crew. "Give way!" he ordered, and in half a dozen strokes the cutter had slid under the *Blazing Star's* quarter. The man in the bow turned and made fast to the main chains with a boat hook. Captain Steele was smoking an old corncob pipe. He seemed to be the most peaceful soul in the world as he stepped to the gangway, but under his long coat tails his hand grasped the old horse pistol. Several heads now showed above the bulwarks. The strange officer, who had evidently not expected to see so many, hesitated. Captain Ezra blew a vicious puff of smoke from between his firm lips.

"Better keep off the side," he said; "we don't want ye on board; who be ye, anyhow?"

"I'll show you!" cried the stranger with an oath. "On board here, all you men!" He sprang forward. Captain Ezra did not pull his pistol. He stepped back half a pace and his eye gleamed wickedly. The unknown had almost come on board when he was met full in the chest by the heel of Captain Ezra's cowhide boot. Now the Captain's legs were very long and strong, and aided by the firm grasp he had on both sides of the gangway, the gentleman in the round, brass-buttoned jacket flew through the air over the heads of his crew in the boat below and plumped into the water on the other side.

One of the men in the boat instantly drew a pistol and fired straight at the Captain's head — the ball whistled through his old straw hat! But that shot decided matters.

It was answered by the four old rusty muskets, the last  
5 one hanging fire so long that there was a perceptible time between the flash in the pan and the report. Two men fell over the thwarts of the small boat. The man who had fired the pistol sank back, pierced through and through by the slender shank of a harpoon. But the crowning effect  
10 of this attempt to repel boarders occurred just at this minute. A spare anchor, that had been on deck close to the bulwarks, caught the eye of Amos Jordan. "Here, bear a hand!" he cried, and with the help of three others he hove the heavy iron over the bulwarks. It struck full  
15 on the cutter's bows, and crushed them as a hammer would an eggshell. The shock threw most of the occupants from off the thwarts; the boat filled so quickly that in an instant they were struggling in the water — one man gained the deck, but a blow on the head from the butt of Captain  
20 Dewey's pistol laid him out senseless. One of the *Mason's* crew hurled a lance at one of the helpless figures in the water. It missed him by a hair's-breadth.

"Avast that!" roared Captain Ezra. "We don't want to do more murder!"

25 The officer who had been projected into the deep by the Captain's well-timed kick had grasped the gunwales of the sunken boat. His face was deathly white; thirteen

of his crew had managed to save themselves by laying hold with him. One of them was roaring loudly for some one to heave a rope to him. To save his life Captain Ezra could not help grinning.

"Waal," he said, "this is a pretty howdy do. Ye kin come on board naow, if ye want tew, only leave them arms whar they be." As if in obedience to this order, a sailor in a blue jacket with a white stripe down each arm and trimming the collar, unbuckled his heavy belt with his free hand and cast his cutlass far from him. Two others 10 followed suit.

"Naow," said Captain Ezra, "one at a time come on board, an' we'll find aout what ye mean by attackin' a peaceable whaler with dangerous weapons, who's homeward baound an' hain't offended ye." 15

The first man up the side was a red-cheeked, black-whiskered individual, who mumbled, as he sheepishly gazed about him: "This is a rum go."

"Tie 'im up," ordered Captain Ezra. The man submitted to having his hands made fast behind his 20 back.

"Now for the next one," said Captain Ezra, blowing a calm puff of smoke up in the air, and watching it float away into the hollow of the mainsail. In turn the thirteen discomfited sailors were ranged along the bulwarks, 25 and no one was left but the white-faced officer, clinging to the wreckage of the boat that was now towing along-



side, for one of the crew had heaved a blubber-hook into her, at the end of a bit of ratline.

"Spunky feller, ain't he?" suggested Captain Ezra, turning to Captain Dewey who, in the excitement, had taken two big chews of tobacco, one after another, and was working both sides of his jaws at once. "The last t' leave his sinkin' ship. That's well an' proper."

The young man — for he was scarcely more than thirty — needed some assistance up the side, for Captain Ezra's  
10 boot-heel had come nigh to staving in his chest.

"Naow, foller me, young man," Captain Ezra continued, walking toward the quarter-deck. He ascended the ladder to the poop, and the dripping figure, a little weak in the knees, guarded by a boat steerer, armed with a harpoon,  
15 obeyed and followed. As the Captain turned to meet him he noticed that the man in uniform still had his side-arms.

"I'll trouble you for that thar fancy blubber-knife, young man," he said, "an' then I'll talk t' ye." The  
20 officer detached his sword from his belt and handed it over. He had not offered yet to say a word.

"Naow," said Captain Ezra, holding the sword behind his back, "who be ye, an' what d' yer want? as I observed before."

25 "I'm Lieutenant Levison of his Majesty's brig *Badger*."

"Waal, ye ought to be ashamed of yourself," broke in Captain Ezra.



"BELAY THAT!" ORDERED CAPTAIN EZRA

"I am," responded the young man. "You may believe that, truly."

"Waal, what d'ye mean by attackin' a peaceful whaler?"

5 "Why, don't you know?" replied the officer, with an expression of astonishment.

"Know what?"

"That there's a war between England and America?"

"Dew tell!" ejaculated Captain Steele, huskily, almost  
10 dropping his pipe. He stepped forward to the break of the poop.

"Captain Dewey," he shouted, "this here feller says thar's a war."

"So these folks have been tellin'," answered the  
15 Captain of the *Elijah Mason*; "but I don't believe it. They're pirates; that's what they be."

"Gosh, I guess that's so," said Captain Ezra. "I reckon you're pirates," turning to the officer. "I hain't heard tell of no war."

20 "We are not pirates," hotly returned the young man with an oath, "I'm an officer of his Britannic Majesty, King George!"

"Tush, tush! no swearin' aboard this ship. What was you goin' to do, rowin' off to us?"

25 The officer remained silent, fuming in his anger. "I was going to make a prize of you; and if I had you on board ship, I'd —"

"Belay that!" ordered Captain Ezra, calmly. "Ye didn't make a prize of me, 'n' you're aboard my ship. Don't forget it."

"Well," broke in the young man, angrily, "what are you going to do with me?" Captain Dewey had by this time come up on the quarter-deck, followed by the mates.

"I presume likely," said the skipper of the *Blazing Star*, rather thoughtfully, "I presume likely we'll hang ye."

The Englishman — for all doubts as to his nationality were set at rest by his appearance and manner of speech — drew back a step. His face, that had grown red in his anger, turned white again, and he gave a glance over his shoulder. The brig, hopelessly becalmed, lay way off against the horizon.

As he looked, a puff of smoke broke from her bows. It was the signal for recall. He winced, and his eye followed the glance of the stalwart figure with the harpoon that stood behind him.

"For God's sake, don't do that!" he said hastily. "I tell you, sir, that there is a war. There has been war for almost four months now. Upon my word of honor."

The two captains exchanged looks of unbelief. Suddenly the prisoner's face lit up. "I can prove it to you," he said excitedly. "Here is a Yankee newspaper we took from a schooner we captured off the Capes five days ago."

"The *New Bedford Chronicle*, by gosh!" exclaimed Captain Ezra, in astonishment, taking the soaked brown package. He spread it out on the rail.

"It's true, Cap'n Sammy, it's true," he continued excitedly. "Thar's a war; listen to this," and he read in his halting, sailor manner, the startling headlines: "'The Frigate *Constitution* Captures the British Frigate *Guerrière*. Hurrah for Hull and his Gallant Seamen! Again the Eagle Screams with Victory.'"

10 There was much more to it, and Captain Ezra read every word. "Young man," he said at last, "I owe ye an apology. If ye'll come daown into our cabin, I kin mix ye a toddy of fine old Medford rum. Between lawful an' honest enemies there should be no hard feelin's, when  
15 the fate of war delivers one into the hands of t'other. Cap'n Sammy," he observed as he reached the cabin, "if we had really knowed thar was a war, we'd a gone back and took that thar brig."

"Yaas," returned Captain Dewey, "we be summat  
20 behind the times."

His eyes twinkled as he glanced out of the cabin window. Still becalmed and almost hull down, H.M.S. *Badger* was but a speck against the horizon.

The Englishman drew a long, deep breath.

25 "Come, sir," spoke up Captain Ezra. "Don't get downhearted. 'Live an' learn,' that's my motto. We're drinkin' your good health, sir; join right in."

When the *Blazing Star* arrived in port, she turned over to the United States authorities an officer and twelve men, prisoners of war.

—JAMES BARNES: *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*.

**thwarts**, seats extending from side to side; **discomfited**, vanquished, confused; **staving**, breaking in; **fuming**, fretting angrily; **bulwarks**, raised side of a ship above the deck; **wincing**, started or shrunk as if in pain.

What instance of bravery in this exciting account of the fight? What qualities were shown by the skippers of the *Blazing Star*? Why was the young English officer so anxious to convince Captain Ezra that a war was on between England and the United States? Compare Captain Ezra and the Englishman. Was either lacking in bravery? What quality in the young officer reflects the feeling with which England had treated the Americans? Notice before his encounter with the English officer, Captain Ezra “blew a vicious puff of smoke.” After the capture of the small boat, he “blew a calm puff.” See how the author’s use of these words helps you in imagining the feelings of Captain Ezra.

**Spelling.** — Staving, fuming, wincing, schooner, bulwarks.

**Composition.** — Expansion is very often necessary in order to make explanations clear. Thus, in *The Sun*, the author tells us that the sun is ninety-one millions of miles distant from our earth. As this would give us very little idea of the enormous distance, she proceeds to expand this brief statement by a great many comparisons which help to give us a much better understanding of the subject.

England would not respect the rights of American vessels upon the sea, and the War of 1812 was the result.

Expand this statement, telling in what way England violated our rights, and, if possible, giving examples. You will find the facts (if you are not already familiar with them) in any good history of the United States.

**Grammar: Comparison of Adjectives.** — Descriptive adjectives describe some quality of an object.

An adjective which shows that one object has a larger degree of a quality than another is said to be in the **comparative degree**; as, "I am **taller** than he is."

An adjective which shows that one object excels all the rest in some quality is said to be in the **superlative degree**; as, "Mary is the **tallest** girl in her class."

The comparative degree is generally shown by adding **er** to the positive. Thus, **kinder** gives us to understand that two persons, both **kind**, are compared, and one is found to have more of the quality than the other.

The superlative degree is generally formed by adding **est** to the positive. Thus, **kindest** gives us to understand that three or more persons, all **kind**, have been compared, and one is found to have more of the quality than any of the others.

There is another method of comparison which consists in adding **more** for the comparative and **most** for the superlative. Thus, **beautiful**, **more beautiful**, **most beautiful**. **Less** and **least** may also be used in comparison; thus, **obedient**, **less obedient**, **least obedient**.

Adjectives of one syllable, and some of two syllables, form the comparative and the superlative by adding **er** and **est**. With the longer adjectives, **more** and **most** are generally used.

Some adjectives may be compared in either way. Use the form which sounds best.

Name the adjectives in the following sentences, and state whether each is in the positive, comparative, or superlative degree:—

The day is dearer still as ages flow.

This is a happy tale.

This was an hour of deadlier strife.

Do not ask idle questions.

Washington was our greatest man.

He was a most beautiful character.

Write the comparative and superlative degrees of the following adjectives:—

Fair, benevolent, great, careful, large, small, wonderful, sweet, cold, warm, few, bitter.

## ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WELCOME to the day returning,  
Dearer still as ages flow,  
While the torch of Faith is burning,  
Long as Freedom's altars glow !  
See the hero whom it gave us  
Slumbering on a mother's breast ;  
For the arm he stretched to save us,  
Be its morn forever blest !  
Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
While of Britain's rescued band  
Friend and foe repeat the story,  
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,  
Flaps above the frigate's deck,  
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.  
Look ! the shadow on the dial  
Marks the hour of deadlier strife ;  
Days of terror, years of trial,  
Scourge a nation into life.  
Lo, the youth, become her leader !  
All her baffled tyrants yield ;  
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her ;  
Crown him on the tented field !



Vain is Empire's mad temptation !  
Not for him an earthly crown !  
He whose sword hath freed a nation  
Strikes the offered scepter down.  
5 See the throneless Conqueror seated,  
Ruler by a people's choice ;  
See the Patriot's task completed ;  
Hear the Father's dying voice !

10 " By the name that you inherit,  
By the sufferings you recall,  
Cherish the fraternal spirit ;  
Love your country first of all !  
Listen not to idle questions  
If its bands may be untied ;  
15 Doubt the patriot whose suggestions  
Strive a nation to divide ! "

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled  
With the discord notes of shame, —  
We, whose sires their blood have mingled  
20 In the battle's thunder-flame, —  
Gathering, while this holy morning  
Lights the land from sea to sea,  
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning ;  
Trust us while we honor thee !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

red cross, flag of Great Britain; golden lilies, flag of France; tyrants, cruel or unjust rulers; fraternal, brotherly.

In order to understand this poem, you must be familiar with the most important events in the life of Washington. Go through the poem, and see if you can select the topic of each stanza; each one, except the last, refers to an important time in his life. To what does verse 2 in the last stanza refer?

**Spelling.** — Tyrants, fraternal, suggestions, counsel, patriot, sires.

**Word Study.** — Find, in the poem, synonyms for the following words: **extended, sleeping, ship, coronet, finished.** Do they convey exactly the same shade of meaning?

Fill blanks below with words from the following groups of synonyms: little, small, tiny, minute, diminutive. You may repeat a word if you think well to do so.

Wordsworth met a — cottage girl. Hawthorne was so careful a writer that he did not neglect even the — details. Tennyson plucked a — flower. The word gosling is the — for goose. The Lilliputians were a very — people.

**Grammar: Irregular Comparison.** — Some adjectives are compared irregularly. The most important of these are: —

POSITIVE	COMPARATIVE	SUPERLATIVE
bad, ill	worse	worst
old	older, elder	oldest, eldest
good, well	better	best
many, much	more	most
near, nigh	nearer, nigher	nearest, nighest, next
far	farther, further	farthest, furthest
late	later, latter	latest, last
little	less, lesser	least

It is a very common error to use the superlative form of the adjective when only two things are compared. Try to avoid this.

Not — This is the **best** boy of the two,

but — This is the **better** boy of the two.

You have learned that many adjectives may be compared either by the use of **er** and **est** or **more** and **most**. Do not use both ways at one time.

kind

kinder

kindest

kind

more kind

most kind

Say either	{	He is most kind
or		He is kindest,
not		He is most kindest.

## 93

## SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

[Daniel Webster, one of the very greatest American orators and statesmen, who died about fifty years ago, was called upon to deliver an oration in memory of two great Americans, both signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who, by a singular coincidence, both died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration.

Webster, in the course of his oration, delivered the following speech, which he imagined might have been spoken by John Adams at the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. This has been commonly accepted as a real speech by Adams.]

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth

to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit!

The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated.

Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out  
10 in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colo-  
15 nists; die slaves; die, it may be ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do  
20 live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly  
25 compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day.

When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever.

— DANIEL WEBSTER: *Adams and Jefferson*.

**aggression**, inroads on the rights of others; **eradicated**, rooted out; **ignominiously**, in a disgraceful manner; **compensate**, make amends, repay; **defer**, postpone.

An oration for such a purpose as this supposed speech should be **convincing**; that is, the arguments should be such that the hearers will see that what is proposed is a wise thing. Second, it should be **eloquent**; that is, it should work upon people's feelings, making them feel as the orator wishes them to feel.

In reading this selection, see if it is both **convincing** and **eloquent**.  
**1.** See how many reasons Adams is supposed to have given why it would be a good thing to sign the Declaration. What are the reasons? Which seem to you the best? Note how he asks questions that he may answer them. **2.** What seem to you the most moving lines? Notice especially those in which he expresses his willing-

ness to die if need be, and those in which he pictures a glorious future.

Suppose yourself to have been in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776, listening to this speech. How do you think you would have felt? Notice how he repeats the thought in various ways for the sake of emphasis, as in paragraph 1. Can you point out other examples of this? Notice also how frequently he uses **contrast**. Point out **examples**. Commit to memory the lines you think most eloquent. Can you see why Daniel Webster is regarded as a great orator?

**Spelling.** — Independence, injustice, defer, sacrifice, subjection, survive.

**Word Study.** — “**Live** or **die**, **survive** or **perish**, I am for the declaration.” We have here two pairs of synonyms. Can you explain the difference in meaning between **live** and **survive**? between **die** and **perish**?

**Composition.** — Write a short dialogue in three paragraphs. In paragraph 1, ask the question, “Why put off the declaration of independence?” In paragraph 2, write the answer that some one present might give, stating why the declaration should be postponed. In paragraph 3, write two or three of the best reasons given in this supposed speech in answer to the objection.

**Grammar:** *Adverbs of Manner, Time, Place, Degree.* — Adverbs of **manner** answer the question *how*. Examples: severely, sweetly, thus.

Adverbs of **time** answer the question *when*. Examples: now, then, presently.

Adverbs of **place** answer the question *where*. Examples: there, yonder, behind.

Adverbs of **degree** answer the questions *how much*, *how little*, *to what extent* or *degree*. Examples: much, little, more.

In the following sentences tell whether the italicized words are adverbs of **manner**, **time**, **place**, or **degree**: —

1. She has *obstinately* persisted. 2. Independence is *now* within our grasp. 3. We *never* shall submit. 4. They will *carry* themselves *gloriously* through this struggle. 5. I see *clearly* through this day's business. 6. We may die *ignominiously*. 7. I *first* consulted the *most* experienced seamen. 8. I saw a *very* great number of vessels steaming *outward*. 9. I *then* went *back* to the northeast coast. 10. I shall *soon* arrive *yonder*. 11. The enemy's vessels were *there*. 12. He took *out* his spectacles and fastened them *strongly* upon his nose. 13. I had observed this *before*. 14. It *was* *then* quite dark, and I had been gone *long enough*.

**Grammar: Comparison of Adverbs.** — Adverbs, like adjectives, may often be compared. They have the three degrees, — positive, comparative, and superlative.

I. A few adverbs add **er** and **est**. These are generally adverbs of one syllable, which have the same form as adjectives.

POSITIVE	COMPARATIVE	SUPERLATIVE
soon	sooner	soonest
high	higher	highest
long	longer	longest
hard	harder	hardest

II. Nearly all adverbs are compared by means of **more** and **most**, **less** and **least**, thus: —

strictly	more strictly	most strictly
gently	more gently	most gently
happily	less happily	least happily

III. Several adverbs are compared irregularly. You must learn the forms of these.

far	farther or further	farthest or furthest
ill, badly	worse	worst
well	better	best
late	later	latest, last
little	less	least
much	more	most



IV. Many adverbs cannot be compared: here, yonder, now, then, thus, why, almost, very, besides.

V. Compare all the adverbs in this reading lesson which admit of comparison.

VI. As adverbs and adjectives are often alike in form you must be careful not to confuse them.

The party left **early** (adverb).

The **early** (adjective) bird catches the worm.

If you will remember that the use of the word in the sentence always determines what part of speech it is, you will not often be in doubt.

## 94

## THE REPUBLIC

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast and sail and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,     5  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *The Building of the Ship.*

To what is our republic compared? To what great man, more than any other, was due our success in the struggle for independence? Who, then, do you think is meant by **Master** in verse 6? Can you name some of the workmen? What does Longfellow mean in verses 12–18? What were some of the **rocks and tempests** that have threatened to wreck our **Ship of State**? What reason does Longfellow give in the last four verses for the feeling expressed in 12–18?

Notice the number of accents and the arrangement of rhymes. Commit to memory.

**Spelling.** — Humanity, wrought, triumphant.

**Grammar:** *Interrogative Adverbs.* — There is still another class of adverbs which you should know.

Why was the Ship of State threatened?

How was it in danger?

When was this dangerous time?

Where was the Captain?

You remember that some adjectives and some pronouns are used in asking questions, and that they are then called **interrogative adjectives** and **interrogative pronouns**. (See page 427.)

Adverbs like those in the sentences above (**why, how, when, and where**) are called **interrogative adverbs**.

In the following sentences select and name the interrogative pronouns, the interrogative adjectives, and the interrogative adverbs:—

What master laid thy keel? What workman wrought thy ribs of steel? Who made each mast and sail and rope? What anvils rang? What hammers beat? Who wrote this poem? What led him to do it? Which statesman is meant? Which do you admire? When did you hear about him? Why do you admire him? Where did he live? How did he build the "Ship of State"?

Write six sentences,—two containing interrogative adverbs, two containing interrogative adjectives, two with interrogative pronouns.

**Composition.**—Write a short composition on Washington, or Jefferson, or some other national hero, in which you select some part of his life that might apply to Longfellow's poem; as, for example, Washington's conduct of the Revolution, or Jefferson's part in establishing our government.

Give your thought in plain and simple language.

Ask yourself these questions before handing in your composition:—

1. Have I given the thought which was asked for?
2. Have I expressed the thought clearly?
3. Do my paragraphs follow one another in proper order?
4. Is this my best work?

## 95

### O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain, dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

— WALT WHITMAN.

Tell the story contained in this poem. What clear picture does it present? What indications of grief or joy? What kind of Captain is meant? Who is the Captain? What feeling is strongly expressed in this poem? Which lines express it most strongly? What do you like best about this poem? Read it aloud. What can you say about the accents? Which part do you find the most musical?

**Spelling.** — Exulting, bouquet, swaying, mournful, victor.

## 96

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

6

O well for the fisherman's boy

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

10

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill:

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

What is the subject of this poem? Notice the feeling produced by the slow, solemn repetition of the word **break**. In verse 2, what adjectives add to this feeling? Stanza 2. Can you think of any reason why these happy scenes are spoken of? Quote the lines that seem to you the saddest. Learn this poem.

Study so that you can write in sentences:—

**tide**, rising and falling of the waters of the ocean; **tied**, fastened.

**wait**, to stay or rest; **weight**, heaviness.

**raise**, to uplift; **rays**, lines from a center, as light; **raze**, to level with the ground.

**cite**, to name, quote, or repeat; **site**, situation; **sight**, act of seeing.

**ere**, before in respect to time; **heir**, one who inherits.

**Grammar: Irregular Verbs.** — I. Learn the principal forms of the verbs given below:—

PRESENT	PAST	FORM USED WITH <i>Have</i>
teach	taught	taught
break	broke	broken
ride	rode	ridden
shake	shook	shaken
freeze	froze	frozen
take	took	taken
hear	heard	heard
steal	stole	stolen
fly	flew	flown
tear	tore	torn
speak	spoke	spoken
do	did	done

## II. Correct the following ; explain the error : —

The waves **have break** on the shore. Tennyson **seen** them. He **has spoke** to them. This **taached** us a lesson. We **have took** it.

Be able to use correctly in sentences all the forms of the verbs given above.

III. Change the verbs in the following sentences from the present or past form to the form which uses **has** or **have**.

The waves shook the vessel. The ship sails on to its haven. The boy shouts with his sister at play. The lad sings in his boat on the bay. The sea breaks on the cold, gray stones. Tennyson saw the ships sailing on. He took a last look at the sea.

IV. Do not confuse the verbs **learn** and **teach**. **To teach** is to give instruction. **To learn** is to receive instruction.

## PRINCIPAL PARTS

teach	taught	taught
learn	learned	learned

Fill blanks : —

We have been — to sing. Our teacher — us. Now we can — the younger children, who are very anxious to —. They have — some of the simpler songs.

V. Be careful, also, in using the words **bring** and **take**. In order to use these words correctly, keep in mind where the speaker is or is to be. **To bring** is to carry to the place where the speaker is or is to be, or to bear from a more distant to a nearer place. Thus, your mother, being at home, would not tell you to **take** your books home, but to **bring** them home. Your teacher, being in school, would tell you to **take** them home.

Fill the blanks in the following : —

— that book into the other room. Come here and — **this** away from me. I will — it away from you.

Write sentences, using **bring**, **brought**, **take**, and **took**.

## GETTYSBURG SPEECH

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of free-



dom, — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**proposition**, statement of belief; **dedicate**, set apart; **consecrate**, make sacred; **hallow**, to make holy.

This speech is an example of clear, simple, beautiful English. What do you gather was the occasion of this speech? What noble thoughts are expressed? What effect do you think such a speech, uttered at such a time, would have on the hearers?

**Spelling.** — Dedicate, consecrate, hallow, detract, resolve.

**Composition.** — Have you ever noticed in the newspapers how the principal facts in an article are given in condensed form at the head of the column? People who are pressed for time sometimes get the main news of the day by simply reading the headings. Notice some of these headings, and then see how they are expanded in the columns.

Read carefully in some good history the account of the battle of Gettysburg. Write headings for a newspaper account of the battle such as might have appeared the day after the battle.

Write headings for a newspaper article that describes the dedication which was the occasion of Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech*. Exchange your paper for a classmate's and expand his headings by writing the full account.

## 98

### JULIUS CÆSAR

[Julius Cæsar, who was born at Rome about one hundred years before the birth of our Lord, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was a great general, and gained so many wonderful victories that he won for himself the highest position in the Roman government.

As was to have been expected, many of the leading men of

Rome were jealous of his power. A group of these, his enemies, plotted to kill him. One of the chief conspirators, Cassius, persuaded Brutus, who was Cæsar's dearest friend, that it was his duty to join with them, saying that Cæsar desired to destroy the liberties of the citizens of Rome by making himself king over them. Brutus was really a true patriot and, convinced by these arguments, joined, much against his will, in the plot to destroy his friend. When attacked by his murderers, Cæsar, it is said, defended himself with great spirit until he saw Brutus among them; then, exclaiming, "You, too, Brutus!" he yielded without further struggle.

The scenes which we select from Shakespeare's great play, *Julius Cæsar*, are supposed to occur in the forum, or market place, in Rome, after the assassination of Cæsar. Brutus tries to justify the conspirators, and Mark Antony speaks against them.]

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

5

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, 10  
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS goes  
into the pulpit.]

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his.

10 If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was

15 fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honor for his valor ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended.

20 Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

25 *Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. . . .

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same 5 dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors. 10

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors. 15

*Bru.* My countrymen, —

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 20

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart.

rendered, set forth, stated; censure, blame or reprove; bondman, slave; grace, honor.

Who first appear on the stage? Try to picture the scene.

Notice carefully who is speaking each time, and try to get the story. Who makes the principal speech? What reasons does he give for his share in the killing of his friend Cæsar? In what way does he try to make his audience agree with him? Is there any form of speech used here that reminds you of a device used by Webster in his *Supposed Speech of John Adams*? What effect had Brutus's speech upon the citizens? What is now brought on the stage? What request does Brutus make of the citizens?

**Spelling.** — Extenuated, bondman, censure, audience, commonwealth.

## 99

JULIUS CÆSAR (*Continued*)

*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

5 [Goes into the pulpit.]

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus

10 here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

15 *Ant.* You gentle Romans, —

*All.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus 5  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —  
For Brutus is an honorable man ; 10  
So are they all, all honorable men, —  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man. 15  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff : 20  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ? 25  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
Your all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

5 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

10 *Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take

15 the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping.

20 *Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than  
Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

25 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament —  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

10

15

**beholding**, under obligation; **interred**, buried; **Lupercal**, a Roman feast day; **reverence**, honor; **bequeathing**, leaving by will; **legacy**, a gift of property by will; **parchment**, skin of calf or other animal prepared for writing; **ransoms**, price paid to redeem from captivity.

Notice how the citizens feel toward Antony when he first begins to speak. Study Antony's speech carefully. What statement about Brutus does Antony repeat again and again? Why does he do this? What statement made about Cæsar by Brutus does Antony try to disprove? How? In what other way does he try to work on the people's feelings? What most effective thing does he keep until the last, when he has his audience in a great state of excitement?

**Spelling.** — Grievously, bequeathing, legacy, parchment, interred, ransoms.



**Word Study.** — Note the following distinctions: —

Antony **excited** the people and **incited** them to riot and bloodshed.

You may **receive** an invitation that you do not find it possible to **accept**.

A task may be **wearisome**, but it need not be **tedious**.

In like manner study the exact meaning of the following groups of synonyms and distinguish between them by the use of sentences: —  
force, strength; shelter, refuge; firmness, constancy.

## 100

JULIUS CÆSAR (*Concluded*)

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

5 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

10 *Fourth Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men

15 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors. Honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will!  
Read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, 5  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave. 10

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back! Room! Bear back! 15

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii. 20

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, 25

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
5 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
10 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
15 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

20 *Third Cit.* O woeful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Sec. Cit.* We will be reveng'd !

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !  
25 Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.



MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH ON CAESAR

*From the painting by John*

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

5 They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it : they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

10 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

15 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,

20 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

25 *First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:  
You have forgot the will I told you of. 5

*All.* Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death. 10

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards, 15  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away! 20  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches. 25

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

**Nervii**, a German tribe; **conspirators**, plotters; **drachmas**, coins valued at about nineteen cents each.

Notice the excitement of the people. Why does Antony hold the will back for a time? How does he really tell them what is in it while pretending to keep it back? What effect has all this on the citizens? Notice, in this second long speech, how the pathos is deepened. Why does Antony refer so constantly to Brutus? To what point does he finally succeed in working the mob? When he has succeeded in doing this, in what humble way does he speak of himself? Why does he do this? Is it true? What does he keep as a finishing touch to the excitement of the citizens? In what way are you made aware what Antony had been trying to do? What figurative language does he use? Whom do you consider the greater orator, Brutus or Antony? Why? A great orator must not only try to convince the people by arguments, but should work upon their feelings. Compare the speeches of Antony and Brutus with this in mind. Which speech is in prose? Which in poetry? Is there any reason for this? Point out the lines that seem to you to be the finest. Commit them to memory.

**Spelling.** — Mantle, muffling, conspirators, marred.

**Composition.** — Was it right for Brutus to kill Cæsar? Give a reason for your answer, writing it very carefully. Those who write in favor of Brutus are to form one group; those against him, another. The arguments given on each side may then be read aloud, and your teacher will decide which has made the stronger case.

**Grammar: Noun Phrases.** — I. What do we call a phrase used as an adjective? A phrase used as an adverb? Of which kind are the phrases in these sentences? "You go into the other street." "A throng of citizens entered."

Does a phrase contain a subject and a predicate? Does it make complete sense?

You see that a phrase is a group of words that does not contain a subject and a predicate, and is used as a single part of speech.

II. Notice the use of the phrases in the following sentences:—

**To rejoice** is better than to mourn.

**Rejoicing** is better than mourning.

**To obey** is better than to sacrifice.

**Obedience** is better than sacrifice.

Here we find phrases used as nouns. Such phrases are called **noun phrases**.

III. Use nouns instead of noun phrases in these sentences:—

**To speak** was Antony's desire.

**To praise** is better than to condemn.

Write a sentence containing a noun phrase used either as a subject or as part of the whole predicate.

IV. In the following sentences, name all the phrases, and classify them as adjective, adverbial, or noun phrases:—

1. Brutus was convinced by Cassius' arguments.
2. He went into the pulpit.
3. To speak to the people was his purpose.
4. To rid Rome of a tyrant was his intention.
5. The garment of Cæsar was shown to the people.
6. My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar.
7. The spirit of Brutus was noble.
8. The sorrow of Antony affected the people.
9. He spoke after Brutus.
10. He spoke with bitterness.
11. The people of Rome rushed out to burn the house of Cæsar's enemies.





## PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

**Aberdeen**, Äb-er-dën'.  
**Alden**, Awl'-den.  
**Alleghany**, Äl'-e-gä-ni.  
**Audubon**, Aw'-dū-bon.

**Bayard**, Bi'-ard.  
**Beauce**, Bös.  
**Beauvals**, Bō-vä'.  
**Boaz**, Bō'-äz.  
**Breton**, Brē'-ton.  
**Bunyan**, Bün'-yan.  
**Burgundy**, Bur'-gün-dī.

**Calabria**, Ka-lä'-brī-a.  
**Caracas**, Kā-rä'-küä.  
**Champagne**, Shōn-päñ'.  
**Chinon**, Shē-non'.  
**Compiègne**, Kōn-pe-äñ'.  
**Cophetua**, Kō-fet'-u-a.  
**Crimean**, Krī-mē'-an.

**Danube**, Dan'-ūbe.  
**Dauphin**, Dä'-fin.  
**Denys**, Dën'-nis.  
**De Vaux**, De-vō'.  
**Devonshire**, Dēv'-ōn-shīr.  
**Dluwiddle**, Dīn-wīd'-ī.  
**Domrémy**, Dōn-rē-mē'.  
**Dunols**, Dü-nwä'.

**Eldorado**, Ēl'-do-rä'-do.  
**Eské**, Ēsk.

**Galaway**, Gäl'-a-way.  
**Gerard**, Jē-rard'.  
**Ghent**, Gënt.  
**Glen**, Zhē-ōn'.  
**Gist**, Jist.  
**Graemes**, Grāms.  
**Guerrière**, Ghē-rē-är'.

**Haverhill**, Hā'-ver-ñl.  
**Heliopolis**, Hē'-li-op'-o-līa.  
**Herschel**, Hēr'-shēl.

**Ichabod**, Īk'-a-bod.  
**Islington**, Īz'-ling-ton.

**Lannes**, Lāns.  
**Launfal**, Lān'-fal.  
**Lazarus**, Lāz'-a-rūs.  
**Leicester**, Lēs'-ter.  
**Limerick**, Līm'-er-ick.  
**Livesey**, Live-sī.  
**Lochgyle**, Lōk'-gyle'.  
**Lochinvar**, Lōk'-in-vär'.  
**Loire**, Lwär.

**Malakoff**, Mä'-lä-koff.  
**Messina**, Mēs-sē'-nä.  
**Midas**, Mī'-das.  
**Mohicans**, Mo-hē'-kanz.  
**Mulloch**, Mū'-lōk.

**Nahum**, Nā'-hūm.  
**Naomi**, Nā-ō'-mī.  
**Netherby**, Nēth'-ēr-by.

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**Pierre,** Pê-âr'.

\* **Plymouth,** Plîm'-ûth.

**Priscilla,** Prîs-cîl'-la.

**Raleigh,** Răw'-li.

**Ratibon,** Răt'-îz-bôn.

**Rédan,** Rê-dăn'.

**Rheims,** Rêmz.

**Ronald,** Rôn'-ald.

**Reuen,** Rêo-ôn'.

**Saladin,** Săl'-g-dîn.

**Saracens,** Săr'-a-sêns.

**Seine,** Săn.

**Senelac,** Sên'-e-lăk.

**Severn,** Sêv'-ern.

**Soldan,** Söl'-dan.

**St. Albans,** Sânt A'l'-bănz.

**Stuyvesant,** Stî'-ve-sant.

**Suffolk,** Sûf'-ok.

**Thames,** Têmz.

**Trelawney,** Tre-law'-nî.

**Troyes,** Trwă.

**Vosges,** Vôzh.

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